

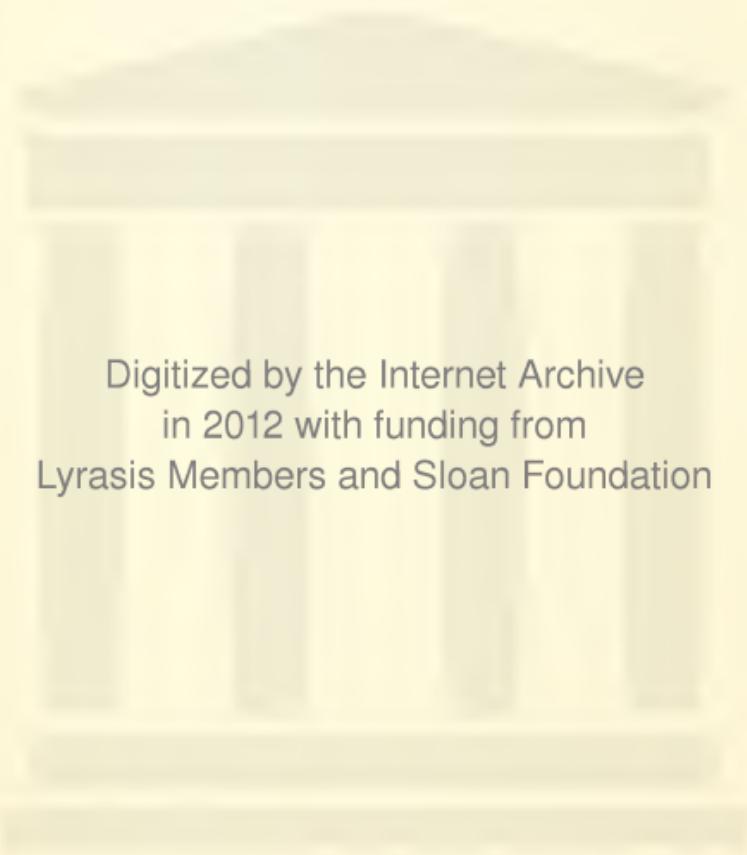
FAT AMERICAN GIRLS

KATE SWEETSER



AMERICAN FOUNDATION FOR THE BLIND INC.

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GREAT AMERICAN GIRLS

BOOKS BY
Kate Dickinson Sweetser

- TEN BOYS FROM DICKENS
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- TEN BOYS FROM HISTORY
- TEN GIRLS FROM HISTORY
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- TEN AMERICAN GIRLS FROM HISTORY
- TEDDY BAIRD'S LUCK
- MICKY OF THE ALLEY
- PEGGY'S PRIZE CRUISE
- FAMOUS GIRLS OF THE WHITE HOUSE





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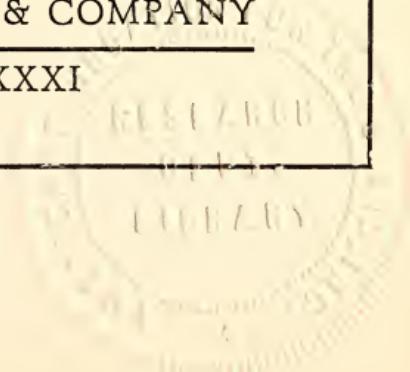
★ GREAT ★
AMERICAN
★ GIRLS ★

KATE DICKINSON SWEETSER

NEW YORK

DODD·MEAD & COMPANY

MCMXXXI



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SEEN
IN THE STORY TELLER'S MIRROR,
VISIONS—GLIMPSES—REFLECTIONS
OF
GALLANT GIRLS

with ambition, courage, enterprise, achievement piled high as the tall stone piles leaning against the sky in the world of Great Careers.

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NOTE

The author of these slight sketches here gives grateful recognition to those whose more important work has aided her in achieving her results. It has never been her purpose in her books for young people to offer a comprehensive biography of any character—merely to give a series of pen portraits which will so interest the young audience to whom she appeals that they will pass from her sketches to the reading of such complete lives of great men and women as they might never have become interested to read but for these pictures of great girlhoods and their results.

The author gives sincere appreciation to the writers of such books, articles and newspaper items as have aided her in creating the portraits, incomplete as they are.

CONCERNING THE STORY-TELLER

There was a time when men were timid and girls were bold,—oh long, long ago—when apples grew on cherry trees and grapes on rose bushes. At that time the sky was green and the grass was blue and men and women were rich and happy and told only untrue stories because they were so true.

That was a Day of Dreams in a Dream-world, and one of the loveliest ladies in it cannot be called by name because she had no name, but was only a Story-Teller.

She knew much about many gallant girls in many countries and in all ages, some of whose hands she had only clasped in dreams, but of whose lives she could speak, and others of whom she could tell the truly untrue tales which she felt to be true.

All of them, at least those of whom she spoke, and knew in one way or another, were girls of America, who inherited its ambitions, its courage, its enterprise and its achievement—piled up as high in many cases as the tall stone piles leaning against the green sky, far above the blue grass.

Of an Indian maiden she spoke, whose tribes, so say many, people the whole great land of America, also of others more noteworthy and less interesting because one could gather facts about them rather than see them in the mirror of Imagination.

In the mirror, looking at the apple-bearing cherry

x CONCERNING THE STORY-TELLER

trees and the grapes hanging from the rose bushes, she, Teller of Stories, saw many untrue things and many unseen sights, for the eye of Vision has its own color chart and a language all its own, and says and hears much that has been left unsaid by those who speak only the truth concerning things and events and persons, especially of Girls, who, least of all know themselves, and are often unknown to others.

But under the green sky, looking at the blue grass and dreaming—dreaming—becoming herself an Indian Guide,—a true Heroine of This or That, of Then or Now, of Here or There, of Real or Unreal—then said she, the Teller of Tales—“*I KNOW*”—these are their stories. So have I had a vision of their truth. And so I pass them on to you as they were told me by the loveliest lady,—Girls I have seen in her Dream-world mirror.

KATE D. SWEETSER

117 West 58th St.
New York City.

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NOTE. Trans. of inscription on loving cup presented to Lady Astor "Behold, Virginia gives a daughter to her old mother."

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Blazing a Trail to the “Everywhere-Salt-Water”

SACAJAWEA

A Pioneer Girl Guide

STRAIGHT as a pine tree, supple as a young birch,—keen of eye and sharp of ear, she, Sacajawea, daughter of the Shoshones or Snakes, who was captured by the Mandans of the Plains when she was nine years old.

No bronze was ever more burnished than was her skin, the skin of a young and lovely Indian maiden. And on her cheeks was the red glow of health, and her muscles of arm and limb showed taut and firm. A girl to be proud of,—Sacajawea, the captive Indian girl whose history is written in bold letters across the face of the western world.

The story of her tribe before she was born, as she heard it told many times in later days, was a tale of dreadful privations and suffering. The Snakes were a forest tribe of the north-west, and whenever they went out on the Plains to hunt buffalo in order to have food to eat and hides from which to make robes, the warlike and powerful tribes of the Plains, especially the Blackfeet, would drive them back into the forest, from which they dared not venture again until hunger insisted, but lived on such roots and berries as they could pick in the woods.

There came a summer of drought,—when the rivers were dried up and there was a scarcity of salmon in them,—even few roots or berries to pick and eat. The situation was so serious that Chiefs of

three forest tribes, after holding a council, decided to band together and ride boldly out on the Plains, six hundred of them, with their heavy shields for protection and their bows and arrows with which to kill the enemy.

On the Plains they met—the enemy warriors.—On came the Blackfeet, with war whoops and discordant battle cries; on charged the forest warriors, sure that, being so many in number, they would soon force their enemies back. Exultant and fearless they rode on, and not one of them obeyed the command of their Chiefs not to shoot until they were near enough to see the eyes of the enemy.

Suddenly the Blackfeet halted—raised what looked to their enemies like shining sticks,—pointed them at them and there burst from the sticks a boom as of thunder—a rain of fire and smoke, and down fell five men and three horses of the enemy tribe.

Terror came over all the remaining number of the six hundred warriors who had gone out so bravely to meet the foe. Like madmen they rode back to their forest refuge and again lived on roots and berries. The gods were on the side of the Plains tribes—had given them thunder and lightning to aid them in their battles. Of what use to fight against enemies with such allies!

Into such a life with its dangers and hunger and many privations, too great to be justly told about except by those who lived through long years of starvation and cold, was born Sacajawea—daughter of the Snakes, who was in later years to be the guide and savior of the White Men, Lewis and Clark, or “Red

Hair" and "Long Knife" as they were called by the Indians,—when they made their long journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Everywhere-Salt-Water, or the Pacific Ocean.

Even as a young girl, as free and as happy as a child of the great out-of-doors can be, Sacajawea knew the constant fear in which the older members of her tribe lived, especially in summer time when it was possible for the Blackfeet and other enemy tribes to roam the Plains with ease. She says, "from the going of the snow until it came again, the moons were moons of terror for us all."

When Sacajawea was nine years old, there were so few elk or deer in the forests that the Snakes were obliged to leave their camp at the southern part of the Rocky Mountains, and cross to the other side of the mountain range or starve to death. Having reached the pass at the head of the Missouri River they followed a trail to the Great Falls and camped on a fork of the Mississippi above its meeting with the middle Fork of the Missouri. There the hunters were able to bring in plenty of buffalo for food but there was constant fear of an attack by the warlike tribes from the Plains—and there was good reason for it!

One morning Sacajawea was playing with some other girls of her own age not far from the camp, when they saw hunters who had gone into the valley for buffalo, riding back like madmen, shouting "*The enemy is coming!*"—

It was so sudden, the attack, that instantly there was great commotion among the Snakes—the men

trying to ride their horses into camp to take their women and children away to safety,—the women trying to get together some of their belongings,—the older men who were calmer, warning the women to leave all and ride away as soon as they could,—cries and shrieks and groans of fear breaking the forest stillness, while Sacajawea and her friends were running as fast as they could into camp,—trying to find their families. Sacajawea called her mother loudly and ran to their lodge, but no one was there. Sacajawea was terribly frightened, for she did not know what to do or where to go, without her mother to guide her.

So she just ran and ran down into the valley as fast as she could go, through the underbrush, stumbling and once falling over a log, but running on and on until she could not help going slower. Sturdy and good runner though she was, she was beginning to be very tired, and she felt badly when she saw others of her tribe riding away to safety, calling to each other as they rode. Sacajawea cried out to them to take her with them, but they paid no attention to her cries, and she went on, trying to reach the pass on foot.

At last she reached an open space on the bank of a shallow stream, on the other side of which she could see woodland. She would cross the river! Running as fast as she could she found a shallow place,—there she paused. What was that sound behind her? Horses' hoofs! Some of her people were coming! Her heart beat joyously as she turned to beg a ride behind one of them.—

The enemy!—Close behind her!

Like a startled deer she made a dash into the river, crouching as low as she could, hoping not to be seen. Her feet slipped on the wet stones of the river bed—she had to watch her steps and could not look back at the men who were in hot pursuit of her.—A splash—another—the enemy on their horses had plunged into the river,—she was lost!

A man's strong hand gripped her arm, and pulled her up on his horse, in front of him. Almost insane with fright,—she shrieked and struggled to free herself and throw herself into the river,—she even scratched the face of her captor and tried to bite him, but he only laughed and held her tighter. Then, wheeling his horse around in the river, he and his companions went back to the trail, laughing and talking in a language which was strange to poor Sacajawea, who was too much terrified even to cry out,—not a sound did she make, even when she saw the bodies of two of her playmates lying beside the trail, dead!

And in that way was a daughter of the Shoshones or Snakes captured by an enemy tribe.

In the camp to which she was taken she found four boy captives and five girls, all of her tribe and of her own age, and one of them, "Otter Woman" as she was called by the Shoshones, was the intimate friend of Sacajawea. She was very happy to see her friend, and when they had a chance to talk together she told Sacajawea that the same man had seized them both,—that he and his warriors had gone back and were taking whatever they desired from the Snake

camp and burning all other articles which they did not take away with them.

That night at sunset the victorious warriors having returned and made camp in the valley, were very merry, and while they were roasting buffalo meat, of which they gave their captives a full portion, they laughed and talked. But the girls and boys who had been taken from their homes and their families had no appetite, they were too much frightened because they did not know what would happen next to them.

What did happen was not as dreadful as they feared. The man whose captives Sacajawea and Otter Woman were, told the girls that they were going to his big lodge where they would help his woman with the work and have plenty of food and clothes. But he warned them not to try to escape. "If you do," he said, "I shall have to kill you, for I cannot be bothered by chasing you and bringing you back." —Needless to say the girls gave their promise to stay with him, for they were very much frightened, and when he signed to them to lie down and go to sleep they feared to do so, and also they meant to try to escape as soon as their captor fell asleep. But that was not possible, for a watch was kept over them all night. At last they were so exhausted by the events of the day that they too slept until they were roused at day-break, taken down to the river and told to bathe, then given food which they were told to be quick in cooking and eating.

As nothing terrible had happened to them during the night and as they were now very hungry they

cooked the meat and ate it, then mounted the horses provided for them. They rode off with their captors,—rode and rode, all day, and for four days they only stopped to camp for the night. Oh how lonesome Sacajawea was for her mother and sisters, for her brother Cameawhait! It was with a great effort that she kept back tears as on and on they travelled, into a country far from the country of the Snakes.

After a week of travelling, sometimes crossing great plains which astonished the young captives, who were accustomed to a mountainous country, and sometimes making camp beside a river, they finally came to a small stream running east through a wide, low valley in the plain, where they saw many herds of game, buffalo, antelope and in the woodland elk and deer. And once they had a great fright, accustomed though they were to the wild life of forest and plain. Suddenly out of the woods a huge bear came,—with a young fawn hanging out of its great, dripping jaws,—a fearful sight, indeed! When the bear saw the human beings he dropped his prey. Straight at the hundred riders he charged with loud roars, and they all rode for their lives—the heart of Sacajawea beating almost as fast as when she was captured by the enemy tribe.

That evening the party made camp by the river, with a deep grove behind them, and one of the boys proposed making an attempt to escape, but was persuaded that it would be useless without any bows and arrows and with the prospect of meeting more bears.

So on they rode down the valley for five days

more, until one evening they reached a place where there was a river known to be the "Big" or Missouri River, which they had left far behind in the mountains. They camped beside the river, and as they had become forced to do, the young captives at once began to pick up and bring to camp driftwood for fires which they had to make for the whole party. On a sand bar "just below the mouth of the little river, in a pile of dry drift there were several logs which could easily be rolled into the stream." This caught the attention of an older boy, by name Elk Horn. He examined the logs carefully, then told his comrades to build their own fire as near the river as was possible, and at the edge of the circle of fires. None of the older men were paying any attention to their captives, which gave Elk Horn a chance to say to them while they were eating their evening meal:

"I am going to tell you something. While I am telling it—do not all look at me. Look at one another, say a few words and do some laughing. Now I begin. If I can steal a bow and arrows or a gun after our captors fall asleep we shall try to escape from them."

All were thrilled, and did as he asked, laughing and talking while they listened to what he told them. He said that he was going to try to get a gun or bow and arrow from one of the warriors while they were sleeping, then he would roll the logs into the river and one by one the young captives could crawl or roll down to the river edge, where he would push the logs into the water and they would all cling to them and drift down-stream far enough to be able to get

into the woodland on the other side of the river, and escape.—Much more he said, ending his talk with, “Be sure all of you to keep awake and watch me, and one by one follow me to the drift if I leave the circle.”

Thinking it a fine idea, all promised to keep awake and watch him. But nature is sometimes more powerful than promises. Otter Woman, lying beside Sacajawea, fell asleep almost as soon as Elk Horn had finished speaking. Sacajawea was sleepy too, but she kept herself awake by taking off her robe, which made her too cold to sleep, and when even that seemed to be failing she bit her wrists. Soon she had her reward,—Elk Horn was crawling around the circle of sleeping warriors, then creeping back with something in his hand. She was wide awake now. He had taken a bow and arrow from one of their captors.

Now they would all escape to their own people!

One by one she woke the girls and boys, whispering cautiously, “Wake up! We must go now!” And sleepily they began to creep towards the river-bank. Only Otter Woman could not be roused, even when Sacajawea shook her and whispered over and over, “Wake up, Otter Woman,—we must go now!” She did not move. All the others had already crawled out of sight except one girl who had fallen asleep again after she had been waked up. These two girls made Sacajawea very angry, and she decided to leave them and go on with the others to safety. But no—she was too fond of Otter Woman to leave her behind. What should she do? Jumping up, she gently pulled Otter Woman to her feet, thinking that would surely rouse

her, and it did. Otter Woman suddenly woke up and shrieked:

“No! No! Don’t kill me!”

Instantly the sleeping warriors roused. Some of them seized Otter Woman and Sacajawea and the girl whose name was Leaping Fish Woman, while some ran in different directions to find the escaped boys and girls, but their search for the lost captives was useless. Sacajawea, Otter Woman and Leaping Fish Woman were the only ones left in the enemy camp, and were more sad-hearted than if they had not made the attempt to escape and failed. Otter Woman was much ashamed to have been the cause of her friend’s failure to get away, and Sacajawea grieved bitterly, but did not let Otter Woman see how badly she felt that she was not with the others, escaping to her family and her own tribe.

Like girls in a stupor, Sacajawea and Otter Woman heard their captor tell them that they must be happy, that soon they would be living in a fine lodge with plenty of good food and good robes to wear,—that they must stop crying and be content, and as days went by they became more cheerful. But Leaping Fish Woman was different. When the man talked that way she put out her tongue at him and spat at him!

This made him laugh heartily and he said: “That is what I like to see, a brave heart! I shall buy you from your captor and when you grow up you shall be my wife.”

“I hate you!” cried Leaping Fish Woman, and spat at him again.

For many days after that time the party travelled on down the valley of the Missouri, and came to a village of the Minnetarees, which their captors proudly entered, waving the scalps they had taken, and singing a triumphant war song, while all their people gathered together to see them and praise their wonderful achievement.

Otter Woman and Sacajawea were taken to the lodge of their captor. It had soft beds of buffalo robes built along the wall, curtained with brightly painted leather. The head wife of the man, whose name was Red Arrow, signed to them to sit on a couch, and his woman brought them strange food to eat—corn cooked with meat, and it was so good that they ate all of it.

That evening the girls saw their first white men. They were young, smooth faced and blue-eyed, and their hair was sun color. The girls thought them the handsomest men they had ever seen, with their fair skins, red cheeks, and strangely made clothing. The men, too, looked admiringly at the girls, especially young Sacajawea, with her long braids of black hair hanging down to her waist, and with her graceful robe girdled with its beaded belt. They asked both girls many questions, which they answered as well as they could by means of signs, which the white men understood and used, too.

Sacajawea and Otter Woman were quite contented with their captor and his woman, and as weeks passed they talked no more about going back to their people, but were happy working in the cornfields and bringing in wood for the fires. As he had said he

would do, Red Arrow bought Leaping Fish Woman from her captor, but she was not happy like the other girls,—she was always planning how to escape, and one morning when they woke up she was gone! All the men of the village turned out to help Red Arrow find her, but there was not one footprint in any of the trails leading from the village to show which way she had gone, and at last they gave up the search.

Winter came and with it a white man, a half-breed, who had been with the Northwest Trading Co., drifted into the Minnetaree camp. His name was Toussaint Charboneau, and he was to play an important part in the life of Sacajawea, although she did not know it then.

Charboneau often came to the lodge of Red Arrow, especially at night, when the men played "hide-the-bone" for horses, guns, knives, or any other article at hand. This game was played with a small piece of bone, which one man held and passed from one of his hands to the other, behind his back, swaying and singing to divert attention from him. Then holding up his hands, the man who had made a bet called out which one the bone was in, and found out whether he had lost or won. Frequently Sacajawea and her friend would fall asleep while the men were playing their game, and when they woke up in the morning, there would be the gamblers, still playing! Then came a dreadful night when Red Arrow had bad luck from evening till dawn broke. He was in a very dreadful humor, determined to keep on playing until he won; and just as the girl captives awoke

they heard him bet them against a fast buffalo horse. They screamed, "No! No! Don't gamble us away! We will work even harder for you if you will not do this thing!" But Red Arrow was angry and desperate because of his losses, and would not listen to them.

He lost!

Otter Woman and Sacajawea had become the property of the half-breed, Charboneau, who told them to get their clothing and come with him to his lodge. Crying so hard they could scarcely see where they were going, they obeyed, and Red Arrow was left, miserably unhappy, to listen to the scolding given him by his woman for having wagered and lost the girls who helped her so greatly in her work.

Then came a great sorrow to Sacajawea,—such a sorrow as makes even a young girl become a woman in a moment. To the Minnetaree village there came a young Mandan warrior, named White Grass. One day he looked into the brown eyes of Sacajawea, and her heart responded to him. She knew that the thing called love had come to her with the coming of White Grass. After that time they spoke to one another when they met, and on a wonderful day White Grass said quite simply, "I love you." The eyes of Sacajawea grew dark with emotion and she told him she had been hoping he would say that to her—that her heart was his.

On the edge of the cornfield they sat down together and forgot that there was more work to be done, while White Grass told Sacajawea wonderful things about their future home in the village of his people.

“They will build it and furnish it for us. We will have a garden and I will hunt and bring in plenty of meat, and we will be comfortable and very happy,” he said.—Sacajawea listening, believed that all would come to pass as he said, but Otter Woman, having heard of this, shook her head and said that Charboneau, the owner of Sacajawea, would not let White Grass have her,—that her friend must not rejoice too greatly until her lover had proved that he could win her.

White Grass, having been told this, ran to the village and faced the half-breed, declaring; “White Man! Great Chief! This girl, your slave, I love and she loves me. Ten horses, ten good big horses I give you for her!”

But Otter Woman had been right. Charboneau was very angry at the young man. “Leave the village,” he commanded, “and never come back or speak to the young Snake girl again. She belongs to me and I will keep her.”

It was a sad moment for Sacajawea when White Grass was obliged to obey Charboneau and leave the village. But he so managed that in leaving he passed his well-beloved, and whispered to her:

“Take courage, sweetheart. I go, but I shall return. I go to make a name for myself, to take horses and still more horses from the enemy, and scalps, too, and when I come again he will not dare refuse to give you to me!”

Sacajawea was so cruelly wounded in the heart that she could not stop crying even when Charboneau shouted to her to stop, and said that she would be

watched from that time, and could have no more talk with her lover. But White Grass was no coward and the very next day when Sacajawea and Otter Woman were in the corn he circled around the field until he was able to have a few words with Sacajawea. "Tomorrow," he said, "I am going away on an expedition against the Pawnees, and will probably take many horses from them, so many that Red Arrow cannot refuse to trade them for you." He said, too, "I love you very dearly." And Sacajawea, holding her head proudly and looking into his eyes with her own dark ones, said; "I promise to wait for you to come back; to be your woman, no matter how long it may be before you come."

But never again did the Indian maiden see White Grass, her young and handsome and ardent lover!

Long weeks passed, then word came from the Mandan village of his tribe that the war party with which he had gone out had been ambushed by the Arickarees and all but two had been killed. One of them told how bravely White Grass had fought and that he had killed a great warrior before he fell. When this news came to the ears of Charboneau he laughed loudly and looked scornfully at his Indian captive who had loved White Grass. But Sacajawea returned his taunting glance with one as steady as his own, and did not shed a tear while he was near to watch her. But later, when she was alone, Sacajawea's heart almost broke as she sobbed and mourned for her lost lover.

Then came a time more dreadful yet, when the wife of Charboneau, who had been kind and gentle

with the captive girls, died. After the ceremonial in honor of the dead woman was over, the girls went back to the lodge with their owner, and a nameless fear crept over Sacajawea, a fear which she had kept from thinking about for a long time,—she was afraid of the half-breed. And her fears were justified. He told her that she was now his head-wife,—that “hers would be the blame if there was not always enough garden food in the pot and plenty of wood on hand, that she was to tan the hides he brought in and make Otter Woman work even harder than she did.”

But this was not what scared Sacajawea so badly; she was sturdy and strong and accustomed to work. It was the manner of the half-breed that frightened her, and she was sick at heart lying on the couch beside Otter Woman and thinking of her lost lover. Suddenly Charboneau sprang up, seized her and threw her on his own couch, crying loudly, “I’ll teach you to mind me! Now stay where you belong!” That was a night of terror for poor frightened Sacajawea, whose lover was dead, and whose family were far away, if indeed they were not dead. Sacajawea, who was now the head-wife of Charboneau, who had taken her away from Red Arrow when she was only fourteen years old. Sacajawea, the Indian girl of whom a poet has spoken in these beautiful words, after she became the guide of the “Long Knives” Lewis and Clark:

—“Her eye as keen as the eagle’s when the young lambs feed below,

Her ear alert as the stag's at morn, guarding the
fawn and the doe;
Straight was she as a hillside fir, lithe as the willow
tree;
And her foot as fleet as the antelope's when the
hunter rides the lea;
In broidered tunic and moccasins, with braided
raven hair,
And closely belted buffalo robe, with her baby nes-
tling there—
Girl of but sixteen summers, the homing bird of
the quest,
Free of the tongues of the mountains, deep on her
heart imprest,
Sho—shó—ne Sa-cá-ja-we-a led the way to the
West!"

(Edna D. Proctor.)

PART II

And now has come the most important part of the life of Sacajawea, daughter of the Shoshones or Snakes, when she accompanied Lewis and Clark on their journey from the East to the unknown wonderland of the West.

In his lodge in the village of the Minnetarees lived Sacajawea, after she became the head-wife of Tous-saint Charboneau. Often she thought of her lost lover, White Grass, and far less did she love and cherish Charboneau, but she was good and faithful to him, working hard to make him comfortable, even when her heart was sad.

At that time, in the year 1804, when Thomas

Jefferson was President of the United States, the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte of France offered to sell to the United States a vast tract of land which the French had only recently acquired from Spain. The tract ran from Canada on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains—in fact it was as large in area as the whole United States, and would be of great value to America. The price of it was only fifteen million dollars, and President Jefferson at once bought the land, which was known as "The Louisiana Purchase."

As most of it was only a wilderness, not yet explored by any white man, the President felt that more should be known of its agricultural and commercial possibilities, so he appointed two army officers, who were good friends, William Clark and Meriwether Lewis, to be the heads of an exploring expedition into the newly acquired country.

And so on May 21st, 1804, a party which included about forty persons in all, set out from St. Louis, which was a small frontier village then,—going they knew not where and into what dangers, but they were on their way!

A great crowd gathered on the banks of the Missouri River on that May day, to see the party start out in their three boats, the largest of which had a keel and was fifty-five feet long. It carried a big sail and had seats for twenty-two oarsmen. The other two boats were open ones called *pirogues*, and were flat-bottomed, square-sterned and shaped like a flat-iron. They also each carried a sail, which could be

used when the wind was aft, or serve if necessary for a tent, on land. Two horses to be used for hunting or other service were led along the river bank.—And so the famous “Lewis and Clark Expedition” set off on its great adventure.

The party carried with them clothing, working tools, fire-arms, food supplies, powder, ball, lead for bullets and flint for the guns then in use, as the old-fashioned flint-lock rifle and musket were still in vogue in our country; also to trade with the Indians they knew they would meet on the way, they carried coats braided with gold, red trousers, medals, flags, small looking-glasses, beads and tomahawks—fourteen large boxes of them in all.

Lewis and Clark, with their companions, set off with courageous hearts, although they well knew they were to penetrate uncharted wilderness and sail on unplumbed rivers, as well as cross many vast plains. Their route, as laid out, was to follow the Missouri to its head-waters, and thence to the head-waters of the newly discovered Columbia river.—A difficult route indeed, had they but known!

The crowds along the river bank, watching, shook their heads and prophesied “they will never come back. They will be lost in the wilderness or killed by the Indians.” For many months it seemed as if the prediction had come true, for not a word had been heard from the adventurers. Two years went by; two months more passed, then Lewis and Clark came back to tell an astounding fairy-tale.

“We have crossed the Rocky Mountains,” they said. “We have floated down the streams which run

into the great Columbia River, and following it we reached the Pacific Coast. In all, by boat, on horse-back and on foot, we have travelled more than eight thousand miles with only the loss of a single life"—truly a great achievement. And all this they had been able to do largely because of the courage and loyalty, as well as the skillful aid, of the one woman who went with them—Sacajawea, the Indian girl, wife of Charboneau.

This is the way it happened: In the first winter after the explorers started on their long trip, the Indians in the Minnetaree village where Charboneau and Sacajawea lived, saw three small boats coming up the Missouri, and were filled with fear lest the white men, who were their enemies, might be coming to kill them.

Hastily they assembled all the Chiefs and warriors of their own and neighboring tribes, who massed themselves on the river bank to repulse the invaders, if necessary. To their surprise the white men, having landed, met them with smiles and at once offered them beads and other articles in exchange for furs.

The Chiefs called Lewis and Clark, "Red Hair" and "Long Knife," and showed themselves friendly with the white men, who were greatly interested in the bright young wife of Charboneau. Although Indian girls as a rule grow old much earlier than white girls, yet Sacajawea, who was now sixteen, was sturdy of figure and more firm of muscle than any girl they had ever seen. Her eyes sparkled with health and her skin was so ruddy from her out-of-door life that the explorers looked admiringly at her after

they had talked with Charboneau, who could speak French.

To him Lewis and Clark told the story of having been sent by their great White Chief to journey across the country to the Pacific coast, or as the Indians called it "The Everywhere-Salt-Water." So friendly did the white men become with Charboneau and Sacajawea that they asked them to go with them on their long journey into the wilderness, and it was fortunate for them that they did so, for they would have fared badly without Sacajawea's endurance and quick resourcefulness in emergencies, and, too, she was familiar with many Indian trails and buffalo paths of her childhood's memory, of which even Charboneau knew nothing.

Sacajawea was still a young girl, but she was a married woman, too, and during the first summer with Red Hair and Long Knife, or The Long Knives as they were called, she became the mother of a child. He was named Baptiste, and during almost all of the long journey of five thousand miles Sacajawea travelled with her baby strapped to her back.

Sacajawea first showed her courage one day when a sudden squall came up and the largest canoe, being under sail, almost overturned. Charboneau, who was sailing the boat, instead of putting her before the wind, luffed her up into it. The wind was so high that the boat tipped perilously and would have turned bottom up if it had not had an awning which offered resistance to the gale. The waves were running very high and all on board were terrified except Sacajawea. While the boat was tipping so as to almost

lie on the river, there drifted out from it many valuable articles, gun-powder, provisions, charts and other things, without which the explorers could not have continued their journey. Terrified at the sight of the valuables fast floating away on the current, the explorers noted with intense admiration the cool resourcefulness of the Indian girl, who reached out and quickly rescued everything of value, and she said afterwards, had it been necessary she knew she could have taken off her robe, and even with little Baptiste on her back, swam to shore, and reclaimed the floating articles.

Red Hair and Long Knife were deeply grateful for her help and told her of their gratitude, which pleased Sacajawea even though she did not feel she had done anything brave or wise. And so she was still more surprised and pleased later, when ascending the Musselshell River, they discovered a small stream running into it. This they named the Sacajawea, "in honor of the one woman in our party, one who is very brave and helpful to us,"—so they said. When this was told her a deep red stained her burnished cheeks, and her eyes grew bright with pride that the white men thought so well of her.

Came days of travelling on plains, up rivers and across mountains, then the explorers reached that part of the great north-west which had been familiar to Sacajawea since childhood, and they made camp in the very place where the Snakes had been surprised by the Minnetarees when Sacajawea had been taken captive.

It was all like a dream to the young girl who was

now a mother. Taking her baby with her she wandered over the familiar ground, finding the very fireplace where she and her family had cooked their last meal together. This made Sacajawea very sad and she sat down as she sobbed, wondering where her mother, her sisters and her brothers were, and whether she would ever see them again.

A few days later the explorers went on to the place on the river bank where Sacajawea had been pursued and captured by Red Arrow. Even though the memory brought tears to her eyes Sacajawea was glad too, for since that day she had seen many new sights, had been well fed and clothed and kindly treated, and she had become the friend of the great white men, one of whom, Red Hair, did all that he could for her comfort, and at one time saved her life and that of her little son. Sacajawea was very fond of Red Hair and always did all she could for his comfort and happiness. As to her husband, Charboneau, she felt towards him as she would to a little child, and he was always jealous of her affection for the white men, whose guide he was said to be, but who really looked to Sacajawea for aid in any real emergency. Charboneau, being of such a jealous disposition, was never willing to give her the credit of being of service to Red Hair and Long Knife, but took to himself all the credit as interpreter and guide of the expedition.

Days and weeks went by; summer changed to winter and winter passed, and still the explorers were bravely working their way towards the "Everywhere-Salt-Water," often discouraged and too tired to be

light-hearted. But Sacajawea was never disheartened, for was she not with the white men of her great devotion, and was she not sure that they would reach their goal? And so she was the life of the party.

One day while they were still in that part of the country with which Sacajawea had been familiar since her childhood, on a hillside towards which they were going, they saw clouds of smoke rising, and were surprised when they heard Sacajawea cry out:

"It is a sign of my people! They have seen us. They fear the approach of enemies and are signalling all the tribes to retreat into the depth of the forest."

This made Red Hair and Long Knife very sorry, for they wanted to meet the Chiefs of the forest tribes and gain information from them about the country through which they were now going to travel. Hearing this Sacajawea begged:

"Take me with you on the trails leading from camp— Oh take me with you! The Snakes will not kill you for an enemy if they see an Indian girl with you—it is not their way. And I would see my people once more. Take me with you!"—She pleaded and the white men would have taken her with them if Charboneau had not told her that her place was in the camp, that he would go with them. Alone in the camp, so near her Snake people, Sacajawea cried bitterly and wished she were a great warrior instead of being just a young Indian girl-mother.

But even if she could not go with the white men that day, a few days later she had a happy surprise. While the boats were being dragged over some sand-

bars Sacajawea jumped out and walked along the river bank. All at once she threw up her arms with a cry of joy— There they were, her people, coming around a curve in the trail. Their eyes looked into hers. She cried even more loudly:

“It is I, Grass Woman!” which was her name among the Shoshones. “My people—my people, do you not know me?” Then she turned a radiant face to Red Hair and signed to him, “These are my people. We have found them!”

At last they knew her and shouted for joy, and sang songs of rejoicing, too, when Sacajawea told them in their own language that the white men were friends, not enemies. And so the party approached the Snake village, and there, coming out to meet them, was Leaping Fish Woman! She and Sacajawea rushed into each other’s arms and with hugs and kisses poured out in their own language the story of their experiences since the night when Leaping Fish Woman had escaped from the Minnetarees long ago—and proudly Sacajawea showed her little Baptiste to her friend.

While the girls were talking together, Sacajawea was called to act as interpreter between the Snake warriors and the white men, who had gathered in a small willow hut which seemed poor indeed to Sacajawea after the comfortable lodges of the tribes with which she had lived since she left her poor Snakes. Demurely, she waited for someone to speak, when she heard a well-known voice. She looked up and knew it, although she could not believe it true. It was her brother! She sprang across to him, cry-

ing, "Oh brother, Oh Cameawhait, do not you know me? I am your little sister, Grass Woman." And with that she put her blanket around his shoulders and kissed him. He, too, was touched. She could feel him tremble as he answered:

"I recognize you! I am glad. But there must be no tears on my face here, before these White Chiefs. Take courage, little sister, and interpret for us!"

"I will try to do so," answered Sacajawea. "But think, brother! After all these winters I am here with you, where I thought that I was never to come again!"

"Yes, truly the gods have been kind" he said, "But now, dry your tears. Interpret to me the words of these White Chiefs. After the council is ended you and I will talk."

Sacajawea tried to stop crying, but her thoughts were too much for her, she could not stop. Charboneau was angry at her for crying so hard, but Long Knife and Red Hair understood her better than he did, and having pity for her, put off the council until she should feel better. Then she was left alone with her brother, who told her that her father was killed on the day the enemy took her captive,—"I know it," she told him, "I saw him lying scalped and dead beside the trail." Cameawhait also told her that her mother and their two sisters were dead.

On hearing this Sacajawea cried harder than before, and all that day and night she mourned for her family.

Cameawhait asked many questions about the life

of the Minnetarees, especially did he want to know how many guns they had. Then he told her that he had sent word to all the tribes, including the Flat-heads of the Plains, to come and help kill these white men. "Then," he said, "we shall have all their guns and will be able to go out on the Plains and kill our enemies."

Sacajawea was white as she heard these words. All the blood in her body seemed turned to ice and she cried out, "The white men are good and great. If they die I will die, too! That is the way I feel about them, they have been so kind to me."—

She was obliged to say the words many times before her brother would listen. At last she said to him, "You are very foolish. Even if you take their guns, you do not know how to make the 'black sand' which is made into round balls as food for the guns. Even Red Hair and Long Knife do not know how it is made, the gun food. It is a secret known only to some medicine men in the far East. Even if you kill all the white men in our party there will not be enough guns or black sand to last for long, and the number of those who will come to attack you and your warriors will be 'as many as the blades of grass,' and not one of your tribes will ever see the mountains again."

Seeing that she was making an impression on Cameawhait, Sacajawea's blood turned back into the good red wine of courage and she cried out still more firmly that the white men were as straight as pine trees, that they did not know how to lie, that they had been sent by the Great Chief to make a trail

from the east to the shore of the Everywhere-Salt-Water; that they had promised to send white traders to the Indian tribes with guns and gun food and many useful and beautiful articles which had never been seen by the Indians before, especially by the poor Shoshones or Snakes. And again she begged:

"Oh, my brother, be wise! Send messengers to the warriors of the various tribes telling them to stay where they are, for the white men must not be attacked."

So determined was she that he finally said:

"If I do what you ask, you will not tell the White Chiefs anything about this plan?" he asked.

Proudly Sacajawea replied: "I should be *ashamed* to let them know that my brother had so foolishly made plans against them!"—and at last he agreed to send messengers to tell the warriors not to attack the white men.—And so the young Indian girl saved the lives of the white men, which were in her keeping, for she had known what to say to her brother, who had been plotting against them.

So instead of making war against them, that very day Red Hair, Long Knife and the Snake Chiefs held a long Council together, and the white men gave the Indian Guide and his head Chiefs many presents, and promised to send traders with guns and other necessary articles to them; after which they asked the warriors if they would supply their party with horses on which to pack their goods, for the trip to the Everywhere-Salt-Water, saying that they would pay well for them.

The warriors said they would furnish the necessary horses, and the Council ended with much satisfaction on both sides. But there would have been no agreement between the Indians and the white men, except for the argument of Sacajawea with her brother, but for which the explorers might never have gone beyond the country of the Snakes.

When at last the explorers broke camp and started on towards the Pacific Coast, but were still in the Snake country, Sacajawea purposely rode beside her brother.

"I hear," she said, "that you have sent two young men ahead of our party. Why have you done this?"

His answer filled her with terror.

"You can see we are all starving," he said; "I have sent them on to tell the tribes to break camp and strike out for the buffalo plains. Your Chief's men have given us some black sand and balls for our guns, so even if we do meet the enemy we shall manage to kill a few buffalo and bring them back here to the mountains, for food."

Sacajawea's eyes flashed fire, and she felt sick with shame that this was her brother who was saying such things,—for she had heard the Snake Chiefs promise to give the white men enough horses for use in their journey to the west, and now they were planning to go out and hunt buffalo, and themselves use the horses they had promised to Red Hair and Long Knife.—Quick of thought as she was of action, Sacajawea knew that her brother would not again listen to her words this time,—that there was only one

thing for her to do,—to hurry to the white men and tell them what was going to be done by the Indians who had given them their promise.

And so, while Red Hair and Long Knife were eating their dinner, Sacajawea stood before them, young and handsome with her hair in its shining black braids, and in her picturesque girdled robe, and this is what she told them:

“The young men who left camp this morning carried a request from their Chief to all the members of the tribes to meet tomorrow and go down the Missouri into the buffalo country. They must not go!”

The white men were much alarmed at the news, for they could not continue their journey without the promised horses. At once they called together the Chiefs of the Shoshones, smoked a peace pipe with them, and then asked:—

“Can we rely on your promises? Are you men of your word?”

“We are,” they replied. Then Long Knife, or Captain Clark, asked if they had not promised them horses to carry their luggage across the mountains. To that they also said “Yes.”

And then Long Knife surprised them by the question:

“Why then have you requested your people to go tomorrow where it will be impossible for us to trade for horses, as you promised we should? If,” he went on, “you had not promised to help us we should not have attempted to go further, but would have returned down the river, after which no white man would ever have come into your country. If you wish

the whites to be your friends, to bring you arms and to protect you from your enemies, you should never promise what you do not intend to perform. When I first met you you doubted what I said, yet you afterwards saw that I told you the truth. How therefore can you doubt what I tell you now? You see that I divide among you the meat which my hunters kill, and I promise to give to all who assist me a share of whatever we have to eat. If therefore you intend to keep your promise, send one of your young men immediately to remain at the village until we arrive."

When he had finished this long speech Cameawhait was silent for a long time, then he spoke for his tribe and confessed that he had done wrong, declaring that, having passed his word with the white men, he would never break it, and at once sent young men to the village to say that the hunters and warriors were to remain there until the white men arrived. A handkerchief was given to the bearer of this order, which was a token of "dispatch and fidelity."— And so again Sacajawea had safeguarded the White Chiefs against failure in their expedition. She was much relieved, but still very angry, not only because the tribes had been ready to break their promise to the white men, but also because the Indians had obtained powder and guns from some of the white men's party, when there had been strict orders given that not a single load of powder and ball should be given or sold to the Indians, and she had learned that her own man, Charboneau, was one of those who had disobeyed the order. However, she wisely

said no more about the matter, but was thankful that the affair had been adjusted in time to prevent disaster.

The next morning the white men broke camp and pushed on to the west, living through such days of hardship and disaster, enduring such bitter days of cold and snow on long trails which were lost almost as soon as they were found, as were almost impossible to bear. Charboneau begged Sacajawea to leave the party and go back with him to the easier life of the camp from which they had come,—he said the journey would kill little Baptiste, but to all he said Sacajawea shook her head. Even when it seemed there would never be an end to the mountains to cross; also that soon the last horses would have to be killed for food, after which of course they would all die; still Sacajawea said "No" to all the pleading of her man that she go back with him:

"We cannot do that," she said; "You promised them that we should go with them to the Everywhere-Salt-Water and back to the Minnetaree village. You put your name to that promise and what was written cannot be rubbed out," she declared, to the anger of Charboneau, who was tired and sick of the whole long trip with its many privations and misfortunes.

"If we go on, we die of starvation," he declared:

"Then we die with Red Hair and Long Knife, with good company!" retorted Sacajawea; "But we shall not do that. To the west are many tribes and where they find food we can find it."

And angry though he was, Charboneau stayed with the party which had now been so many months

away; since the day when they sailed up the Missouri from St. Louis.

Having reached the head-waters of the Missouri they had once more to cross high, steep mountains by broken trails, sometimes leading nowhere but into the depths of the forest, from which they would have to find their way back to the place from which they started out. At last they arrived at the sources of the "Big" or Columbia River, having had to follow such rough mountain trails and passes as only an Indian could have guided them through. On the hard trip Sacajawea was not only the guide, but the savior of the party, for when their supply of dried fish gave out, she made mush out of plant roots which she gathered along the way, and out of wild onions and fennel roots.—Sacajawea was truly a "mother of men" on that long trip, and deeply did the Long Knives appreciate the kindly care she gave them,—travelling as she did, with her baby strapped to her back, except at one time when she was sick herself, and at another when little Baptiste was so very sick that it seemed his life could not be saved. But only one life had been lost on the long journey, and the party of explorers were daily coming nearer their goal.

All things end, even such journeys as the "Lewis and Clark Expedition," and one day late in the autumn of 1805 we find this entry in the journal kept by Captain Clark—

"Ocian in view! Oh the joy!"

The party of adventurers who had left St. Louis long months before, had reached their goal, on the

eighth of November, 1805. But the end of the weary journey was not yet in sight, even though by ascending the Missouri and Big (Columbia) Rivers, and many smaller streams tributary to them, by climbing high mountains and making long, tedious marches across vast plains, they had reached the Pacific Coast. There was still the return trip to make.

To turn back at once was impossible, for winter was setting in, and it would not be possible to find their way back across hills and valleys in deep snow and on ice-bound streams, so they made camp in a protected valley of the Columbia River, to await the coming of spring.

That was a hard season for the explorers, for dog meat was the best food they could get, and, worse than anything else, their supply of salt had given out. That was a serious matter, so part of the men left camp and went on to the great ocean, which was so near now that Sacajawea wondered at the roaring of its waves, thinking them the wails of an animal in pain until she was told what the sound was.

Soon the men who went in search of salt water to boil down into salt, came back to camp, with stories of a huge fish they had seen on the coast. Sacajawea was much excited over the account of such a fish as they described, and when Red Hair, with others of the party, decided to go back and bring some of its blubber with them for food, she begged:

“Let me go with you. Please take me. I am tired of sitting in the fort so many, many days. I have travelled so far and have never seen the ocean.”

So they took her with them, travelling for three

days before she had her first glimpse of the Pacific, or the fish. The girl of the forest tribe looked at the ocean with awe and wonder, saying, afterwards :

“In whatever direction I looked out upon it I saw that it had no farther shore,—that it went on and on to the edge of the world.”—And, too, the big fish lying on the long stretch of sand was a miracle of size to Sacajawea, for it seemed impossible to believe that a fish so large could have been created.

The long months of winter dragged away and there was much sickness in camp, due largely to a diet of pounded fish mixed with salt water. Red Hair was so very sick at one time that in Captain Clark's diary he says :

“Sacajawea gave me a piece of bread made of flour which she had reserved for her child and carefully kept until this time, which had unfortunately got wet and a little sour—this bread I ate with great satisfaction, it being the only mouthful I had tasted for several months past.”

Evidently the Captain had a birthday on the day before Christmas, for he records :

“—I received a present of Captain Lewis of a shirt, drawers, and socks; a pair of moccasins of Goodrich, and two dozen wasal tails of Sacajawea.”

At last the season was far enough advanced for the explorers to retrace their steps through forests, up rivers and across the great Plains whence they had come.

While Long Knife with nine men took the most direct route to the falls of the Missouri, Red Hair with other men and Sacajawea and Charboneau went to the Yellowstone, where it approached most nearly to the Three Forks of the Missouri. This route Sacajawea had taken many times as a young girl, and knew it so well that she was the real guide of the party.

Ended:—Sacajawea's long journey with the white men! About the middle of August, 1806, the Lewis and Clark party arrived again at the Minnetaree village where they had made camp on their way to the west. Their days of starvation and famine were over!—Calling together a Council of Chiefs from Mandans and Minnetarees, Captain Clark and Lewis urged some of the leading men of the tribe to go with them to Washington. Finally a Mandan Chief, "Big White" agreed to go, but not one Minnetaree could be persuaded to leave his village or tribe, even to see the Great Chief at Washington, of whom they had heard so much.

Always easily swayed by others, Charboneau also refused to go with Lewis and Clark, in spite of the pleading of Sacajawea:

"Let us go with the white men! Take me to see the Great White Man who sent Red Hair and Long Knife through our country to let us go with them to the Everywhere-Salt-Water! Take me to thank him! Oh, Charboneau, let us go!"

But Charboneau shook his head. "It was better for them to remain with the Indians where they belonged, than to go to a strange country where

he could get no work and where the people were not their people," he repeated many times, and there was nothing more for Lewis and Clark to do or say, although they were much disappointed that they could not take Sacajawea, in all the beauty of her healthy young womanhood, to see President Jefferson and tell the story of her courage and helpfulness to them throughout their long journey. But they could not do it. So, they said a very grateful and affectionate farewell to their Guide and friend, who cried bitterly at the thought of their going,—then they paid Charboneau his wages for the trip, which amounted to five hundred dollars, which included the price of a horse and a lodge they had bought of him.

To Sacajawea they gave many presents,—a robe of soft white skins, like the touch of velvet on her skin,—a handsome embroidered head-dress and belt, and other articles such as young women like to have. These she prized greatly, but still more did she enjoy the thought of having been a real Guide and helper of the White Men in the many difficult situations they had passed through in their exploration of the "Louisiana Purchase."

Years passed and the name of Sacajawea was forgotten, it seemed,—then it flamed across the western sky again, when those who studied history began to realize that it was the Indian girl of the Shoshones who had made it possible for Lewis and Clark to blaze the trail overland which had opened up half a continent to civilization and commerce. It was at last realized that without her knowledge of the north-

west country through which the explorers journeyed, they would have died in some Mountain Pass, or been killed by one of the warrior tribe. Had it not been for Sacajawea, who understood how to deal with the Red Men and was familiar with the great North-West, their aim could not have been achieved.

Sacajawea—a name to remember,—a name no one ever forgets who has been in the City Park of Portland, Oregon. There she stands, in bronze as burnished as was her skin, the skin of a healthy Indian girl. Her hand is outstretched pointing to a far land beyond, and on her back she carries little Baptiste. Beneath the statue is this inscription:

Erected by the women of the United States
In memory of Sacajawea, the only woman in
the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and in
honor of the Pioneer mother of Oregon.

Straight as a pine tree, supple as a young birch, keen of eye and quick of ear, as well as loyal of heart was she, Sacajawea, daughter of the Shoshones, a true heroine of the wilderness.

In Sunshine and Shadow—Loving and Loved

THEODOSIA BURR

A Belle of Old New York

IN the library of her home in New York sat Theodosia Burr, a rosy-cheeked, pretty young girl whose curly black hair was cut straight across her forehead just above her sparkling dark eyes. On her lap lay an open letter, and on her face was a look of perplexity, as if she were trying to solve an unsolvable problem.

Sally, an old family servant, entered the room, and Theodosia looked up:

“Oh Sally,” she exclaimed; “What do you think father wants me to do?”

“W’at he wants yo’ do?”—Old Sally did not like to see that frown on the usually smiling face of her young mistress:—

“He has given an Indian Chief, Joseph Brant, a letter of introduction to me, and I have to entertain him at dinner”—

Sally threw up her hands in horror at the thought, and her young mistress continued:

“Father gave him a wonderful dinner in Philadelphia,—I suppose it was his duty, as the Senator from New York. He says the Chief has been the rage in fashionable Philadelphia society lately. Father invited M. Tallyrand and Volney and other notables to meet him. And now I, little Theodosia Burr, must entertain him here in New York, in the name of my father Aaron Burr—being the mistress

of my father's house while he is away. Isn't it dreadful?"

"Well, Miss Theo"—mused the old servant, "I reckon ef he's like other men folks, yo jes' have to feed him well an' give him some ob yo' father's ole wine. Dat's all it takes to make men happy, an I reckon dat Indian ain't no diff'rent f'om mos'—"

"Oh, but he is!" exclaimed Theo,—"Father says he must be received with 'respect and hospitality,'—that he is not one of the 'Indians who drink rum, but is quite a gentleman.'—Whatever shall I do about inviting guests to meet him of whom father would approve?"

"Well, I reckon yo' all will do it right, Miss Theo,—yo' ain't the kind dat makes no mistakes. Jes' ask de folks w'at yo' wants ter ask, an' dey will be mighty glad ter meet a real live Indian Chief, 'spe-shully ef yo' pa done gib him a dinner, too."—And off went Sally to attend to her household duties while Theodosia still sat and thought, with the wrinkles on her smooth forehead.

As the old slave, a devoted member of the Burr family, had said, fourteen-year-old Theo was equal to any emergency when faced by it, young as she was.

Sitting there deep in thought, she counted on her fingers all the well-known men of her father's acquaintance whom it would be possible to include in that dinner to such a guest. At last she picked out a number of eminent men to meet whom the greatest man in the country would be proud, let alone an Indian Chief. Among those who were invited were

the Bishop of New York and others equally distinguished, who promptly accepted the invitation; and they all enjoyed meeting the guest of honor—"Captain of the Six Nations and Chief of the Mohawks" a great bronzed, elegant appearing man, six feet tall, picturesque in his ceremonial Indian costume which matched his deportment, for he behaved like "a Christian and a civilized guest."

Theo was delighted with the success of her party and wrote at once to her father describing it in minute detail. She had, so she wittily wrote, imagined the Chief to be a savage warrior, and wondered what sort of food to give him. According to the stories she had read she first thought she would "lay the hospital under contribution for a human head to be served up like a boar's head in ancient hall barbaric," but she gave up that idea at the suggestion of her old cook and—so she added, "merely served as elaborate a feast as any gentleman in the land would have enjoyed."

It is to be imagined that her father smiled to himself with amusement and pride when he read the letter, and known it is that Joseph Brant, Mohawk Chief, never forgot that excellent dinner, perfectly served, with a bright-eyed, petite and altogether charming young girl acting as hostess, with the dignity of some famous Queen.

Theodosia Burr adored her father even before she was able to show it in any other way than in crying for him when he was away from home,—and flying into a tempest of anger if anyone tried to take

his seat at the table. When he was away he sent messages to "the smiling little girl" in his letters to his wife,—who wrote in return:

"Your dear little daughter seeks you twenty times a day, calls you to your meals, and will not suffer your chair to be filled by any of the family."

At the time of the birth of Theodosia at Albany in 1783, Aaron Burr was a rising young lawyer, and his home was a very happy one. He had married Theodosia Prevost, the widow of a British officer, and when little Theo was born a year later the happy family group was a perfect one, for Mrs. Burr's two sons by a former marriage were fond of their new father and he of them, and all were devoted to the "smiling little girl."

Aaron Burr's fondness for Theodosia was almost worship. But, coming as he did from a family of teachers and ministers, the love of educating, of perfecting anyone near of kin to him, was a ruling passion with him. Unfortunately or fortunately, depending on the angle at which one looks at it, Aaron Burr one day read a book by Mary Wollstoncraft called "The Vindication of Woman's Rights." That decided him. His daughter should be brought up like a boy,—the equal of any man in self-control and in education; and from that time he never let a flaw in Theo's character or education pass without criticism, which, had she not loved him and admired him so much, she might have resented, as a curtailing of her liberty of action and thought.

Fortunately Aaron Burr and Theodosia were in

perfect sympathy—they understood one another,—criticism, weaknesses and all. Theodosia stands out as an unusual figure on the pages of history—a devoted daughter of an adoring father, even after the finger of doom wrote shadows dark and deep on the lives of both.

The beginning of Aaron Burr's educating of his small daughter was along a difficult highway for a child to pass. When she declared her objections to sleeping alone, her father said quietly; "Try it to-night; if you sleep, you will have gained courage." When she still declared herself afraid of the dark, at her father's command she walked down the long black corridor at Richmond Hall, her teeth chattering with fear of some bogey that might be lurking in the blackness surrounding her.

And when she declared openly at breakfast—"I don't like bread and milk. I want meat and other things that you eat"—bread and milk was still put before her and nothing else, which annoyed her very much, as she liked richer food better.

In 1783 the Burrs moved from Albany, where Theo was born, to New York, to "an elegant house on the corner of Nassau and Cedar Streets, with a beautiful garden in which were so many arbors with a profusion of grapes hanging from them that probably it would have been difficult to keep Theodosia from picking them constantly, if she had been a trifle older, for at a very early age green apples had a fatal fascination for her, with equally fatal results!"

At that time Colonel Burr was not only a rising member of the New York Bar, he was also a mem-

ber of the New York Legislature, and so he was frequently in Albany, and his letters to Mrs. Burr at that time show his devotion to her as well as to little Theodosia.

After he had decided to make one of the finest scholars in the world of Theo, the child was busy every day and every hour, with a dozen different tutors. She was taught to read Latin and Greek and German and French and arithmetic and spelling, until Mrs. Burr declared that no child of *eight* could make any progress with so many studies," to which Colonel Burr replied that "two or three hours a day at French and ciphering would not injure her," and the next summer we find Theo doing sums in arithmetic "from five in the morning until eight, and also the same hours in the evening,"—although being as pretty, light-hearted and ready for a normally good time as she was, it must have bored her considerably; and there are hints here and there in letters that she was not above making excuses in order to miss a lesson now and then. Who can blame her?

She studied fairly hard, but we can imagine her longing for the hours when her dancing master or her skating teacher should come, and oh how she loved to mount a saddle horse and ride fast and fearless through the country roads with her riding master; her black curls blowing in the wind! And always she was reporting progress in her studies and other diversions to her father, either when he was at Albany or with the Senate at Philadelphia. And when she was eleven years old she was actually reading Terence—an old Roman poet,—and Hor-

ace, and studying Gibbon,—all of which she found very dull and difficult, and it is evident that she was never good at spelling, as some of her father's letters show, for he criticizes her spelling sharply in them, even though once for his use she translated the Constitution of the United States into French. Think of that!

In one critical letter her father writes:

“When you have finished a letter read it over carefully and correct all the errors you can discover. In your last were there some which could not, upon an attentive perusal, escape your notice.—When you *sit* down to write me, or when you *set* about it, be it sitting or standing, peruse all my letters and leave nothing unanswered.”

Here is the school-master instead of the father who is so delighted to receive a letter from his dear daughter that the spelling means little beside the affection expressed. But Aaron Burr was not that kind of a man. Again he wrote:

“The following are the only misspelled words, you write *acurate* for accurate, *laudnum* for laudanum, *intirely* for entirely—Continue to use all those words in your next letter, that I may see that you know the true spelling. And tell me what is laudanum? Where and how made? And what are its effects?”

Evidently Theo felt hurt over some of her father's criticisms, and said so, for in another letter he writes soothingly:

“I beg, Miss Prissy, that you will be pleased to name a single *unsuccessful effort* that you have made to please me— You improve much in journalizing.

Your last is far more sprightly than any of the preceding.—"

But even when giving Theo a compliment which could not fail to please her, his critical faculty would not let him stop there. The letter goes on to say:

"Learn the difference between *then* and *than*. You will soonest perceive it by translating them into Latin. . . . Let me see how handsomely you can subscribe your name to your next letter"—

In a letter a week later he suggests hopefully:

"I really think, my dear Theo, that you will be soon very beyond all verbal criticism— Your letter of the 9th is remarkably correct in point of spelling. That word *recieved* still escapes your attention. Try again. The words *wold* and *shold* are mere carelessness, *necessery* instead of necessary belongs, I suppose, to the same class."

Mrs. Burr died in 1794, after a long sickness, which brought the father and daughter even more closely together, if that could be possible. It certainly made Colonel Burr more than ever critical of his daughter's manners and education, for she was now solely his responsibility, and he at once made her mistress of his city and country homes.

Theo was certainly a busy girl, both in New York and also at Richmond Hill, when in 1897 we have a glimpse of her there. Colonel Burr had bought the beautiful estate, two miles out of the city on the Hudson, a few years before, and improved extensively, both the lovely garden and the "large, rambling old mansion facing the Hudson, a dignified old

home with high ceiled rooms, beautiful mahogany staircases, and portico upheld by Ionic columns; the old mansion outlined against splendid oaks and cedars."

Richmond Hill was a house with a "long tradition of elegant hospitality within its walls" and Aaron Burr and Theodosia loved the place. He, when there, was always busy planting trees and shrubs, or widening the brook into a lake which was called "Burr's Pond"—or enlarging the mansion. And Theodosia flitted from garden to house, her dark curls flying in the soft breeze, plucking armfuls of hollyhocks and tulips and Jerusalem cherries and snowdrops, to beautify the house with its dark panelling. Her retinue of maids and men were proud of their precocious young mistress, and did her bidding willingly. And when she was tired of house and garden, she would imperiously order "my saddle horse at once"—and off she would go on a wild ride up and down the country lanes, giving vent to repressed emotions.

It is said that she was such a careful mistress in regard to details, both indoors and outside, that she "paid as much as ten dollars a month to a man to polish the hoofs of the carriage horses and scrub their teeth and treat their coats with paste of whiting!"

Colonel Burr was a small man, with brilliant eyes, regular features, hair dark and brushed back into a queue, and charming manners. Theo was much like him at fourteen; petite—bright eyed, with a most expressive face, yet capable of showing poise and

self-control, although she was always positive in her convictions, if there was the time or the place in which to declare them.

In spite of her poor spelling Theo at fourteen was a brilliant scholar, able to talk intelligently with men of renown who were her father's friends, and who delighted to watch the little girl with the sparkling eyes, when she discussed deep subjects with them as if she, too, had been a man.

Theo was a famous hostess, too, and so engagingly pretty, gracious and coquettish or dignified as the occasion demanded, that she was much admired, and spoken of by Aaron Burr's friends in New York and Albany and Philadelphia as one of the most charming and unusual girls of the day, and he was considered fortunate to have such a daughter. There is no question that he appreciated his good fortune. In a letter written to Theodosia once from Albany, he said:

“One would think that the town was going into mourning for your absence. I am perpetually stopped in the street by little and big girls.—Where is Miss Burr? Won’t she come up this winter? Oh, why didn’t you bring her, etc.—”

Evidently Theo was popular wherever she went,—she seems to have had the happy faculty of enchanting anyone, if she determined to achieve it, just as she had achieved her studies and her duties as a home-maker.

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Up to the time Theodosia was seventeen years old, her father had not let her go to dances and

other parties with the girls of her own set, but now at last she was allowed to go to balls and mingle freely with the young men of her age, with whom she was very popular.—The years behind her, except for the death of her mother, have been sunlit days,—with affection pouring through all the windows of her girl's life. And now comes the most thrilling time.

Theodosia has *lovers*!—She is fascinating, in her petite daintiness of form and feature,—she is a finished coquette, she is also a perfect mistress of such tactics as make her suitors desperate because she holds them at arm's length one day and encourages them the next.

More than one of the greatest beaux in New York society at that day, determined to win her affection, and there is a famous story told about her. One day when Edward Livingston, who was Mayor of New York, had the pleasure of escorting the young belle aboard a French frigate which lay at anchor in the Harbor Theo was sparkling and witty, her curls escaping from under her demure bonnet. Mr. Livingston sensed her attractiveness, and looking at her admiringly, cautioned:

“Now, Theo, you must bring none of your sparks on board. They have a powder magazine here, and we should all be blown up!”

He was rewarded by a saucy up-glance from the dark eyes, but Theo made no reply to his pun.

Suitors in 1931, or “sparks” in 1800,—lovers are alike in every age—and Theodosia Burr was adored and received many declarations of love, but met them

all with jests and refusals until the day when Joseph Alston, of South Carolina, a charming young Southerner, the son of a wealthy planter, came into her life. Then all was changed for little Theo.

Joseph Alston fell desperately in love with her,—his symptoms were alarming. His urgent demand was engagement and speedy marriage. He wrote volumes on the subject. Seeing his real devotion, with true feminine wiles, Theo challenged his love, teased him, refused him, accepted him,—would and would not—made objections to South Carolina as no fit place for her to live, saying she had heard it was, especially Charleston, “a place where there was an annual epidemic of yellow fever, where the yells of whipped negroes assailed the ear on every hand, and the extreme heat rendered the place a perfect purgatory.”

To this catalogue of extraordinary blots on the state and the city of which he was proud, young Alston listened with astonishment, and replied with an equally long list of attractions, but Theo was in a very aggravating mood, and retorted that “she had heard that the men and women of Carolina associate very little. The former all devote themselves to hunting, horse-riding, and gaming, and the latter meet in large parties—to sip tea and look prim.”

Putting on an air of injured melancholy which did not fit with her feelings at all, she asked her lover; how she could be expected to be happy in a country where she talked to the women, sipped tea and looked prim?

Joseph Alston would have been provoked at such a speech from his adored Theo if he had not hap-

pened to glance into her sparkling, mischievous eyes.—He decided to continue the argument for the pleasure of looking at those deep dark eyes and the attractive face, now grave, now gay.—The argument went on, so it is said, for a long time on that November afternoon, as they strolled over the beautiful grounds of Richmond Hill.—Young Alston pleaded his cause, with all the eloquence of a famous lawyer.—Theo used all the weapons of a finished coquette, but the conversation was still unfinished when they reached the house. There they lingered without speaking, in the shade of the lofty Grecian columns and the vines gay with autumn colors that clustered around them.

Theo broke the silence: "I hear father in his study," she said. "He will want me!"

Her lover raised her hand to his lips with true eighteenth century gallantry:

"But," he pleaded, "Have I convinced you, sweetheart? For of what use are arguments if they bring not conviction with them?"

Theo's eyes met his in full and sweet surrender: "I think I was convinced before you began to speak, dear Joe," she said, "but did but oppose objections that I might hear you say what my own heart already told me"—

One glance into merry, loving eyes and Theo had vanished into the house,—in fact had shut her lover out with a slammed door which showed the conversation was ended, and there was nothing for a half ecstatic, half miserable lover to do but take his leave.

Inside the house, Theo went softly to the library

where her father sat reading, and she stood a moment looking at his dark head, lightly touched with grey, and the thick hair drawn back into a queue,—at his clear-cut features, his brilliant eyes, his whole person expressive of charm, which his daughter had inherited, although that was not in her thoughts as she looked at him:

Hearing her footsteps he looked up to ask: "Is that you, Theo?"

"Yes, father."

"What have you been doing?"

"Oh, promising to marry Joseph Alston again."

Her father smiled, and asked playfully, "And how many times a day do you go through that ceremony, daughter?"

Theo gave a sigh, "As many times, perhaps, as you go through the ceremony of writing your name," she answered, but the playfulness died out of her manner as she added:

"Father, it is coming soon—my marriage—Joseph is in a great hurry."

A shadow crossed the face of that father to whom Theo was all the world, but he instantly smiled: "Well, the sooner the better for him and for you, I suppose," he said cheerfully.

Theodosia Burr and Joseph Alston were married at Albany on February 2nd, 1801,—where Colonel Burr was obliged to be as a member of the New York Legislature, but he found time to go to New York and escort the bride-to-be to Albany, where Joseph Alston met them. That was a time of great excitement not only because of the wedding, but also

because Colonel Burr had been elected Vice-President of the United States, and after the wedding the young couple were to go with him to Washington to see him inaugurated,—enough excitement even for a girl who “loved hurry and bustle.”

Mr. and Mrs. Alston and Aaron Burr found Washington in an uproar, and thronged with the crowd who had come to see Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr raised to the first places of power in the land. There were “bonfires and public jubilations”—and amid a din of guns and bells Theo saw her beloved father take the oath of office as Vice-President,—and her eyes were moist with pride and pleasure as she saw him escort the new President to his chair,—little dreaming then, poor Theo, what the future held for her and for her father.

Having bade Aaron Burr, now Vice-President, good-bye, the bride and groom left for Charleston, where one of Joseph Alston’s estates was situated, and Theodosia had as gay and happy a time then as any girl could ever have.

She was a nineteen-year-old bride,—charming in looks and in manner, and had a rare ability to captivate anyone she chose to draw to her. It became a high honor to be invited to her new home. She was a belle at the Races—at the Saint Cecelia Balls she was in constant demand for dances, and was escorted to supper by the President of the Club at the first Ball of the season. Later she “visited in those serene Charleston mansions which turned their shoulders so diffidently to the world, preserving for their inmates the dignity of columned piazzas and the scented

shade of those precious gardens filled with jasmine and roses and azaleas."—And on Sundays, without doubt, she sat demurely in the family pew at St. Michael's, or when in the country, could be seen at St. Andrew's parish church, or at St. James' among the pines—

Theo was a happy young matron at that time, managing her household at "The Oaks" or "Hagley," the two plantations belonging to her husband,—or in summer sometimes travelling. Once she had an opportunity to call on the Mohawk Chief, Brant, who had such a delightful memory of her hospitality at that dinner party given in his honor. Now he in turn entertained her royally and gave her a present of embroidered moccasins.—That visit was a great pleasure to Theo, but no joy was as great as returning to Richmond Hill to visit her father, who lived there in lonely solitude.

Once Aaron Burr went south to visit the Alstons at The Oaks, of which visit Theo made much, for it is no small matter to be visited by the Vice-President of the United States, especially when he happens to be your much loved father.

When he was not with her, Aaron Burr wrote her long and frequent letters, and that in spite of all the dignity which she had acquired with marriage, Theo was still very much of a child, is shown in a letter she wrote her father, saying:

" . . . All your trouble, good precepts and better example, have been thrown away on me. I am still a child. Your letter . . . reached me yesterday, of course it made me very happy, but those pretty little

playthings from Dr. McKinnon delighted me— You must send me the shawl; I shall be down at the races and want the gratification of displaying it."

And her father answered with real appreciation of her youth: "You are a good girl to write so often. Oh yes! I knew how much of a child you were when I sent the pretty things."

In some of his letters he would scold and criticize her, as he did when she was a little girl, but again the tables would be turned and Theodosia did the scolding when he did not write to her often enough, or when he was not in New York at the time when she was there.—But always there was complete and wonderful understanding between the father and daughter, and when she was away at a summer resort for a few weeks of gayety she wrote:

"... We went to a ball. I danced twice, but am unable to tell whether I looked well or danced well, for you are the only person in the world who says anything to me about my personal appearance. Mari (her name for her husband) generally looks pleased but rarely makes remarks."

In reply to that letter her father wrote:

"Lord, how I should have liked to see you dance!"—showing his interest in other things than Theo's mental attributes.

In May, 1802, a little boy was born to the Alstons, named Aaron Burr Alston, and to his education his grandfather turned with all the eagerness he had given to making his Theo one of the finest scholars in the country. When the "sweet little rascal" as they

called the boy, was only nineteen months old, Aaron Burr wrote to Theodosia:

"I am sure he may now be taught his letters, and then put a pen in his hands and set him to imitate them. He may read and write before he is three years old. This, with speaking French, would make him a tolerably accomplished lad of that age and worthy of his blood!"

With the recollection of her own girlhood's routine of studies, it is doubtful whether Theo did as her father suggested in regard to her little son!

After he was born Theo was not very strong, although at times she seemed to be her old merry, care-free self, and one wonders whether overhanging clouds of sorrow were not casting their shadow over the sensitive nature.

At that time Aaron Burr was living alone at Richmond Hill. He had always been a great person for celebrating special days. And so when Theodosia's twenty-first birthday came, on the 23rd of June, 1804, although he was separated from his beloved daughter by so many miles, he invited a party of friends to Richmond Hill to celebrate the day, and later wrote to Theo about it, saying:

"We kept your birthday, . . . laughed an hour, danced an hour and drank your health. We had your picture in the dining room, but as it is a profile and would not look at us . . . we hung it up."

The letter, with that proof of her father's never-ending thought of her and all pertaining to her, reached Theo on a day when she was almost frantic because of another letter she had received before it

came. Entering her room, her husband found her pacing the floor in a frenzy of excitement. At sight of him she thrust a letter into his hand, crying out:—“He has killed him!—Alexander Hamilton is dead and father killed him!—Oh, Mari, what can we do to help him?”

For twenty years Hamilton and Burr had been political enemies, although keeping up the semblance of personal friendliness. In the case of Burr, it would seem to have been reality rather than semblance, for with all his faults he was never a man who harbored enmity unless it was thrust upon him. But he knew that for years Hamilton had stood in the way of his advancement in the political world,—had said and done all that he could to injure his reputation, and the climax had been reached in a letter for which Burr had demanded an explanation or an apology. This Hamilton could or would not give, and had accepted Burr’s challenge to fight a duel,—for that was a time when duels were all too common.

On July 11th, 1804, on a grassy ledge under the heights of Weehawken, a place of many such encounters, the two men who stood for the height of political greatness in the State of New York, one the Vice-President of the United States, met with their seconds in the early morning—and Hamilton fell with the first shot Burr fired.

Late the night before one could have seen a light burning in Aaron Burr’s library while he wrote to Theodosia. It was a long letter in which he gave her careful directions in regard to the disposal of all his possessions in case he should be killed, a letter which

ended with words that almost broke her heart when she read them:

"I am indebted to you, my dearest Theodosia, for a very great portion of the happiness which I have enjoyed in this life. You have completely satisfied all that my heart and affections had hoped or even wished. With a little more perseverance, determination and industry, you will obtain all that my ambition or vanity had fondly imagined. Let your son be proud that he had a mother—Adieu. Adieu."

At the same time he wrote to her husband, begging him to "stimulate and aid Theodosia in the cultivation of her mind,"—and he added: "If you should differ with me as to the importance of this measure, suffer me to ask it of you as a last favor."

When this letter and the other one recording the celebration of her birthday reached Theodosia, there had already been posted on a bulletin board in New York City the following notice:

"GENERAL HAMILTON WAS SHOT BY COLONEL BURR THIS MORNING IN A DUEL. THE COLONEL IS SAID TO BE MORTALLY WOUNDED."

A storm of public indignation against Burr followed the death of Hamilton, although it seems strange in the light of the fact that duels were common affairs in that day, and also that Burr had offered to withdraw the challenge if Hamilton would explain or retract certain sentences in the letter which had caused Burr to challenge, but the explanation or apology had not been sent.

There were black days after the duel for Theodosia, living in suspense as to the results of public

anger against her adored father. And her worst fears were justified: On the 21st of July, 1804, Aaron Burr, Esq., Vice-President of the United States, was indicted for murder.

That night Burr left Richmond Hill in a barge and in the darkness was secretly conveyed down the river to New Jersey, where he spent the night at the home of a friend, but he did not linger in New Jersey, as that State had also indicted him for murder. That his habitual self-control and sense of humor had not forsaken him even at this bitter hour is shown by a letter to Theodosia in which he said:

“You have doubtless heard that there has subsisted for some time a contention . . . between the two states of New York and New Jersey. The subject of dispute is— Which shall have the honor of hanging the Vice-President?”

Poor Theodosia! Even though she had the love of a devoted husband, whose political popularity was steadily on the up-grade; her father was a fugitive, —was hated by many,—was without the comfort of her presence. Theo was very miserable at that time, even though she tried to keep busy and so occupy her otherwise sad thoughts. But the shock of the duel and its results had been severe on her sensitive nature. It was her stoical father, fugitive though he was, whose written words gave her back a measure of self-control. He wrote to her:

“Your letters of the 10th and those preceding,” he said, “seem to indicate a sort of stupor, but now you rise into frenzy.”—To this satiric sentence he added that she should have due notice of the time

and place of the hanging,—that there would be “a great concourse of people, much gayety and many rare sights, such as the lion, the elephant, etc.—”

To this forced gayety Theodosia evidently replied sadly, for he answered: “You treat the affair with too much gravity.—It should be considered as a farce.”

He also wrote to her not to let him have “the idea that you are dissatisfied with me for a moment. I can’t just now endure it. At another time you may play the Juno, if you please”—

The winter after Aaron Burr was indicted for murder in two States he resumed his duties at Washington. When his term was about to expire, with his usual calm under all conditions he resigned from office, making a short and impressive farewell speech. He then spent the summer of 1805 travelling in the West and South,—and as he travelled he talked with many persons about a fantastic scheme on which he had begun to build false hopes.—It was for an expedition into Mexico, if there should be a war with Spain, and so eloquently did he present the idea to men rich and influential that much money was promised, even by his son-in-law, and the dream grew to great and exciting proportions, until from all the discussions about it, there emerged the full-fledged plan to seize New Orleans,—or such it is thought was the idea,—Colonel Burr was to be made the Emperor of Mexico, with little Aaron the Heir to the throne, while Theodosia was to be Chief Lady of the Court, and her husband Head of the Nobility, while other men of affairs who had lent their influence to the scheme were to become Admiral of the

Navy, Ambassador to England, and Commander in Chief of the Army.

This is but a fragment of the colossal scheme, as outlined by one of the biographers of Aaron Burr, who says that "Colonel Burr talked, and Theo smiled while Mr. Alston gave security for fifty-thousand dollars subscribed by a Mr. Blennerhassett. There were proclamations issued, secret ciphers concocted, and many promises made which were all too fragile."—And then word secretly reached the President from a confidential but treacherous source that Colonel Burr was planning to overthrow the government—that—all sorts of "thats" were circulated wildly, and with little truth in them except the underlying fact that the ex-Vice-President was a dangerous citizen.

Theo and her husband, who had taken the affair seriously, were stunned to hear on the tenth of February, 1807, that Aaron Burr had been arrested and was being taken to Richmond, there to be imprisoned.

Theo was beside herself,—all efforts to calm or comfort her were useless. She wrote her father such frantic letters that he wrote her to "come back to reason," that she must "amuse" herself collecting instances of virtuous men subjected to persecution, and *write him an essay with reflections, comments and applications.*"—Who but an Aaron Burr would have written a letter like that!

The trial took place in Richmond and lasted four weeks. At the trial Aaron Burr appeared in black, with powdered hair and queue, and his manner was dignity itself. He was composed, polite, confident,

impressive, even to those who were his enemies,— He even laughed at the jokes of the Counsel.—

He was acquitted. Then came another blow for Theodosia. There was a second indictment for treason and misdemeanor. Burr was removed to the State Penitentiary until the trial should take place. The suite of rooms which he occupied was filled to overflowing with fruit and flowers sent by the young women of Richmond, who had already succumbed to Burr's fatal fascination.

In July he sent for Theo, but in his letter warned her :

“I should never invite anyone, much less those so dear to me, to witness my disgrace. I may be im-mured in dungeons, chained, murdered in legal form, but I cannot be humiliated or disgraced. If absent you will suffer great solicitude. In my presence you will feel none, whatever be the malice or the power of my enemies— Remember, no agitations, no complaints, no fears or anxieties on the road, or I renounce thee.”—

Although still far from strong in health, Theo was strong in spirit, and at once, with her child and husband, went to Richmond, and that is the time when Theodosia Burr justly won renown as a famous girl.

“We will go to the Penitentiary,” she commanded like a Duchess, when they approached Richmond, and her husband, knowing what she was suffering, acquiesced,—and to the place of imprisonment of a man so recently a brilliant figure in the public life of the country, they went, giving Aaron Burr a glimpse of her who was dearer to him than his own life.

The next day Theo gave her husband another command: "Find a house for us to spend the winter in," she said, "I am going to entertain lavishly"—

For a moment her husband looked at her in utter amazement, then the wisdom of her plan became clear to him.

Having found a house, the Alstons began to entertain more elaborately than even the rich and mighty of that hospitable city had ever entertained. Theo left no stone unturned to lure to her dinners the wits and prominent men and belles of Richmond society. She sparkled, she was adorable in her cordiality and her coquetry, and it is said she won more friends for her father in one evening of entertaining than his attorneys could have won in weeks of impassioned oratory.

Her sweetness and her vivacious charm drew all hearts to her. Among her intense admirers was young Washington Irving, while it is said that Luther Martin fairly worshipped her—and many others were in his class.

Came the trial,—and again Aaron Burr was acquitted. But there was bitter enmity against him on every side. He was so much hated that he was forced to leave the country, even though he was recommitted for trial in Ohio. He fully realized there might be no end to that sort of persecution which, as he wrote to Theo, "would accept no verdict but its own"—and while he was being hanged in effigy in Baltimore and mobs were roaring denunciation of him, he fled, remaining hidden in the home of a Mrs. Pollock, under the name of *Edwards*, until the night

of June 9th, 1808, when he went aboard the packet *Clarissa*, to sail for England.

That evening there arrived in New York, "Miss Mary Ann Edwards" from South Carolina. She was with Aaron Burr all of that last terrible night. She took his papers, and the claims of his creditors, who were many, against a man once so high in public esteem, so extravagant, and sure of his advancing and secure place as a lawyer, home-maker and politician,—and talked with him of matters too personal and sacred for repetition.

Mary Ann Edwards,—or broken-hearted Theodosia Burr Alston, had need of all the stoical calm of which she was possessed to say farewell to the father whom she never expected to see again,—for such love as theirs is rare indeed. It was a night of agony, of tortured souls laid bare in the parting,—then the *Clarissa* sailed away with its famous passenger and Theodosia went back to her husband and her household duties, her only happiness in remembering that during days and weeks in Richmond her courage and calm had helped to bring her father acquittal, although it had failed to keep him from exile.

With him on the *Clarissa* Aaron Burr carried a portrait of Theo which went with him in all his wanderings. As it was somewhat faded, when in Stockholm he had it retouched by a celebrated artist and in the diary he kept for Theo he noted:

"Yesterday opened your picture. It is in perfect order. Since opening it in Stockholm I have carried

it the whole way (200 miles) on my lap. You are now hung up in my room, so that I can talk to you."

At another time after packing, he writes:

"Done. Even the picture all packed. I bade you *bon soir* a dozen times before I shut you up in that dark case. I can never do it without regret. It seems as if I were burying you alive."

While Burr was journeying here and there in Europe, Theo in America was working herself to a mere shadow collecting funds for him, as he was almost penniless,—she even appealed to the new President and to Mrs. Dolly Madison for help,—but without her husband's knowledge, knowing he would not have allowed her to do this, even for her father, and always she was writing to the exile, as if no shadow had fallen on their lives. In one letter she asserts:

"You appear to me so superior, so elevated above all other men, I contemplate you with such a strange mixture of humility, admiration, reverence, love and pride—I would rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man."

Brilliant, puzzling, charming, pedantic Aaron Burr, not saint, not all sinner, not all pedagogue or ladies' man, could not have been the vicious weakling depicted by some, or he could not have had and held the worship of his only daughter, Theodosia, with her curly black hair, her sparkling eyes and her adoration for her father, unique and touching, which is indelibly written on the pages of American history.

When a Dream Came True for a Valiant Girl

JANE ADDAMS

The Girl with Vision

JANE ADDAMS was seventeen years old. She was going to Rockford Seminary. She was pleased, for she was a very studious young person. Only she wished it were to be Smith College instead, but her father's ideas on that subject were so firm that Jane knew it was useless to try to change them; that if she should urge him to let her go to the eastern college, he would merely shake his head and repeat what he had already said:

"A school in Illinois is better for one who belongs to that State. And an institution that is smaller and nearer home is better. In Europe later thee can gain more knowledge of the world beyond our own land and what it has to give, and thee will bring back a better appreciation of what our country has to offer also."

And to Rockford, disappointed but eager, Jane Addams went.

Her three sisters had been students there before, and her father was a trustee of the Seminary, so it was not necessary for Jane to create a background for herself. Her family history was already known and all she had to do was to fit herself into the picture.

Jane was homesick, very, very homesick indeed during the early weeks of her new life, for she missed her family and the big familiar homestead at Cedar-

ville, where she had grown up, as well as the freedom and friends of home life. But there was much to keep her mind and body busy at the school, which was called "The Mt. Holyoke of the West." Each girl had to make her own fire,—which suggests a scant degree of warmth for frozen feet and fingers if the task were left undone—and every girl made her own bed and kept her room clean and tidy, which, together with the routine of studies, kept Jane occupied during all the hours of the day, and reading many times after darkness fell.

At that time—in 1877—the Seminary had not become a college, although there were many college-trained teachers on its staff, and they and the alumnae were anxious to take this forward-looking step; but it did not become a college until five years' later.

Students there were of every type, indolent and energetic, eager and indifferent to what the school had to offer, but in a short time Jane found her place among a group of girls as serious-minded as she. They were all daughters of pioneer families in that western world, girls with keen appreciation of what it meant to have this opportunity for a higher education, who felt it their duty to study hard in order to receive all the advantages possible, from being students in the "Mt. Holyoke of the West."

These girls, when Jane Addams came, at once picked her out as one who should belong to their group, and included her in all their formal and informal meetings at which they discussed all sorts of subjects, some of which were far beyond their under-

standing, but of which they had read, and which they talked of with assurance.

There was a general meeting to decide on a class motto and flower, and it seems more than likely that it may have been Jane who suggested for their motto—

“There is an Anglo-Saxon word for *Lady*, which I can’t pronounce. It means Bread-Kneader, or *Bread-Giver*. We all want to be what the word ‘*Lady*’ suggests, and probably we will all have to be Bread-Kneaders—,” with a laugh. “—Why not take that for our motto? At any rate, *I* want to be all the word implies.”

And it became the motto of the class. The poppy was chosen as their flower, because one of the girls said,—and again it seems as if it might have been Jane:

“Poppies grow among the wheat, as if Nature knew that wherever there was hunger that needed food, there would be pain that needed relief.”—The flower was chosen, probably like the motto, merely as the result of chance reading on the part of her who suggested it, for none of the girls had any knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, nor had any of them seen the fields where poppies and wheat grow together in a foreign land, but they knew that there was a drug into which poppies were made for the easing of pain, and both motto and flower sounded like the result of much reading and of a “higher education,” so they felt learned and pleased with themselves for their choice of both.

That small group of girls, of which Jane Addams was one, were all seekers after knowledge at first hand. They wanted to find out why and how literary and scientific work was done by the famous men about whose lives they were studying, and too, they wanted to "make good" in some line of research because of the sacrifice they knew their families had made to give them a good education.

In quest of this goal, as well as eager for adventure, the five searchers after some new item of knowledge to give the world, having read De Quincey's "Dreams," decided that the only way they could possibly understand the writer's weird, phantasmic experiences was to put themselves in the state of mind in which it was said he did his best work, namely, while under the influence of a potent drug.

A holiday came. The girls were ready for their experiment. At regular intervals throughout the day each of them took a small white powder and eagerly awaited developments, hoping to have marvellous literary ecstasy and expression descend on them like an enveloping cloak. Hours went by,—they exchanged experiences—all were the same,—no mantle of genius had yet fallen,—merely a strange inertia, almost like a strong hand gripping them, and yet sleepy they were not,—they were keyed up to highest tension. But by four o'clock their symptoms had become so alarming that by common consent they confided their fright to a young teacher who knew how seriously the girls were taking both life and literature. She was prompt in dealing with the situation; without asking where they obtained the

drug, or what it was she gave each girl an emetic at once, then demanded the five copies of De Quincey's "Dreams" and the remaining powders, then gave a firm command:

"Go to your rooms now, but come to family prayers after supper whether you feel able or not!"

Upset as they were, mentally and physically, that command added to the effect of the dose she had given them, made them, it is easy to imagine, far less interested in research, biological or literary, than they had been or were for many days to come.

One of those girls who made the experiment, however, was in later years to prove an important investigator of the science of Living, and the ingredients which make it a success or failure. Jane Addams' invaluable service to humanity is clearly traceable to the ideals which were hers as a girl, ideals which stamped an indelible impress on her older life, making it possible for her to so easily understand the human equation in its varying phases,—able to become the "Kind Heart" of Hull House.

Jane Addams' mother died when Jane was a baby, and she had no step-mother until she was ten years old, so to her father she turned for the guidance and comforting that a mother would have given her, and she says "he never disappointed me." That John Addams was one of the two dominating causes of her notable achievements there is no doubt, for she idolized and revered him. The other influence of which she was not conscious, but which was no less a controlling factor in the molding of her character and career, was Nature.

As a child and a girl Jane had need of supreme courage, something which is so hard to have when one is young and eager to be taking one's part in the work and pleasure of the world. But, true soldier that she was, in spite of the handicap of a spinal curvature which gave her years of semi-invalidism, she struggled to be and to do something worth-while, even though she had to lie flat on her back in bed through more than one long season, and might easily have become an exacting, fretful invalid. Not Jane! Without complaint, as she lay during long tedious days and months, she quietly read Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," which one twentieth-century girl has remarked would *give* her curvature of the spine to read, even if she did not have it before!

But Jane was different. She loved good books as if they were her personal friends, especially the lives of men who had achieved success in some line of world work. And she was a good sport, rather than the stuff of which invalids are made. She was primarily an adventurer, a seeker after self-expression, but the expression she so eagerly desired was not that of the young person of a later generation, but of the keen searcher after something she wanted to give back to the human beings around her in a new translation, although it was many years before she was able to transmute her mental restlessness into action, to know what she wanted to do and how to do it.

When she was very young Jane sometimes told a lie. Having a vivid imagination and a sensitive

spirit, she was always very unhappy when she had done something she knew was wrong. And so when she had told a lie, she would wake up in the night, if indeed she had been asleep at all, and on her conscience there would be a heavy weight of unconfessed sin. Suppose she should die before morning? Suppose this should happen before she had time to confess her sin to someone? Then she would surely go to the fiery Hell of which she had heard, but which was never mentioned in the Addams' home.—She must hurry down to her father's room and tell him the truth before it was too late, for he represented the whole grown-up world to her.

Out of her warm bed she would creep and down the stairs in the black darkness peopled with little girls who had been as wicked as she,—“at the foot of the stairs,” she says, “she was faced by the awful necessity of passing the front door, which her father, because of being a Quaker, did not lock”—and then there was the horrible “wide and black expanse of the living room to cross in order to reach her father's room.” She would cling to the newel post for a moment to bolster up her courage, then bravely take a few more steps, and finally reach her father's room. Once there, breathless, she would pant out her story of sin, and always receive the same reassurance from her father, even when he had been awakened from a sound sleep; he would invariably say:

“If I have a little girl who tells lies, I am glad that she felt too bad to go to sleep afterwards.”

Not a reproof,—just those quieting words. Then

having shared her wickedness with someone older and wiser than she, Jane would creep back to bed again, comforted.

Even when she was a very small girl in a very big world Jane Addams had begun to think along the line of action for which later she became famous. One day her father took her with him on a visit to a nearby town, where Jane had always before seen a street on which were only toy shops and handsome houses; but that day Mr. Addams was on his way to a mill in the part of the town where there were small houses huddled together, and Jane's astonished eyes saw dirt, and shabbily dressed boys and girls playing in crowded city streets, instead of having wide meadows or country lawns around their homes, and there were no flowers or big trees. Horrified, Jane clung to her father's hand and finally said:

"But father, these are dreadful little houses, not like ours at all. Why do people live in them?"

Carefully John Addams explained that people lived there because they worked in the mills and must be near them, and, too, they had no money to build larger houses or to have flowers and trees around them. Jane's next remark was an indication, although unconsciously made:

"Well," she said with determination, "When I grow up I am going to have a large house, but it will not be where there are other big houses too. I am going to build a great big house and live in it, right by horrid little houses like these, and let the people come in to see me!"—A prophecy indeed!

Jane often dreamed at night, and there was one

real nightmare which she had again and again,—which seemed to be prophetic of her destiny, although she herself claims that it was merely the result of reading *Robinson Crusoe* and having heard some of the Second Adventists in Cedarville tell of their belief. "Whatever may have been the cause of it, night after night Jane dreamed that it was necessary for her to make a wagon wheel, in order to make the world go on,—the world where everyone was dead but herself. She saw the village street as it always was, the village blacksmith shop was all there, even a glowing fire upon the forge and the anvil upon its customary place near the door, but no human being was in sight. They had all gone to the village cemetery, and she alone remained in the deserted world. She always stood on the same spot in the blacksmith shop, darkly pondering how to begin, and never once did she know how, although she fully realized that the affairs of the world could not be resumed until at least one wheel should be made and something started.—Whatever made the dream come to Jane night after night, it certainly seemed prophetic of a time when hers was to be the task of making the first wheel in the vast machinery of a great Social movement, which was to broaden out into social centers and Junior Leagues and other valuable activities now in operation for the pleasure and betterment of toiling masses of workers in mills and factories, in shops and offices.

When she had had that dream about the wheel Jane was apt to go to the blacksmith's shop the next morning and eagerly watch him as he worked, for

if she was to be obliged to make a wheel herself it would be well to learn her trade. Once she timidly asked the blacksmith:—

“Do you always have to sizzle the iron in water?”
—thinking how unpleasant it would be to do it.”

“Sure,” he exclaimed: “that makes the iron hard.”
—After receiving this explanation the young girl, with her wide-eyed, questioning glance, her face as delicate in its proportions as a wind-flower, and with her not-quite-straight back, would turn away, sighing deeply to think what a weight of responsibility would fall on her slender shoulders if the dream should come true. Come true it did, in a way not explained to Jane in the world of dreams, and her shoulders still bear its weight with undaunted courage!

Jane was enormously proud of her father. On Sunday she could walk by his side to and from Sunday School, where he had a large Bible Class. Sunday was therefore the red letter day of the week to Jane. But sometimes there were strangers who visited the Sunday School, and who could not but admire her father’s erect figure and fine head. One day the dreadful thought came to Jane of her mortification if one of these strangers should identify the “ugly, pigeon-toed little girl” as she called herself, as the daughter of such a handsome man. Jane was shocked to think that this might be, and at once determined never to let it happen. From that day, whenever visitors came to Sunday School, Jane would sidle up to her Uncle James when the service was over, and taking his hand would prepare to accompany him instead of her

adored father. Her uncle was a good natured man with a large family of his own, and although he would look surprised at this mark of attention from Jane, he would ask her pleasantly:

"So you are going to walk home with me today?"

And Jane would answer "Yes, please, Uncle,"—with apparently as little interest in the possible feeling of her uncle in being seen with her, as she had concern for the feelings of her adored father, only thinking as she walked along by her uncle's side how dreadful it would have been to be pointed out as the daughter of such a handsome person—and she was grateful that she had thought of Uncle James as a way of escape from such a tragedy.

But one day she blushed a vivid crimson for another and a happier reason. She happened to be walking along the main street of a town near Cedarville when her father unexpectedly came out of a bank and faced her. With a loving smile he paused, raised his hat and bowed to her as if he were greeting some royal personage instead of his little daughter. Jane's heart turned over with rapture, and from that moment all her morbid fears that he might be ashamed of her because of her physical limitations vanished forever.

In his younger days John Addams had been a miller. He had what is called a "miller's thumb" and on his hands were the red and purple spots made by tiny bits of flying flint which were also marks of his former occupation. Jane must have them, too! Day after day she sat in the flour mill which belonged to her father, rubbing ground wheat with determination

in order to flatten her thumb, and day after day she spread out her hands near the mill-stones in the hope that a spark might alight on one of them and make the desired spot. The thumb-flattening process she gave up, as it was too tedious to be successful, and she abandoned the second after she had declared to the miller, with whom she was very friendly:

“You are trying not to hit them!” To which he had laughingly replied:

“I couldn’t hit them if I tried. They are too small to be useful in a mill, anyway.”—And sadly Jane went out into the sunshine and applied herself to doing other, less difficult things.

Her next resolution was quite different. She determined to read all the books in her father’s library which he had told her of reading in his younger days when he was a miller.

This determination of Jane’s was probably the result of an attempt of her father’s to give her a love of real literature while she was young. One day he had said, with a twinkle in his eyes:

“Jane, I will give thee five cents for every one of the “Lives” of Plutarch thee will read and talk about with me intelligently! Better than that, thee shall have twenty-five cents for each volume of Irving’s Life of Washington thee reads. It is of great value to gain a studious habit and a fondness for great books early in life.”

Naturally this increase in her bank account had something to do with Jane’s early liking for literature, but besides the pennies she accumulated she also acquired a real liking for fine literature. And so she

decided to read all of her father's books, and if possible discover the secret of his great intelligence. Unfortunately she began with Pope's translation of the *Iliad* and followed it by Dryden's "Virgil" which were too hard reading even for such an enthusiast as Jane, so having found a big volume called "The History of the World," she began to read that as a shorter cut to universal knowledge. It is to be feared, however, that it was dry enough to cause her many a sigh as she pored over its pages.

Once Jane had a new coat,—a very pretty new coat, in fact the prettiest one she had ever owned. She was so proud of it as she saw it outlining her slender figure that she ran to show it to her father, exclaiming, "I am going to wear it to Sunday School!" and waited for him to say how pretty and becoming it was. Imagine her disappointment when her father, after looking her over carefully, only patted her shoulder, and said:

"It is a very pretty coat,—so much prettier than those of the other little girls that I think thee had better wear thy old one!"

If Jane's adoration of her father had been less keen, her regret would have had more of rebellion in it, but she always felt that he knew best about everything, and tried not to show her disappointment while her father went on to tell her that "We can never, perhaps, make such things as clothes quite fair and right in this world, but it is wrong and stupid to let the differences crop out in things that mean so much more,—in school and church at least, people should be able to feel that they belong to one family."

—A true child of her father was Jane Addams, as she afterwards proved in her great adventure of making many nations into “one big family” at Hull House, even though at the time of the episode of the new coat, she did not relish her father’s statement.

Before she knew the meaning of the word, she heard some older persons discussing a religious problem which she did not understand, and so as usual she took it to her father to solve, and asked him:

“Father, what is foreordination?”

Mr. Addams undoubtedly smiled to himself at the question, but he answered gravely enough: “Neither thee nor I will probably ever understand that doctrine. Thee had better think about something else”—but he added—*“What is most important is, not to pretend to understand what you do not understand,—to be always quite honest with yourself inside, whatever may happen!”*—and Jane always remembered those words of her father’s, and also what at another time he told her, “One must have mental integrity above everything else.”

“When she asked about the doleful-sounding doctrine, she and her father were driving together through some timberland where the wood choppers had been cutting down trees. Mr. Addams was so much interested in Jane’s further story of the intense emotional stress she was under at that time, because of a strong religious and missionary undercurrent in the school, that he just kept on driving until suddenly he found that he was “lost in his own timber,” to the great amusement of both Jane and himself. Their laughter broke the tension, and they were in

high spirits when finally they found their way to the main road. Then, feeling it was safe to ask a question again, Jane asked:

"What are you, father? What do you say when people ask you?"

He smiled as he answered:

"I am a Quaker."

"But that isn't enough to say," urged Jane.

"Very well," he added. "To people who insist upon details as someone is doing now, I am a *Hicksite* Quaker."—And that was all she could get him to say upon a subject which interested her deeply. But she gathered from what he had said that a "Hicksite Quaker" always held firm opinions on such weighty matters as she had offered him for explanation,—that his opinions on all subjects were clearly defined, both in his own mind and in what he said publicly. She also gathered that his sterling character and indifference to the views of others when he felt he was right, made him whatever a "*Hicksite*" might be, and that the word had won him the respect of his fellow citizens in the State of Illinois, or they would not have sent him to Congress as State Senator; nor would Abraham Lincoln have counted him his warm friend.

Like all girls of the Civil War period, Jane, very young as she was then, heard of President Lincoln's determination to free the slaves of the South. Then one day she says, "I found on our two white gate posts American flags companioned with black. I rushed down the gravel walk into the house to inquire what they were there for," and she adds, "I found

my father in tears"—something she had never seen before. "The two flags, my father's tears and his impressive statement that the greatest man in the world had died, constituted my initiation, my baptism as it were, into the solemn interests of a world lying outside the two white gate posts."

Jane Addams was a small child at that time, but like all children of that period she grew up in an atmosphere of intense reverence for the martyred President, who, in her hero-worshipping nature, ranked next to her father and the Old Testament heroes.

Her father, knowing her feeling for the great President, once showed her the letters which had been written to him by "Mr. Lincoln" as he always called the President. Out of his desk Mr. Addams reverently took a thin packet marked "Mr. Lincoln's letters," all of which began—

"My dear Double-D'ed Addams." Jane trembled with pride as she saw in his own hand-writing that Abraham Lincoln had not only addressed her father with intimate affection, but had said he knew "that this Addams would vote on a certain measure then before the Legislature, *according to his conscience*, but begged to know in what direction Mr. Addams' conscience was pointing"—

What a father! How worthy of the adoration of a small daughter, when even a great President had so written to him! Seeing Jane's intense interest in the letters, Mr. Addams told her many interesting stories of the martyred President, whom John Addams had known in the days of his comparative ob-

scurity—the President who “knew that he would vote according to his conscience!” From that day Jane was always proud that she and Mr. Lincoln were evidently of the same opinion about her father!

There were two important factors in the making of Jane Addams as a world figure, which were slowly maturing in her as a child and a girl, a knowledge of which is important to a full understanding of her later achievement.—Back of all her deepest, most sacred feelings, was her reverence and devotion to her father, who taught her to look on the world as one great family and to hold personal integrity above all other qualities.

And Jane grew up in the country, knowing all the delights of star-sown skies and wind-swept valleys. As a child she and her step-brother played marvellous games which, like a serial story, lasted from week to week and about which no-one knew but themselves, being more interesting when kept a secret. They roamed at will over hill and valley, and penetrated the deep forests to make houses among the tall trees where they played “be grown up.” And beside a swift-running stream near the house they piled stones into an altar, built according to some idea gathered from books or the conversation of older persons. For a whole year they laid the snakes they killed on the altar, even when they had to carry the victims a long distance, sometimes dangling from two sticks, limp and heavy. And once they heaped the altar high with walnuts they had gathered, and over the pile poured a pitcher full of fresh cider from the cider mill in the barn. Books, too, were sacrificed in the

same way, but always with absolute secrecy, for they feared ridicule if older members of their family or even their own friends should find out about this strange religious ceremony of theirs, or see the altar on which were laid such strange sacrifices to whatever gods or forces of nature they were trying to please in a way known only to themselves.

Her father and Nature—this combination of forces human and elemental, interwoven as they were with every thought and act of her childhood, gave Jane Addams the background against which the pattern of her life-work has been woven. Especially to her love of the great out-of-doors is traceable her keen realization of what the child in city streets misses, having no green meadows, sweet new-mown hay to play in, or spring flowers to watch bud and blossom in fragrant beauty as an inspiration to make their lives more lovely in character and their bodies strong and healthy. And too, the handicaps of sickness against which she had to struggle even after she began her life work, gave her a better understanding, a more personal appreciation, of the physical difficulties with which many of those around her had to contend,—gave her the name of “Kind Heart” of Hull House.

Jane was always a serious-minded young person, and there is no suggestion in her own life as she has told of it, of such amusements as the girl of today considers essential to happiness. There is no hint of late parties, or dances,—of course not,—with that Quaker father. Merely a hint of the decorations of the Chess Club room at Rockford, with which Jane was evidently

familiar, but even if she played chess, that does not seem a very wild form of dissipation in any age. However, there is no hint in any of the accounts of Jane Addams the girl, of a longing except for the deeper side of life. And yet she was not a prig, even though she has so called herself,—nor was she a saint. She was a very human girl when she entered Rockford Seminary, enjoying what she found to enjoy, but caring most for study and for probing to the heart of problems which did not concern her comrades at all.

Jane's favorite study was history, for that was the story of the world, and was thrilling to her. And she and her group of intimate friends were much interested in "mental and moral Philosophy," taught with none too much of vivid interpretation at Rockford, but which gave the girls a never ending topic for discussion and argument. One girl was deeply interested in Ruskin's philosophy of life and thought, another was thrilled by the more abstruse passages in Browning, which she read to her friends, who enjoyed while they could not understand, much of his deeper meaning.

Vacation time came, and Jane and her friends bade one another a sad and affectionate good-bye, and one of them held up her hand and said:

"Girls, promise you will all read "Motley's Dutch Republic" while you are gone,—the whole of it, mind,—no skipping,—or "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."—*Promise!*"

There was a chorus of "We promise!" and the girls went off to their various homes. In the autumn

when school re-opened the group met informally, and three of them proudly said they had kept their promise,—among them Jane. Those who had fallen by the wayside were so skeptical that they declared:

“All right. Answer these questions!” and book in hand fired a volley of detailed questions at those three girls, on the dry-as-dust reading they had done. But they had done it. There was no doubt of that, and the examiners were obliged to acknowledge their mistake in doubting the word of the three eager students of literature and history.

Throughout the four years of their school course those girls were keen seekers after knowledge as it can be gained from study and reading. And so it is not surprising to find it recorded that one of the group who married a missionary, founded a very successful school in Japan for the children of English and Americans living there; another—“became a medical missionary to Korea, and because of her successful treatment of the Queen, was made Court physician when the opening was considered of importance in the diplomatic as well as in the missionary world.” Another became an unusually skilled teacher of the blind and one of them “a pioneer librarian in that early effort to bring books to the people.” Brilliant as that record is, however, the achievement of Jane Addams stands out without parallel or comparison, as its influence was the most far-reaching, and still is,—for it was a pioneer adventure in social settlement work in America on a big scale, and one which has echoed around the world!

At that time, especially in the part of the country where Jane Addams lived and was educated, there was an intense religious emotionalism prevalent, which never found a response in Jane's nature, eager though she was to be of service to the world. She says that the time she came nearest to feeling the "beauty of holiness" was on Sunday morning, when she always went to the room of the teacher of Greek and read from the Greek Testament with her. This they did for two years, and also studied Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, committing all of it to memory, which Jane greatly enjoyed, especially when they analyzed and reduced what they had read to doctrines which could be used in daily life.

For the rest, the Seminary life was a very simple matter in those years, between 1877 and 1881. Every student had to work hard physically and mentally, and when Sunday came there was a feeling of pleasure in having no lessons, no routine, only, Miss Addams says, "a consciousness of having made immaculate my own immediate surroundings, and the consciousness of clean linen, as well as the vivid memory of that restful hour with the Greek teacher."

And so with work and study, and some diversions suitable to girls, the four years of Jane Addams' stay at Rockford Seminary passed. Meanwhile, there was a keen interest in making the school into a college. Jane's particular friends felt that it was important to have some of the Seminary students ready to receive the degree of B.A. as soon as the charter of the school should have the right to confer it. And

of course Jane was one of two girls to take a course in advanced mathematics, higher than any before given at Rockford.

To place the Seminary "on the map" with other colleges of the State, the students made an application to compete in the intercollegiate oratorical contest of Illinois.

"Accepted," cried a happy student one day when she had heard the news from a teacher. "We can enter the contest. Who shall we send to make the speech for us?"

There was no dissenting voice. "*Jane!*" they cried, and so it became her heavy responsibility not only to represent her school, but college women in general, —as the contest was an intercollegiate one. There was much excitement at the Seminary before the day when the girls were to speed their departing orator, whom they fully expected to present "Woman's Cause" in such a way that Rockford would come out first in the contest. Much coaching was given the anxious orator by the equally anxious coaches before she went to her triumph. When she gave an impromptu rehearsal of her speech, there were several very frank criticisms, —one girl said, "Woman's Cause will be a dead cause if you speak for it in that way," —and another —"Don't drop your voice at the end of every sentence in that way, it sounds too feminine," —and another, "Hold your head up and speak in a convincing voice" —and Jane, much mortified at having to receive so many suggestions, said "I will do my best to hold my own among the others and bring Rockford out first in the contest. That is all I can do."

Alas for her determination and her oratory—Rockford only won fifth place in the contest!

Jane did not mind this as much as if the winner had not been William Jennings Bryan, but her friends looked at it in a different light. From the moment she left school they had been busy making yards of flower garlands to twine around her neck when she came back in a blaze of glory,—and instead, those garlands withered away in tubs and bowls of water, while the girls did not hide their bitter disappointment from Jane, that she had dealt such a blow to them both as students and as individuals. Then and not till then did Jane feel the bitter sting of humiliation over her defeat.

Meanwhile school days for the class of 1877 were drawing to a close, and Jane and her intimate friends frequently gathered in some girl's room or took long walks together, talking earnestly about their future lives. Jane Addams had settled what she was going to do and be. She was going to study medicine and "live with the poor," a decision which was the result of the dominant ideals and influences of her younger life, not because she knew what to do or how to do it.

Rockford days were over. It was hard to leave the place where she had been so content, and to part from the girls to whom she had become deeply attached. They lapsed into long silences at their last meeting together before graduation, and when they parted they vowed eternal allegiance to their early ideals, and each declared solemnly "I promise never to abandon those ideals without conscious justification."

It was a year later when Jane Addams again went to Rockford with one of her old classmates. Two of the other girls were already there, and the four friends added the new title of "B.A.," to their names on the very day that the Seminary became a college. While it was naturally a satisfaction to Jane Addams to receive the degree and have the Seminary become a college, yet her feelings of joy must have been mixed with sorrow, for she had lost her idolized father during the first summer after leaving school.

Jane went to Philadelphia and the Woman's Medical College, to prepare for her future work, but things rarely happen as we plan in this world of ours. She was obliged to leave the college because of a recurrence of the old spinal trouble, and spend long months in bed at Weir Mitchell's Hospital. Anyone else might have been nervously upset by this disarrangement of her plans, but not Jane! When at last she was better and able to mingle with people again, the doctor agreed to let her go to Europe, but her medical career had to be abandoned forever.

Two years in Europe widened Jane's background as her father had predicted and added to her conviction that if education was of any real use, it must link up knowledge with ability to use it for the good of humanity at large, whose suffering of body and mind knows no class distinction or educational barriers.

One night in East London, from the top of a bus she had a glimpse of hunger and want so terrible that it made an ineradicable impression on her sensitive spirit, already sympathetic with the need of the

masses. At that time she did not know that even then, in that over-crowded district of London, a group of big-hearted consecrated young men were striving to relieve and understand the suffering of those such as Jane Addams longed to help. She herself had a very simple, loving, personal vision of what might be attempted in her own country by living "with the people and for the people"—a vision closely interwoven with the ideals of her beloved father and his great friend President Lincoln, to whom had come the same urge to help the mass of struggling, sweating human creatures, all in some kind of slavery.

Back to America she came—but two years later she still seemed unable to find her niche in a world of which she was a part, and yet in which she did not know how to play her rôle.

"Her summers in the old Cedarville home were more peaceful, but she had not yet found her place in the world or formulated her creed, even though on a Sunday morning in Cedarville she quietly went to the Presbyterian church, was baptized and "joined the church." She herself has said; "While I was not conscious of any emotional 'conversion,' I took upon myself the outward expressions of the religious life with all humility and sincerity.—I was conscious of no change from my childish acceptance of the teachings of the Gospels, but at the time something persuasive within me made me long for an outward symbol of fellowship, some bond of peace, some blessed spot where unity of spirit might claim right of way over all differences. There was also growing within me an almost passionate devotion to the ideals

of democracy.—Who was I, with my dreams of universal fellowship, that I did not identify myself with the institutional statement of this belief, as it stood in the little village in which I was born, and without which testimony in each remote hamlet of Christendom it would be so easy for the world to slip back into the doctrines of selection and aristocracy?"

Another trip abroad,—more study of the various sects and creeds, the religious revolutions of European countries, the varied types of human beings in the different lands—then an entry in a girl's notebook of "her hope for 'A Cathedral of humanity' which shall be capacious enough to house a fellowship of common purpose, and beautiful enough to persuade men to hold fast to the vision of human solidarity."

Jane was facing her twenty-seventh birthday—she was now a young woman, eager and ready to play her part in life, even though she had such limitations then as would have daunted many persons. As in childhood and girlhood, however, Jane was undaunted! Even when in Rome, a place of many thrills to her, when enjoying sight-seeing with a party of friends, she had a severe attack of sciatica and had to leave her friends and spend months on the Riviera getting well, she was still full of courage. Somewhere and somehow she had a message to give to the world—she felt sure!

In April of 1888 she was again well and able to go into Spain, where at Madrid she saw her first bull-fight. It filled her with horror, but it was a turning point in her life. Afterwards when she realized

that she had seen five bulls and still more horses killed, and had watched the spectacle with morbid interest, as one of the many sights with which idle tourists fill their days, she realized that she, too, had become merely an idle observer.

As a flash of lightning illumines the sky, so suddenly did Jane Addams see what she was going to do. She was going to stop seeing sights, and would stay in the Old World only long enough to study the methods of service used by that group of young men and women in Toynbee Hall and the People's Palace in London. Then she was going home, to America, to Illinois, the State to which she belonged, to carry out a dream which had been slowly shaping itself in her mind for a long time.—Her imagination created picture after picture,—her heart raced as her enthusiasm grew.—Her Vision, a big, homelike house in the slums of Chicago,—a house where she was going to live, surrounded with beautiful paintings and flowers and all the comforts which a real home can give. She was going to share that home with the many nationalities of the neighborhood. There would be classes to suit all tastes,—music for the hungry of spirit, beauty for the eye,—tender care for the old and sick and lonely. She was going to have her childhood decision come true—she was going to live in a big house but not where there were other big houses, too. It must be among little crowded streets and small dingy tenements. But first she must find it! And then she was going to link up her education with practical results.

A night of dreams and excitement of spirit, then a

day when she confided her plan to an old friend of Seminary days who was with her. She, too, was enthusiastic over the idea and they both determined to bend their energies to the fulfilment of it, without waste of time.

The house was found. A fine old homestead, relic of uncrowded days in Halsted St. of old Chicago. It stood well back from the street, "surrounded on three sides by a broad piazza which was supported by wooden pillars of exceptionally pure Corinthian design and proportion."—Her House! Jane Addams felt like a Princess in a fairy tale when she became actually its owner.

September 18th, 1882,—the wide door of Hull House, named from its earlier owner,—now Jane Addams' house, the House of the People—stood hospitably open, that all of every nation and every walk of life might enter.

On that opening day and all succeeding days Hull House was looked at with approval not unmixed with wonder by the throngs of rich and poor, who visited it and admired its broad hall, its big fireplace where glowing logs flamed; admired the handsome furniture, the beautiful paintings on the walls, the Library with its many books and magazines, the flower-filled vases,—and all the other marks of a refined and hospitable home.

Jane Addams, radiant at this beginning of making a dream come true, had a warm welcome for everyone who visited her new home, as had her enthusiastic co-workers, who eagerly seconded Jane's every suggestion for the happiness and comfort of those

who came to see the old house in its new dress and to wonder how such things could be in the most crowded section of Chicago.

Hull House had opened its heart to the People—the People had taken it to their heart. Its story is familiar to all, but only those who lived there in its early days have an idea of the thrill of seeing Greeks and Italians, Poles and Swedes, Germans and Irish, enjoying the good books at their command,—or looking with rapt enjoyment at a picture of the Parthenon, or of the Bay of Naples, with tears in their homesick eyes as they looked at familiar sights long unseen.

“Roses—in America! How could they be so fresh coming so far?” once exclaimed an Italian woman, looking at a vase full of lovely red roses. For six years she had lived in Chicago, only a few blocks from a florist’s shop, and yet never did she know that roses grew anywhere but in her Italy!

Celebrations,—parties, in honor not only of Washington and Lincoln and other great American heroes, but in honor of Mazzini, or Garibaldi, of many heroes of the nations represented among those who visited Hull House. And listen again, if you have heard it before, to the enthusiastic Italian girl who declared:

“We have swell times in our Hull House Club.—Our floor in the gym puts it all over the old dance halls for a jolly good hop. No saloon next door with all that crowd, good classy music and the right sort of girls and fellows. Then sometimes our Club has a real party in the coffee-house. That’s what I call a fine cozy time—makes a girl glad she’s living.”

A real tribute from a real girl,—a tribute to a great Ideal made concrete in the industrial section of over-crowded Chicago,—Hull House, standing like a jewel with a heart of undying flame undimmed by the smoke from factory chimneys.

Girls of all classes and conditions—of all ages and occupations, at least have an Ideal and live up to it. Reach out a helping hand somehow to somebody. Achieve some sort of a goal for world betterment, even if it cannot be a great one. In your own way and place imitate Jane Addams,—truly a famous American girl.

Leaning Against the Sky

EMILY DICKINSON

A Girl of Genius

HAVE you ever seen a sea gull perched on a buoy around which the waves were swirling—a gull resting, watching, waiting—diving below the water to bring up such food as would fit its need?—suddenly skimming over the surface of the sea, soaring aloft, wings glistening silver white against the blue as he floated on and on and on?

Such a personality was that of Emily Dickinson. From earliest childhood hers was a nature to wait while life surged around her in swift currents, a nature to rest while the genius that was hers came to maturity—then with wings outspread to soar, catching every sun-gleam, every fragment of star-dust in her flight upward, beyond mere human boundaries.

But Emily Dickinson, the girl of Amherst, only fits into this simile by reason of the greatness of her poetic vision. As earth caught and held her in its mere daily routine she was a real and intense and very loving person, with much loyalty to friends, a deep reverence for Nature and a never varying spiritual attitude of mind and heart, an attitude which was her very essence.

And yet, who but a very human girl could write with delight to an intimate friend of school-days:

“Old Santa Claus was very polite to me the last Christmas. I hung up my stocking on the bed-post as usual. I had a perfume bag and a bottle of otto of

rose to go with it, a sheet of music, a china mug with Forget-me-not upon it—a toilet cushion, a watch case, a fortune teller, and an amaranthine stock of pin-cushions and needlebooks, which in ingenuity and art would rival the works of Scripture Dorcas. I found abundance of candy in my stocking, which I do not think has had the anticipated effect upon my disposition, in case it was to sweeten it . . . ”

Evidently Emily had devoted friends who remembered her, as well as a family to fill her Christmas stocking!

And who but a humorously naïve young girl would have written of herself to the same friend:

“I am growing handsome very fast indeed. I expect I shall be the belle of Amherst when I reach my seventeenth year”

Emily Dickinson sometimes wrote her name in a girl’s fashion—*Emilie*, and had also another middle name, *Elizabeth*, which she discarded later in life. She was the daughter of Edward Dickinson, Esquire, who after graduating from Yale, had begun the practice of law in Amherst, Massachusetts, and became its leading lawyer. He was a silent, dignified man, who although devoted to his family, had strict ideas in regard to decorum which they should maintain, both in the home and out of it. He went back and forth between his home and his Law office always in black broadcloth and a shiny beaver hat, and was much respected in the community.

Like his were the red-brown hair and eyes of his daughter Emily, but unlike her daring unconventional

ality of speech and thought was his rigid theory of propriety, which brought about frequent verbal clashes between them, and yet there was an unworded appreciation one of the other which bridged the gulf and prevented antagonism except of the moment. Possibly the gulf was narrower than Squire Dickinson allowed his young daughter to suspect!

Emily once said, "If Father is asleep on the lounge, the house is full"—a sure proof that although he never invited personal confidences, yet his mere presence was pervasive, and father and daughter were proud of one another even though frequently they crossed verbal swords.

So eager for his approval was Emily, so goes the story, that when she was very young she asked him to show her how to tell time. He gave her an elaborate explanation illustrated by his watch, which she did not understand. But she did not want him to think her wanting in intelligence, so she did not say so, nor, fearing to be thought stupid, did she dare ask anyone else, and so Emily, whose name in after years was to echo through many lands for her brilliant mentality, did not know how to tell time by clock or watch until she was fifteen years old!

Mrs. Dickinson, Emily's mother, was Emily Norcross of Monson, Massachusetts, before she married Edward Dickinson. A dainty little lady was she, fragile and never quite well, being subject to headaches, and much worried over the details of the household. To her, Emily's mental gymnastics were a perpetual enigma and she was apt to exclaim, "*Why, Emily!*" when some light-hearted impulse of that

young person's overflowed the boundaries of dignity. At all times the home was one where there was a severer observance of conventional restraint than was usual in a house with three young persons in it.

Emily and Lavinia and Austin were all born in a fine old brick house at the end of Main Street, built by Emily's grandfather, the Hon. Samuel Fowler Dickinson, but when Emily was about ten years old they moved to Deacon Mack's house on Pleasant Street and lived there for fifteen years, when they moved back to the house on Main Street.

In a letter to Mrs. J. G. Holland describing that moving, Emily shows her keen sense of humor,—a humor rarely subtle and yet deliciously human in its expression. She says:

"I cannot tell you how we moved. I had rather not remember. I believe 'my effects' were brought in a bandbox, and the 'deathless me' on foot.—I took at the time a memorandum of my several senses and also of my hat and coat and my best shoes . . . but it was lost in the melee, and I am out with lanterns, looking for myself.

"Such wits as I reserved are so badly shattered that repair is useless . . . and still I can't help laughing at my own catastrophe. I supposed we were going to make a 'transit' as heavenly bodies did,—but we came budget by budget—till we fulfilled the pantomime contained in the word 'moved.' It is a kind of *gone-to-Kansas* feeling, as if I sat in a long wagon, with my family tied behind, I should suppose without doubt I was a party of emigrants!" . . .

In those earlier years in the old house, said to have been the first brick house built in Amherst, all three children grew up revering and yet fearing their father, loving and yet subdued by the worries of their little mother, who was so much occupied with household affairs.

However, there was no real shadow to overcast Emily's sky from the time of her birth on December 10th, 1830, to the later days when from personal preference she became the white butterfly presence of which so much has been written. But never, as child or girl or older woman, no, nor as great poet, did Emily Dickinson ever forget to be less than intensely human in her delicate sympathy with those for whom she cared. Emily never forgot to love. And she always understood.

She and Lavinia and Austin went to the Amherst public school as did their young friends, and of course they each formed special intimacies. One of Emily's particular intimates was Helen Fisk, the daughter of Professor Fisk, a girl as fond of sports and active amusements as Emily was of quieter ones. Helen Fisk in later days became the H.H. of literary fame.

Emily was still a child,—she enjoyed having Helen spend the afternoon with her, and together with Lavinia they played "keeping house" under the syringa bushes, or listened to Emily's thrilling stories of knights and giants and fairies, made up for the benefit of her spell-bound audience. All too soon the afternoon would pass and Professor Fisk would come to take Helen home.

On other afternoons the young people would go berrying,—Emily returning gleeful if her pail was full of blueberries, blackberries or red raspberries, which would be proudly served for supper. And what rare sport was chestnutting! By the blazing hearth-fire the afternoon's harvest would be roasted and eaten, crisp and hot on chilly autumn evenings.

Sometimes of an afternoon the family coach would be taken out for a formal visit to a distant relative or friend, and Emily and Lavinia in their Sunday frocks and bonnets would be allowed to go, being thrilled as they sat demurely in the impressive, formal vehicle, watching the landscape pass before their eyes, which were so sharp they lost no detail of the scene on either side of the road as they looked out through the high round windows of the coach.

It was a beautiful spot, Amherst—in a bowl of hills, with the Pelham range in the distance to the east,—to the south and west the Mt. Holyoke range ending in stately Mt. Tom, and in the near distance rolling valleys lying green and fertile before the eager children's eyes. How Emily and Lavinia loved those drives, and how many seemingly unnoticed bits of natural beauty came to light when Emily wrote into her poems all she had seen or known of Nature and of Life. Who can say that this bit of spring ecstasy was not the result of one of those drives:

“The skies can't keep their secret!
They tell it to the hills—
The hills just tell the orchards—
And they the daffodils!”

or this, after watching the Pelham Hills—or glimpsing Mt. Tom:

“The mountain sat upon the plain
In his eternal chair,
His observation manifold,
His inquest everywhere.

“The seasons prayed around his knees,
Like children round a sire,
Grandfather of the days is he,
Of dawn the ancestor.”

or this, as a result of driving home in the afterglow:

“She sweeps with many-colored brooms,
And leaves the shreds behind;
Oh housewife in the evening west
Come back and dust the pond!”

At fourteen Emily was a great correspondent. She was writing many long letters to intimate friends, one of them her “dear A,” or Abiah Root, who afterwards became the Mrs. Strong of many letters. Emily’s “dear A” was one of her special confidantes and in very intimate letters to her, Emily gave carefully or carelessly, as the mood was hers, her impressions of anything and everything of interest to her, or asked questions as to her friend’s belief regarding philosophy, historical events and persons known to them both.

In one letter, speaking of a friend who was completing her education in a “finishing school” of the time, Emily says:

“She will then have learned all that we poor foot

travellers are toiling up the hill of knowledge to acquire, . . . Her horse has carried her along so swiftly that she has nearly gained the summit and we are plodding along on foot after her. . . . We'll finish an education some time, won't we? You may then be Plato and I will be Socrates."

That letter had a postscript in which Emily begs her "dear A" to send her a copy of the Romance which "A" appears to be writing. Emily says, "I am in a fever to read it!" But then confesses, "I expect it will be against my *Whig* feelings!"

She takes singing lessons,—she has a piano,—she has put her hair up under a net,—she has learned to play some new pieces of music, "The Grave of Bonaparte," the sweet song "Maiden Weep No More," and the "Lancers Quickstep"—these bits of news she writes at random to her devoted friend, to whom she also writes that there are sixty-three scholars in school, that she has four studies, Mental Philosophy, Geology, Latin and Botany, to which statement she adds "How large they sound, don't they? I don't believe you have such big studies."

Being a very normal young person now at fourteen, she makes the naïve statement to her "dear A" —"I am growing handsome very fast indeed! I expect I shall be the belle of Amherst when I reach my seventeenth year. I don't doubt that I shall have perfect crowds of admirers at that age." . . . Adding, "But away with my nonsense!"

Several months later she tells her friend that her mother thinks she had better not go to school that

term,—not too strong was Emily, even then. She adds:

“I am going to learn to make bread tomorrow. So you may imagine me with my sleeves rolled up, mixing flour, salt, saleratus, etc. . . . I think I could keep house very comfortably if I knew how to cook. But as long as I don’t my knowledge of housekeeping is about of as much use as faith without works, which you know we are told is dead”—

Emily, mirrored in her own looking-glass, saw a girl not at all pretty, with russet-brown hair curling softly as if to caress her finely shaped head, of almost boyish modelling,—red-brown too were her eyes, or as she herself described them “the color of the sherry in the glass.” Her mouth was a combination of eternal feminine and scholar, with its tightly drawn upper lip and fuller lower one. Her feet and hands were dainty,—her personality was sharply etched in its physical outline, as it looked back at her from her looking glass. She was small, but she was an arresting young person, and there was temperament declared by every hair on her head, every gesture of her expressive hands. She had decided opinions about all sorts of subjects even when she spoke of them rather from instinct than knowledge.

One Sunday morning her father announced—“everyone in the house must be ready to go to Sunday School in ten minutes.” Emily did not want to go. Ten minutes went by, and no Emily could be found. Ten more minutes were ticked away by the big old clock. No Emily. There was no more time to lose.

The others of the family left the house, and when they came back two hours later—still no Emily! By that time a thorough search was made, and Emily was found; in the passage-way between the cellar and the house she sat—technically she was not in the house, and no one could prove that she had been in the house at the time of her father's command! Emily was clearly the daughter of a lawyer, and knew how to evade undesirable situations.

There was a nicked plate among the household china. Twice when Emily was setting the table and doubtless thinking of something else, for always her thoughts had wings,—twice she placed the nicked plate at her father's place. Twice she was sternly told not to give it to him again. One morning she was found behind the barn, smashing the plate into a hundred pieces, "So I can't forget and give it to him again," she explained, giving the battered fragments a final smash!

Emily is fifteen. She writes to her "dear A," "I have grown tall a good deal and wear my golden tresses done up in a net cap."—She adds, jestingly, "Modesty, you know, forbids me to mention whether my personal appearance has altered. I leave that for others to judge."

Emily's humor again! But with all her apparent assurances in regard to her own looks and mental ability, Emily was really shy when with anyone whose intellect awed her. She was surface shy, but always spirit bold; demure, but vivid,—and there was poetry in her every utterance from childhood. Even in her early letters there are sentences utterly unlike those

which would be found in letters from other girls of her own age.

Speaking of a young couple who have just been married, she asks the friend who had written her about the wedding, "Did the minister tie them in a great bowknot?" and again,

"I have just seen the funeral procession go by of a negro baby, so if my ideas are rather dark, you must not marvel!"

From the time Emily first heard of South Hadley Female Seminary, or Mt. Holyoke as it later became, she longed to be a student there. Miss Lyon, its Principal, was a woman remarkable for her educational ability and the standard of the Seminary was a high one. In spite of this, Emily writes joyfully to her "dear A" the news that she is to be allowed to enter the Seminary "a year from the following autumn," adding—

"It has been in my thought by day and my dreams by night ever since I heard of South Hadley Seminary. I fear I am anticipating too much . . . but it is my nature to anticipate more than I realize."

At that time, although she was preparing to enter the Seminary, she was far from strong, and thinking the change of air and scene would do her good she was sent to Boston to visit an aunt. The train trip was a delight to her, and after she got over her homesickness in the strange surroundings, she had a fine visit and wrote enthusiastic letters to her friends and family about all the sights she was shown.

Mt. Auburn and Bunker Hill, some fine concerts,

a climb to the top of the State House, a visit to the Horticultural Exhibition interested her, but it was the Chinese museum which fascinated her as everything from foreign lands always did. In describing the Museum to her "dear A" she tells of the wax figures dressed in Chinese costume, as well as two living Chinese teachers, who told thrilling tales, at least so Emily found them, about life in China, and the musician who "played on two of his instruments and accompanied them with his voice."

While this musical performance interested Emily, it also amused her, and she says, "It needed great command over my risible faculties to enable me to keep sober as this amateur was performing."

Of the writing master she tells that he is "constantly occupied in writing the names of visitors—upon cards in the Chinese language, for which he charges 12½ cents apiece."—She procured one for Vinnie and one for herself and says she considers them "very precious."

In that same year Austin entered college and Emily comments in a letter, "Only think! I have a brother who has the honor to be a Freshman!"— She adds that she has grown taller and wears her dresses longer. Also at that time she speaks of the arrival at the Academy as tutor, of Leonard Humphrey, who was the valedictorian of his class at the college. She says, "We now have a fine school."

Emily is seventeen. Her heart's desire has been fulfilled. She is a pupil at Mt. Holyoke Seminary.

At first, even though she has her cousin Emily for a room-mate, she is homesick, she longs for the rou-

tine and the quiet of her home life,—for her flowers and Amherst friends, and also during the first weeks at South Hadley is tired from the trip, although her father drove her over, as the journey by stage-coach was even more fatiguing. But fatigue and homesickness wore off and Emily became a happy student among the other girls, who she says have “a desire to make one another happy, which delights and at the same time surprises me.”

All girls at the Seminary had some of the household work of the Seminary to do. Emily's portion was not hard, for it only consisted “in carrying the knives from the first tier of tables at morning and noon and at night, washing and wiping the same quantity of knives.”

She sent this schedule of her studies home in a letter:

“At 6 o'clock we all rise. We breakfast at 7. Our study hours begin at 8. At 9 we all meet in Seminary Hall for devotions. At $10\frac{1}{4}$ I recite a review of Ancient History, in connection with which we read Goldsmith and Grimshaw. At 11 I recite a lesson in Pope's Essay on Man, which is merely transposition. At 12 I practise calisthenics, and at $12\frac{1}{4}$ read until dinner, which is at $12\frac{1}{2}$, and after dinner from $1\frac{1}{2}$ until 2 I sing in Seminary Hall. From $2\frac{3}{4}$ until $3\frac{3}{4}$ I practise upon the piano. At $3\frac{3}{4}$ I go to Sections, where we give in all our accounts for the day, including absence, tardiness, communications, breaking silent study hours, receiving company in our rooms, and ten thousand other things which I will not take time or place to mention. At $4\frac{1}{2}$ we go into Seminary Hall and receive advice from Miss Lyon in the

form of a lecture. We have supper at 6 and silent study hours from then until the retiring bell which rings at $8\frac{3}{4}$, but the tardy bell does not ring until $9\frac{3}{4}$, so that we don't often obey the first warning to retire. Unless we have a good and reasonable excuse for failure upon any of the items that I mentioned above, they are recorded and a *black mark* stands against our name.—”

Some list, that, as any student of the twentieth century will agree!

To her brother, now a college student, she sent a bill-of-fare, on which she adds the comment, “Isn’t that a dinner fit to set before a king?”—Who can say whether in satire or in truth. She may have been in a playful mood, for the Dickinson table, to which she was accustomed, was a bountiful one.

Thanksgiving time—and Emily was going home for three days!

At the Seminary there was a flurry of preparation, excited students were leaving by stage or carriage all day on Wednesday before the great Day, and Emily Dickinson, with her cousin Emily, were ready and waiting to leave for what seemed hours to their impatience. At last! The well-known family carriage was sighted, with Austin in it. Emily Dickinson dashed downstairs and “almost frightened her dignified brother out of his senses,” as she rushed into his arms. They drove to Amherst in a downpour of rain, with gusts of wind driving down against the buttoned curtains of the carriage, but what matter—they were going home!

A wide open door beyond a box-bordered walk—

Father, Lavinia, the little Mother with tears in her eyes, even pussy there to welcome the returned one. The world was as bright as the sky was dark. Home!

That was a wonderful Thanksgiving Day. The sun shone brightly, the air was clear and fresh after the rain, and in the Dickinson house there was every evidence of its being a holiday as well as a Holy Day.

Church service first, of course—then the holiday. Dinner was an event in itself, with the big turkey carved on the table by Squire Dickinson, delectable cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, and other home-grown vegetables, cider, sweet and fresh, and oh, such plum pudding and squash pie! When the last nut had been cracked and the last raisin eaten, everyone felt at peace with the world, and drowsy.

But there was no time for sleep. Almost before they left the table the knocker was clanging and friends were beginning to drop in, for the Dickinsons were much liked and callers on the slightest excuse were frequent.

Lavinia, Austin and Emily were full of high spirits, and showed their delight over four invitations for the evening. There being only a certain number of hours between supper and bed-time, only two could be accepted, to the great regret of the young people, who, however, set out with Squire and Mrs. Dickinson, at the appointed hour, for Professor Warner's, where they found any number of intimate friends, who had been asked especially to see the young Seminary student and hear about her life at Mt. Holyoke.

An hour was spent there, then the young Dickin-

sons went on to the Macks, where there was a merry group of their intimate friends eager to welcome them, only waiting for their arrival to begin a lively program of games.—Blind Man's Buff—Going to Jerusalem—a candy pull, and afterwards refreshments. Emily had a wonderful time with one of Austin's college friends who was particularly interested in his friend's sister, and she felt very rebellious when, as she afterwards wrote to her "dear A" she heard the clock peal out "Remember ten o'clock, my dear—remember ten o'clock"—and her good time was over.

All too soon the vacation was over, too, and Emily was back at the Seminary again—the routine of studies and duties seeming more monotonous after the holiday gayety. However, she soon adapted herself to her schedule of work again, especially as her friends were all so glad to see her, and told her how much they had missed her, and the fascinating stories she told for their amusement, a specialty of hers, —making them up as she went along and taking the girls' breath away by her thrilling plots.

Christmas came, but there was no home going for the scholars in general. In fact, as the year before, there had been a great religious revival both in the town of South Hadley and in the Seminary, Miss Lyon's wish was to repeat the emotional experience among her scholars, for the Seminary sent many girls as missionaries to the foreign field, and a revival was valuable as one step towards this goal. But unfortunately this year there was not the same re-

ligious interest shown among the scholars, in spite of all Miss Lyon's attempts to promote it.

The climax of the situation came the day before Christmas. At morning prayers Miss Lyon announced that the holiday would be celebrated as a day of fasting and prayer, that the girls were to remain in their rooms except at such times as their duties made it necessary to leave them, that the remainder of the time was to be spent in silent meditation.

Having made the pronouncement, Miss Lyon asked the girls who were in sympathy with the plan to rise. It is said that the school did rise—all but Emily Dickinson and her room-mate. The girls sat down, while Miss Lyon, appalled at such open defiance of her plan, talked more of its advantage to the spiritual life of each scholar, then she added, "If there are any so lost to the meaning of the day as to wish to spend it otherwise, they may stand, that the whole school may see them."—*And Emily stood alone!*

That afternoon when the stage coach stopped in front of the Amherst Post Office, a solitary passenger alighted and walked away to the Dickinson home, opened the door and went in, causing "panic in her family by her indifference to such an ungodly state as the incident showed her to be in. An insurgent indeed!"

There was evidently some trouble about receiving the rebel back into the godly South Hadley fold, but Emily was too brilliant and too popular and her father too influential a member of his State and town, not to compromise the matter, and she went back.

After her return to the Seminary as an interesting rebel Emily was far from well, having caught a severe cold which lingered in spite of much care and dosing. The cold was not mentioned in her home letters, however, for fear she would be taken out of school on account of it. All went well until an Amherst friend, having visited Emily, carried the bad news to the Dickinson family, and Emily records:

“Not knowing that I was to be reported at home, you may imagine my amazement and consternation when—Austin arrived in full sail, with orders from headquarters to bring me home.—At first I had recourse to words and a desperate battle was waged with these weapons for a few moments.—Finding words of no avail I next resorted to tears. As you can imagine Austin was victorious and poor defeated I was led off in triumph—to go home and be dosed and take warm drinks and be condoled with on the state of my health by all the old ladies in town.”

In another paragraph she adds:

“Father is quite a hand to give medicine, and I was dosed for about a month after my return home without any mercy, till at last out of pure pity my cough went away.”

The cold having been conquered and Emily having been able to keep on with her studies during her absence from the Seminary, she went back for the last term of the school year. She did not return to South Hadley in the autumn, for she says in a letter “Father wished to have me at home for a year,—then he will probably send me away again, where I know not.”

And now Emily took her place among the girls who were part of the social life of Amherst at that time. She and a group of her intimate girl friends,—shared amusements and confidences and took long walks together over the Pelham Hills, and there were other more important events constantly occurring to keep the girls in what was to them a whirl of excitement,—the happy bustle of Commencement week was most exciting of all, and there were Cattle Shows, and meetings of the Shakespeare Club, and the more secret and still more delightful P.O.M. meetings, and always between these gayeties there were drives and quiet strolls with a favored college friend or a young tutor under the shading elms, where older eye could not see or a sharp older ear detect what was said or done under the leafy trees!

Definitely approved by their elders were the lectures connected with the College, often given by men of note. To these the younger set went regularly, but rarely without having "made a date" beforehand with some student or tutor who was to be the escort home. And there were prayer meetings, also faithfully attended by Emily's set, each girl hoping to find the right young man waiting outside the meeting-house door after service, even if he had not been in a praying mood—but on hand when the meeting ended in order to be first in the field of escorts! That was a common practice among ardent "suitors" of the day and one frowned on by parents who were never able to prove the guilt of a youth who went even to the door of the church for any reason whatever.

Emily Fowler, the "Emily" of many letters, a

daughter of Professor Fowler of the college, was evidently allowed more freedom in entertaining than were some of the other girls in her set, notably the Dickinsons, and we read that it was at her home that the first P.O.M. meeting was held. It was but a gay, simple little dance which the girls found delightful if they were secured by the right partners for the Virginia Reel or Lancers. Those "poetry of motion" parties were very thrilling, partly because of the veil of secrecy thrown over their name, which enhanced their charm.

We are told that one of those parties was held at the dignified Dickinson home where dancing was not allowed, on a night when the decorous parents were not at home, and the P.O.M. party would merely have taken its place among Secret Society meetings in general and particular, if a rug made of a lion's skin had not betrayed the secret.

Having been taken up when the dancing commenced the rug was later carefully laid down again, but by some mistake so placed that the head was where the tail should have been, and the tail at the wrong end.—On her return a careful mother's keen eye detected the change and she exclaimed, so the story is told:

"Why girls, girls! What has happened? The lion's tail is upside down!"

"There was," says Emily's biographer, "a little private judgment day, but eventually the mother was 'managed' and recommended 'not to trouble father with it!'"

Even P.O.M. meetings faded into insignificance

when Commencement week was near at hand. Then there was the excitement of getting frilly and becoming new frocks ready to wear to the President's Levee, and the other important receptions of the week, among which was a very popular one at the Dickinson home.

The reception given by the President to the Graduating Class was always a real Event and his house was crowded with guests young and old. There was always music by local talent,—we hear in a letter of Emily's that Lavinia had sung at one, and there were refreshments, of course, and there was always a young and usually preoccupied young couple occupying the old haircloth sofa in a retired spot, while other eager aspirants awaited their turn to sit on the slippery sofa and discuss affairs of head or heart—probably the latter.

On Commencement Day all sides of the Common were lined with carryalls and vehicles of every kind, and there were crowds who had come to hear the speeches of the young men who were now ready to enter life's arena.—On the broad Common there were many booths where fakirs and vendors of all sorts of wares made brisk sales, especially of lemonade and other cooling beverages. But better yet, under the over-arching trees on the Common, supper was served by the matrons and mothers of the town, while the young girls flitted here and there in their dainty sprigged muslin frocks, voluminous as to skirts, and with the short, puffed sleeves of the day. Coquettish bonnets tied under pretty chins set off young faces and made a lovely picture with the sun-

light filtering through the trees on the shifting, vari-colored scene.

Emily Dickinson was one of the most sought-after girls during Commencement week, and she sparkled or smiled or simply listened, according to her audience, but Professor or student, layman or mere friend, all were flattered by a witty retort or a responsive smile flung them by Squire Dickinson's Emily.

Among those who most deeply prized her friendship and had done the most to bring out her finest points was Leonard Humphreys, who after graduating as class Valedictorian became principal of the High School, then a tutor at the College. He was only six years older than Emily, and while she looked up to him as having knowledge that could give food to her hungry mind, he, too, found in the rarely brilliant young scholar who had come to the Academy after leaving Mt. Holyoke, a comradeship of interests which was as stimulating to him as to her.

Much has been written about the intimacy between Leonard Humphreys and Emily Dickinson, but when all recollections of their friendship have been gathered together there is only clear evidence of a comradeship of mutual inspiration and of deep affection.

That winter after Emily returned to Amherst fresh from the repression of the "Fem.Sem." as the South Hadley Seminary was sometimes called, was one of many good times for the group of girls to which Emily belonged, and who were as intimate as girls can be.

There were an equal number of young men, all of

the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity, who were faithful escorts and admirers of the girls. Every girl had her special "beau" for whose benefit she did much primping when going with him to a meeting of the Shakespeare Society or to a lecture, while the young men were equally careful to "don starched beruffled waist-coats and Byronesque ties, and before leaving the house as an escort, were sure to take a proud peep in the mirror at their short but fashionable beards."

Very popular were the Shakespeare Club meetings, especially for those members who were good readers, as they enjoyed creating the characters with dramatic ardor. At one of the first meetings a cautious young tutor suggested the advisability of cutting out some of the original text, and marking out unsuitable passages in the girls' copies. There was a chorus of "No. *We* shall read everything. You may do as you like!" from the girls, and Emily Dickinson tossed her head in the direction of the cautious young man and declared "There's nothing wicked in Shakespeare, and if there is I don't want to know it."

The young men evidently conferred together after that meeting, and although for several meetings they read with determination from the marked copies of the plays, and the girls from their unexpurgated copies, at last masculine decency yielded to a depraved but attractive set of young women, and from that time all read from the original text unblushingly.

Emily was always a lover of Nature, as her poems show, and in those days of her youth and seeming light-hearted happiness she and the other Emily (Mrs. Ford of later days) spent many afternoons

climbing the near-by hills or walking through wooded paths on the outskirts of the town. They often stopped, one may guess, under an overshadowing tree to rest and exchange confidences on all sorts of subjects, although the real Emily Dickinson always eluded a revelation of the mysteries of her inner life. But she and her friend Emily had much to talk about that went not too deep, and they carried home from their walks armsful of ladies' slippers, wild lilies of the valley, shy violets of the woodland, fragrant arbutus. All growing things Emily loved, and in her garden and her conservatory she could coax any flower into bloom as if there were a magic bond of shy spiritual understanding between Nature and herself.

When evening came, the girls and young men,—especially Austin's college chums, would gather in one of the girl's homes and before a blazing wood fire discuss the new writers of the day,—Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, whose passionate partisan Emily was. And the conversation would sometimes stray into more personal and emotional channels, while corn was popped and cider or lemonade was served.

Forest Leaves was the name of a paper started by the girls who had been pupils at the old Academy. The paper was written by hand and passed around the school, and Emily Dickinson was one of the wits who wrote for the comic column. Her precise, clear handwriting was so easily distinguished that she became known for her bright paragraphs, some of which were reprinted by the College paper, and a

paragraph or two were printed in the Springfield Republican, to Emily's great excitement.

Was the young poet-to-be planning her life work at that time? There is no proof that she was, other than the fact given us by one of her official biographers, who says that her poem "Oh, Wondrous Sea" was written when she was eighteen. Even so, that does not prove anything except her remarkable ability to put life's beauties and realities into startling and vivid phrases, even in her early youth.

Of her life as a girl we know little, but we do know that she had many admirers, of varying conditions and classes, among whom were three who were on her "special" list. More than one other hovered on the borderland between comradeship and sentiment, but for the most part he who indulged in the latter fared badly with Emily, who, when she cared, never hovered on the brink of emotion but plunged in and took the consequences silently and heroically.

Among her list of "sentimentals" was a Mr. Bowdoin, who was in her father's law office and considered a confirmed old bachelor.

Valentine parties being all the vogue at that time, the girls of Amherst sent and received many. Emily wrote many witty ones, one of which was published in the Springfield Republican; another which has been preserved, young Bowdoin received, and guessed its author's name at once. In it the sender boldly suggests to the "Old Bachelor"

"There's Sarah and Eliza and Emeline so fair,
And Harriet and Sabra, and she with curling hair;

Thine eyes are sadly blinded, but yet thou mayest
see
Six true and comely maidens sitting on the tree;
Approach that tree with caution, then up it boldly
climb
And seize the one thou lovest, nor care for space or
time”

There is no knowledge as to which of the six the old bachelor chose, but it is to be surmised that “she with curling hair” may have been the chosen one and then have scorned the climber!

Sure it is that he was intimate enough with her to lend her books of which her father disapproved, and so merely hid them in a boxwood bush, for Emily’s finding.

Emily’s overflowing spirits and her yielding to impulse sometimes overcame her, as on a day when a relative who was a stranger to Emily was to be buried in South Hadley, and a favorite young cousin of Emily’s, a handsome young man much admired by the girls, drove Emily to the cemetery. The day was perfect, with sunshine dappling the green of trees and shrubs, the sky was never more enchantingly blue. Emily’s spirit soared. She made a suggestion. Her companion eagerly assented. As soon as was decent, the young couple left the cemetery and drove home to Amherst, going many miles in the wrong direction before home was reached.—It is said by one biographer—“when at last her parents and retribution caught up with her she was securely locked in her room,—the door having been slammed by a small hand with all the force of victorious rapture.”

Emily had locked the door on her irritated family!

In these days of long and intimate automobile rides of the younger set, Emily Dickinson's crime does not seem very terrible, but such it was thought to be at that time, and Emily was wept over and ignored by her father, which was worse than tears or words, and was Squire Dickinson's way of punishing Emily.—She felt badly, tried to feel ashamed of her escapade, but if the truth were told, her spirit was singing with happiness over the memory of that fast horse, that shining buggy, that charming escort and the beauty of grass and tree and sky.

It has been said, and with wisdom, that "one might as well correct the bobolink for his song or the meadow grass for bowing in the breeze, as chasten an Emily Dickinson for such joyous rebellion against repression and the grave!"

But there was another side to Emily's nature. She responded quickly to the need of anyone she loved, even to the sacrifice of her own happiness. And so one day when her mother lay on the lounge, suffering severe pain from neuralgia, while out-of-doors a radiant spring world beckoned, Emily, sitting beside her mother, heard a well-known rap, and she writes, "a friend I love *so dearly* came and asked me to ride in the woods, the sweet, still woods—and I wanted to exceedingly."—She told him she could not go. He begged, and said he wanted her to go very much. She had to choke back tears, seeing which he said she *could*, and *would* go. "Oh," says Emily, "I struggled with great temptation, and it cost me much of denial; but I think in the end I conquered—not a glorious

victory, when you hear the rolling drum, but a kind of helpless victory.—” She adds, “I went cheerfully round my work, humming a little air till mother had gone to sleep, then cried with all my might—seemed to think I was much abused—and came to my various senses in great dudgeon at life.”

When Emily Dickinson was twenty years old, there was a definite suggestion that she was not all student or friend, but mature enough to have life’s great experience. One reading of her poems will show even the gayest of girl-readers that Emily was already on her way to the exquisite aloneness of her later life, which was not solitude at all, but a withdrawal from the lesser details of life in order to keep the flame of life burning brighter. Emily knew how to remember and to love, be it a pussy, a flower, a parent or a lover. That is why she always understood.

When Emily was twenty-three years old her father was a Congressman, and in Washington with him were his family. They stayed at Willard’s Hotel, and Emily, as the daughter of Squire Dickinson and her own vivid self, mingled with men and women her seniors in age, who were at once interested in the girl’s unique personality. She went to receptions and dinners and dances and was much sought after by men of all ages, but especially by the older men, who were much amused by her unusual sayings. One story is told by her relative, of the formal dinner when she was seated beside a prim old Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. When the plum pudding was passed, blazing in blue flame, Emily turned to her companion and asked:

"Oh sir, may one eat of hellfire with impunity here?" and one may well believe there were many of her remarks which matched that saucy one.

The stay in Washington was seemingly a magic time for Emily, and she was far gayer than she had ever been before, but the excitement and confusion of the busy life of the Capital City tired her. Although she would sometimes plead fatigue in order to absent herself from a brilliant gathering, again she would be seen walking gaily down the corridors of the hotel with some proud escort. There is no doubt about it—Emily was a social success in Washington, not so much for her beauty, for that she lacked—or for what she did, as for what she said in her brilliant, incisive way.

From Washington Emily went to Philadelphia to visit, then she spent some weeks in New York, before she went back to Amherst, and life with all its sweetness akin to pain, and pain that is joyful remembrance, confronted her. She did not struggle,—she knew what to do and she did it.

From that time Emily became the white butterfly presence known and loved best by the children of Amherst, to whom she was devoted and who claimed her as their own.

To add more to the story of her life as a girl would be sacrilege, for Emily had grown to the full maturity of experience and expression. The student who would put a finger on the pulse of the poet who wrote such rare and daring verse can best discover the child, the girl, and the woman, in all her shy evanescence and her definite clarity of thought, in

her revealing poems, perhaps the greatest in American literature.

It was an Emily of unique spiritual essence who wrote:

“I do not care for the body. I love the timid soul”—and with a certain pathos lurking under the words:

“I have perfect confidence in God and His promises, and yet, I know not why, I feel that the world holds a prominent place in my affection”—

In a more definite mode of expression, and yet also unique, she writes to her

“Very dear A.—God is sitting right here, looking right into my very soul to see if I think right thoughts. Yet I am not afraid, for I try to be right and good, and He knows every one of my struggles. He looks very gloriously, and everything bright seems dull beside Him and I don’t dare to look directly at Him for fear I shall die.”

—a strange conceit,—a forerunner of Emily’s work of later years. In that connection it will be of interest to all who admire her clear, unusual way of expressing everything,—love, sympathy or interest in the daily affairs of others, to read a poem until now unpublished, written after Emily herself had faced life bravely.

A much loved relative of hers was in deep sorrow. She had lost one who was nearest and dearest to her, but not by death. He simply went away and was never seen again. It was no easy matter for friends or relatives to express their sympathy, and some said

nothing for fear of saying the wrong thing. But Emily always dared. Without one other word except the following lines, she wrote to the sorrowing one:

“Death’s waylaying not the sharpest
Of the thefts of Time;
There marauds a sorer robber,
Silence is his name.
No assault nor any menace
Doth betoken him,
But from Life’s consummate cluster
He supplants the balm.”

Emily always understood. She spoke in parables as clear as a mountain lake. That expression of sympathy was as perfect as it was rare.

Again she wrote in lighter vein, and who but an Emily would say:

“Sisters are brittle things. God was penurious with me, which makes me shrewd with Him.”

Or this:

“Vinnie has a new pussy that catches a mouse an hour. We call her the ‘minute hand.’ ” And in more sombre vein:

“We dignify our faith when we can cross the ocean with it, though most prefer ships.”

And this vivid weather prophesy:

“Today has been a fair day, very still and blue. Tonight the crimson children are playing in the West and tomorrow will be colder.”

And a humorous touch:

“‘House’ is being cleaned. I prefer pestilence.”

From a letter to her warm friend, Mr. Bowles of the "Springfield Republican," this bit which has become famous:

"Faith is a fine invention
For gentlemen who see,
But microscopes are prudent
In an emergency."

One more extract from a letter to Mrs. J. G. Holland in which is the sum total of the essence and the beauty and the charm of elusive, fascinating, haunting Emily Dickinson:

"Perhaps you laugh at me! Perhaps the whole United States are laughing at me too! *I can't stop for that! My business is to Love!*"

The verses in this chapter are from "The Poems of Emily Dickinson," Centenary Edition. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown, and Company.

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Above the Clouds

HELEN KELLER

A Girl with Courage

IT was December of 1900, and the freshman class of Radcliffe College were having a luncheon.

There was much lively chatter, and laughter, while all kinds of subjects were discussed:—dormitories, room-mates, studies, Harvard boys—all came in for their share of approval or objections.

Among all the girls at that luncheon there was none as radiantly happy as the newly appointed class Vice-President—Helen Keller, the girl who was both blind and deaf, and yet was the most admired member of the class, for all the girls knew of her struggle with almost impossible obstacles in trying to pass “exams” in order to be a college girl. And now she had reached her goal, having entered Radcliffe with credit.

Luncheon was over. Toasts were given to individuals and to the class as a whole, with much laughter and applause and some “wise-cracks.” Then came a burst of demands for “Speech! Speech from the Vice-President!” Everyone looked at Helen Keller, and although she could not see the smiling faces turned to hers she could feel Miss Sullivan’s light touch on her hand telling her what was being demanded of her.

Only for a moment did she hesitate, then she rose and her face was like brilliant sunshine. She said only a few words, telling the class of her joy in being

one of them and of her appreciation of the honor they had conferred on her,—an honor which even with her limitations she hoped to fill acceptably,—then she sat down, but there was such prolonged applause that she had to stand again and bow and smile her acknowledgment to the friends whose faces she would never see, but with whom she felt at home and happy because of their appreciation of her.

That she enjoyed the luncheon immensely is shown by a letter she wrote later to a friend, in which she said:

“—So you read about our class luncheon in the papers? How in the world do the papers find out everything, I wonder. I am sure no reporters were present. I had a splendid time; the toasts and speeches were great fun. I only spoke a few words as I did not know I was expected to speak until a few minutes before I was called on. I think I was elected Vice-President of the class.”

In that same letter there follows a paragraph which shows how keenly Helen's color sense had been developed by her understanding of words given her either by the manual alphabet or grasped by placing her fingers on the lips of the speaker. In these ways Helen, at the time she entered Radcliffe, was very proficient in *thinking* of such things as other girls see or hear. She says in the letter from which a paragraph has already been quoted:

“Did I tell you in my last letter that I had a new dress, a real party dress with low neck and short sleeves and quite a train? It is pale blue, trimmed

with chiffon of the same color. I have worn it only once, but then I felt that Solomon in all his glory was not to be compared with me! Anyway, he certainly never had a dress like mine!"

"Pale blue,—low necked,—with quite a train—trimmed with chiffon,"—There could be no better proof of the concrete quality of Helen's thought, of her ability to visualize things through the art of word painting which her teacher had so patiently and persistently given her since the day Helen first became her pupil.

The most important day of Helen Keller's life was the day when Anne Sullivan went to Tuscumbia, Alabama, where the Kellers' home was, to become the teacher of the little girl whose terrible sickness when she was only nineteen months old had deprived her of the ability not only to see but also had left her deaf.

Helen was born on the twenty-seventh of June, 1880, in the small town in northern Alabama, in a tiny house on the grounds of the Keller homestead,—a lovely old place called "Ivy Green" because of the English ivy which grew in profusion over all the tree trunks and fences. There was, too, a lovely garden where Helen could wander alone down the box-bordered paths. Even after she lost her sight, led by her keen sense of smell, she could find the rose garden, the patch of heavily scented lilies, the bed of jasmine,—knowing but not yet naming the perfumes which lured her on down the smooth paths.

Before her sickness which deprived her of both sight and hearing, Helen was a normally healthy,

happy baby, making many gestures with her plump hands, saying one or two words which were probably only understood by a loving mother,—one word in particular remained with her for years, stored up in her sub-conscious mind,—the word “Water”—which later she repeated with no understanding of its meaning.

When she was only a year old, Helen walked. Sitting on her mother's lap she saw a ray of sunlight lying across the floor. She wanted to pick it up, and sliding off her mother's lap, she toddled over to it, only to have it elude her grasp, and back she went to her mother's lap, crying bitterly with disappointment.

Helen was desperately sick. She was not expected to live. But one day the fever left her and she slowly got well. It was some time before it was discovered that the sickness had left her in a dark, still room of life, where sights and sounds could never penetrate. At last the sad realization came to her troubled family. What was there left in life for a child so afflicted?

We shall see.

At first Helen clung to her mother's skirts, or sat in her lap, but constantly her sensitive fingers were touching every article of her mother's dress as well as things in the room where she was, and in that way she began to know the feeling of many articles of which she had never heard the name or use. She felt the necessity of telling her wants to the family in some way, and guided by instinct she would shake

her head when she meant "No" and nod when she meant "Yes." A pull meant "come" and a push meant "Go." She says, "Was it bread I wanted? Then I would imitate the act of cutting the slices and buttering them. If I wanted my mother to make ice-cream for dinner I made a sign for working the freezer and shivered, indicating cold."

With a mother's quick intuition of her child's meaning, Mrs. Keller understood Helen's gestures, and also made Helen understand in some subtle way, what she wanted her to do, and the child would run upstairs or anywhere to bring her mother something she wanted.—She says, "At five I learned to fold and put away the clean clothes—and I distinguished my own from the rest. I knew by the way my mother and aunt dressed when they were going out and I invariably begged to go with them. I was always sent for when there was company and when guests took their leave I waved my hand to them, I think with a vague remembrance of the meaning of the gesture."

One day, Helen tells of having suddenly run upstairs when there was company and hastily dressed herself in her idea of a company dress. Standing before the mirror as she had seen others do, she covered her face thickly with powder. Then she pinned a veil over her head so that it covered her face and fell in folds down to her shoulders, and tied an enormous bustle around her small waist, so that it dangled behind— Thus attired she says she went down to help entertain the company!

Those who wonder how Helen could have known what she was putting on, must realize that her touch was so keen that it supplied the want of eyes, as do the fingers of all blind persons.

When at last Helen knew that she was different from others and realized that she could not make them understand what she wanted by means of speech, as she felt them doing, by placing her hand on their lips, she gestured frantically and continually, hoping she would be understood. Not being able to make herself understood as they were, either by gestures or by moving her lips, she had fits of rage so violent that her troubled family did not know what to do with the child, over whose life sickness had cast such a blight, and yet they could not blame her for rebellion against handicaps which kept her from being the normal child she wanted to be.

At that time a little colored girl, the child of their cook, and a setter dog were her favorite companions. The cook's daughter, whose name was Martha Washington, let Helen tyrannize over her to any extent, which pleased that young lady very much. She and Martha Washington spent much time in the kitchen, doubtless being much in the way of a good-natured Mammy; or in the yard they fed the hens and turkeys, many of them being so tame they would eat out of Helen's hand. She says, "One big gobbler snatched a tomato from me one day and ran away with it.—Inspired perhaps by Master Gobbler's success, we carried off to the woodpile a cake which the cook had just frosted, and ate every

bit of it." "Was quite ill afterwards" confesses Miss Keller, "and I wonder if retribution also overtook the turkey!"

On went the silent, dark days of Helen's childhood,—with an intensely active mind and a great desire for self-expression she was obliged to drift through the weeks, unlike her companions,—knowing nothing but the dreary solitude to which she seemed doomed. So desperately did she long to do something, anything, however desperate, that one day she locked her mother in the pantry, having discovered the use of a key, by her sense of feeling. The poor mother was obliged to stay shut up for three hours, while Helen sat outside laughing gaily as she felt the jar of her mother's pounding on the door, trying to attract attention and be let out.—

Helen had a doll named Nancy, for which she had a real affection, but which she hugged and whipped by turns, according to her mood. Nancy had a cradle where Helen often sat and rocked the doll. One day Helen's baby sister was put to sleep in that cradle where Nancy was usually supposed to be sleeping. Helen, not understanding, rushed and overturned the cradle, and the baby might have been seriously injured, if Mrs. Keller had not been close at hand to catch her as she fell.

It was evident that something must be done to help poor little Helen, with no ears to hear, no eyes to see, and yet who had all the human affection of the other members of her family.

At last when she was six years old her father

took her to a well-known oculist in Baltimore. He was kind and interested in the case, but could do nothing for Helen. However, he sent Captain Keller and Helen to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell of Washington, who advised Captain Keller to get in touch with Mr. Anagnos, the director of the Perkins Institute for the Blind in Boston, and through him it was that resurrection day came to little Helen, whose later life as a girl is in sharp contrast to those dark days of childhood, which have been necessary to look at in order to appreciate what came afterwards.

The third of March, 1887—the door of the Keller home standing wide open—framing a seven-year old girl, waiting for she knew not what,—but dancing with expectation as the afternoon sun glanced through the thick tangle of fragrant honeysuckle framing the porch. Describing that afternoon and her feelings about it, Helen Keller has said:

“Have you ever been at sea in a dense fog, when it seemed as if a tangible white darkness shut you in—and the great ship, tense and anxious, groped her way toward the shore with plummet and sounding-line, and you waited with beating heart for something to happen? I was like that ship, only I was without compass or sounding-line, and had no way now of knowing how near the harbor was. Light! Give me light! was the wordless cry of my soul”—

There came the sound of carriage wheels on the gravel road,—a carriage stopped at the door, and Mrs. Keller with a companion got out, and walked

up the path to the house. Helen, thinking her mother was alone, held out her arms, and was held tight in the arms of Anne Sullivan, the wonderful young person who was to change Helen's darkness into light.

Only a few years older than her pupil-to-be, Anne Sullivan was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, and had been at the Perkins Institute for the Blind, as she had been partially blind herself for a number of years. But her sight having been practically restored, in 1886 she was thought capable of becoming a teacher of the blind, and so when Captain Keller applied to Mr. Anagnos for a teacher for Helen, Miss Sullivan was at once recommended. She had had no experience in teaching those who were deaf as well as blind, also she had a limited time in which to prepare for the new work—merely from August of 1886 to February, 1887, but she accepted the challenge. Then came the fateful day when she walked up to the Keller home and asked with trembling expectancy "Where is Helen?" Pointing to the child standing in the wide doorway, Captain Keller said, "There she is. She has known all day that someone was expected, and she has been wild ever since her mother went to the station for you"—

Scarcely had Miss Sullivan reached the porch steps than Helen, like a young whirlwind, rushed to her.—Miss Sullivan says she felt of her face, her dress and her bag, which she took out of her hand and tried to open—feeling carefully to see if it had a key. Not finding one she made the sign of turning a key and pointed to the bag. Her mother took hold

of her then and tried to make her understand that she must not touch the bag. This made Helen very angry, and gave the new teacher a good opportunity to see the repressed side of her pupil's nature.

Miss Sullivan took out her watch and let Helen hold it, which diverted her attention from the bag, and together teacher and pupil went upstairs. Then Miss Sullivan opened the bag and Helen eagerly felt of its contents, with regret. Evidently friends had brought the child candy in their bags, and she thought each one should hold sweets for her. The newcomer pointed to a trunk in the hall,—probably making Helen touch it,—then pointing to herself and nodded her head to show that she had brought a trunk, and made the sign Helen had made for eating, nodding again; Helen at once understood her meaning and ran downstairs to tell her mother in her own sign language that there was some candy in a trunk for her. Then she went back to Miss Sullivan's room and helped her put away her things, and as she fluttered around among the familiar objects in the room her new teacher had a good opportunity to see how healthy Helen was, and noted her fine head, well set on her shoulders, and her soft brown hair.

There was worthwhile work to be done in that Tuscumbia home, the young teacher at once saw, and set about it in such a wise, loving, intelligent way that she won justly deserved fame as well as the enduring love of her pupil.

The morning after she arrived at the Kellers', Miss Sullivan began her work. She slowly spelled

the word d-o-l-l into Helen's hand, pointed to the doll and nodded her head, which she had already discovered was a sign of possession to Helen. Helen looked puzzled, but kept her hand in her teacher's. Miss Sullivan repeated the word which Helen imitated. Then Miss Sullivan took the doll, meaning to give it back to her when she had made the letters. Helen thought the doll was being taken away from her, and tried angrily to seize it. Her teacher shook her head and tried to spell the letters in Helen's hand again, but she grew more and more angry and excited. "I forced her into a chair," Miss Sullivan says, "and held her there until I was nearly exhausted."—Then to turn the current of her thought in another direction Miss Sullivan went downstairs and got some cake, of which Helen was very fond, showed it to her, and spelled c-a-k-e in her hand, holding the cake out to her. Finally she seemed to understand, made the letters rapidly and was given the cake. Then Miss Sullivan showed her the doll and spelled the word again, holding the doll towards her as she had held the cake. She made the letters d-o-l—and her teacher added the other l and gave her the doll. At once she ran downstairs with it and could not be induced to return to Miss Sullivan's room that day."

There was many another such tug-of-war, from which the teacher came out completely exhausted. Finally she made a decision. Up to the time when she had come to Tuscumbia, Helen's family had spoiled her because of her terrible afflictions, and they would continue to do so if Helen remained at

home while she was having her first lessons in spelling into the hand and also in self-control.

This Miss Sullivan told Mrs. Keller plainly, and said that she could not teach Helen at all unless she could have complete control over her. She spoke very gravely about the importance of making the child understand the meaning of discipline at the same time with the teaching which was to be given her.—“As things are now” Miss Sullivan said to Mrs. Keller, “every thwarted desire is the signal for rebellion on her part or an outburst of temper. This will make teaching her very difficult. She will not yield a point without contesting it to the bitter end. There is no compromising with her. To get her to do the simplest things such as combing her hair or washing her hands—is impossible without using force.”—All this and much more in effect the new teacher told a perplexed mother, but Miss Sullivan added, “I am determined to be victor and not vanquished.”—To accomplish her end, she said she must have Helen away from her family for some time, at least until she had begun to use self-control and to understand the simple rudiments of the manual alphabet.

Realizing the importance of what Miss Sullivan said, Mrs. Keller had a talk with her husband, and the result was that teacher and pupil moved to a little Garden House at the end of the Keller place,—a tiny, one-roomed house with a wide porch. Their meals were sent from the big house, they had a young negro boy to sleep in the house and build the fires, and twice a day, going and coming from

his office, Captain Keller would stop at the small house to see how teacher and pupil were getting along together. He was delighted to see how well the experiment was working, for every day he could see that Helen's manner was changing. She was becoming more gentle as a result of Miss Sullivan's determined efforts to bring out the best side of her pupil, who, she saw, was capable of becoming a very worth-while person, although it is doubtful whether she dreamed that her work would have such wonderful results as it has had.

One day Captain Keller found Helen and Miss Sullivan out in the garden having a real frolic together,—at another time Helen was sitting quietly beside Miss Sullivan crocheting a long chain. Just as her father entered the room she completed the chain, which was so long it would reach across the room, and she was so pleased with it that she patted herself on the arm, and laid this first work of her hands lovingly against her cheek! The delighted father also heard that Helen would now sit quietly in Miss Sullivan's lap for a few minutes at a time, and would let her kiss her. And all the time by means of the manual alphabet the teacher was spelling words into Helen's hand,—even though Helen had no idea what they meant.

At the end of two weeks teacher and scholar went back to the homestead again, and Miss Sullivan continued the same strict discipline with which Helen's family were not allowed to interfere, although many times it hurt them to see their child being punished for doing what she did not under-

stand was wrong. However, they realized that she was only being disciplined for her own good, and had confidence in the wisdom of Anne Sullivan, and that gave her the teacher's courage to continue in what she felt was to be a task with worth-while results.

But she did not by any means keep Helen at work all the time, nor was she making her learn self-control to the exclusion of pleasanter tasks. They spent time every morning in the garden, where Helen played in the dirt and dug like any other healthy child. Miss Sullivan says that one day she planted her doll and showed her that she expected it to grow as tall as her teacher! Anne Sullivan adds: "You must see that she is very bright, but you have no idea how cunning she is."

After a good hour in the garden each day they would go into the house and Helen would be given beads to string. Then she could take her choice of sewing, knitting or crocheting,—all of which occupations can be done with fingers alone, except for choosing colors to be used,—that has to be done by someone with sight. Sitting so long and giving strict application to the work was hard on Helen's active nature, so as soon as she had finished making some article they did gymnastics which Helen enjoyed, but she liked a good romp with her teacher better. After the physical exercise the hour from twelve to one was always devoted to learning new words. But in a letter to a friend, Miss Sullivan says, "But you mustn't think it is the only time I spell to Helen, for I spell in her hand everything we do all day

long, although she has no idea yet what the spelling means."

After their dinner the teacher would rest for an hour, while Helen played in the yard with Martha Washington, her playmate before Miss Sullivan arrived. Then the teacher would join the children and they would visit the horses and mules in their stalls, or hunt for eggs in the hen house and feed the turkeys. Later in the afternoon there would be a drive, then supper, and later they would go up to Miss Sullivan's room and do all sorts of things before Helen's bed time.

This was no easy period in the young teacher's life. She had a very difficult task to perform, and yet as she confessed to a friend, she had an idea even then, that she was going to succeed beyond her wildest expectations, for her pupil was so eager to learn, and she was so eager to teach.

After many sleepless nights Miss Sullivan decided on her method of teaching,—which at that time was unique. She knew that all children with sight and hearing heard words many hundred times before they knew their meaning, and saw many things before they knew their names. Her system was to spell into Helen's hand by the manual alphabet which Helen quickly acquired, words and words and words,—then to make her understand that every article has its name. And this was the way the knowledge first came to her.

Helen had great trouble with the words "*mug*" and "*milk*," for she confused them with the word "*drink*," of which she only knew the meaning by

going through the pantomime of drinking, whenever she spelled "mug" or "milk." Having had great difficulty with the words one morning, Miss Sullivan took her out to the spring-house and made the little girl hold her cup, or mug, under the spout, while Anne Sullivan pumped up water. And while she pumped with one hand she spelled the word *w-a-t-e-r* into Helen's hand. The sudden rush of the cold water over Helen's hand startled her and she dropped the cup, and stood as if transfixed.—The word spelled into her hand at the same time with the sensation of water running over her other hand, seemed to give her an idea. Miss Sullivan says, "A new light came into her face. She spelled *water* several times. Then she dropped on the ground and asked for its name, then pointed to the trellis and the pump, and suddenly turning around she asked for my name. I spelled "Teacher." Just then the nurse brought Helen's baby sister into the pump house, and Helen spelled "baby" and pointed to the nurse. The door of light had opened on Helen's darkness, even though only a crack, and from that time it was an easy task to teach her words and show her by touch, of what articles they were the names." Soon she was ready to learn adverbs and adjectives, in fact she was such an eager pupil that her teacher had to be on the alert to answer her questions, which were constantly spelled into Miss Sullivan's hand, and which the interested teacher always answered as carefully as she could.

By the time Helen and Anne Sullivan had been together for some months, the bond of affection was

very close indeed; Helen could scarcely bear to be away from her teacher for even a short time, and Anne Sullivan's heart and mind were devoted to bringing out to the light of understanding, the beautiful soul she had found to be walled in behind those sightless eyes and unhearing ears.

After learning to understand the names of articles, and also of abstract ideas such as "love," "death," "sympathy" and others of a similar kind, the next thing was to teach Helen to read. This was done by means of cardboard slips on which were printed words in raised letters. Helen eagerly learned that each printed word stood for an act, an object or a quality, then Miss Sullivan had a frame made into which the letters of the words could be slipped and sentences arranged. To read them was a delightful game to little Helen, and she would often place each name with its object. One day she pinned the word "girl" on her apron and stood in the wardrobe. On the shelf she arranged, so Miss Sullivan has told us, the words—*in wardrobe*, and pointed to herself.

A great game, that, and one in which Helen Keller delighted and which she would play with the help of her teacher for hours at a time. Then she began to read books printed in braille, or raised type, for the use of the blind,—and a whole new world opened before the delighted eyes of her spirit.

It is thrilling to read the whole story of Anne Sullivan's teaching of botany, geography and other studies, to her eager pupil, whose eyes and ears were closed as avenues of approach,—to find her making

the simplest object the subject of a lesson,—not as part of a course of study, but as a part of nature and of life, which now Helen found so deeply interesting.

Helen Keller was on her way to being the Vice-President of her class at Radcliffe, where we first see her,—active in brain and body, and happy as a girl among girls, in spite of her overwhelming limitations. That she realized where the credit belonged is shown by what she has said of Anne Sullivan. She said:

“How much of my delight in all beautiful things is innate, and how much is due to her influence, I can never tell. I feel that her being is inseparable from my own, and that all the best in me belongs to her. There is not a talent, or an inspiration or a joy in me that has not been awakened by her loving touch.”

Appreciation worthy even of an Anne Sullivan, that!

When teacher and pupil had been together for two years, they, with Mrs. Keller, made a visit to Boston. In the train, seated beside Helen, Miss Sullivan told her in her hand, all about the scenery which they were passing, and also in Boston, when they visited Bunker Hill, gave Helen her first lesson in history. She climbed the monument and went to Plymouth by water. It was Helen's first trip on the ocean and her first in a steamboat. Everywhere, she was told about what she was seeing by a teacher who never failed in patience or in loving desire to give the best to her now dearly loved scholar.—

When they were on the steamboat Helen could feel the vibration, and the words spelled to her added the picture to the feeling.—Vibrations, by the way, were always a great help to Helen,—when she stood in a great New York church and the organ was played for her benefit, she *felt* as others hear, and was deeply moved by the music to which she could not listen.

On that first visit to Boston she stayed at the Perkins Institute for the Blind, and for the first time had the delight of being with children who talked as she did with their hands rather than with their lips.

Already Helen Keller was becoming known to the public, through Miss Sullivan's reports in regard to her achievements, as well as from those who visited the young girl and took away vivid memories of a keen, brilliant young person, who was to be remembered rather for those qualities than pitied for her limitations.

She and Miss Sullivan remained in Boston through the winter, and Helen made many friends. When the Institute closed for the summer she and her teacher went to Cape Cod for a vacation, and there Helen had her first experience of bathing in the sea, but the great breakers terrified her, and she enjoyed most of all sitting on a big rock in her bathing suit and feeling the waves dash against the rock, covering Helen with spray. One of her questions at that time was, "Who put salt into the water?"

Helen met and conquered another obstacle in the

spring of 1900, one which it had never been thought she could conquer. But Helen was essentially a person who preferred to jump hurdles and take the consequences, rather than remain outside of achievement and possible defeat.—In 1900 she learned to speak!

Always she had been in the habit of making sounds, but they were not intelligible to anyone,—and Miss Sullivan tried to keep her from making them, fearing they might become unpleasant, as Helen herself could not hear her own voice.

But in 1900 Mrs. Lamson, who had been a teacher of Laura Bridgman, herself a blind and deaf person, came back from Norway with a story of a blind girl there who had learned to talk.

Helen decided instantly, on hearing the story, that she was going to speak, too. Her teacher tried to dissuade her, fearing disappointment, but Helen overruled all her objections, tense and excited over the thought that she might be able to use some other method of communication with her friends than the manual alphabet, which at best had a quality of restraint in its use. To speak—that was the thing!

Seeing how set on learning to speak Helen was, Miss Sullivan took her to Miss Sarah Fuller of the Horace Mann school, for advice and aid. Miss Fuller offered to teach ambitious Helen, and at once began instruction.

Helen would pass her hand lightly over Miss Fuller's face, feeling the position of her tongue and lips when she made a sound. Helen was keen and quick in imitating every motion and in the first hour

of her first lesson she had learned to frame with her lips the letters M, P, A, S, T, and I, and after having eleven lessons in all, was able to stammer a connected sentence. "It is warm" although the words would not have been intelligible to anyone except a person who knew what she was trying to say.

Life was full of new color and joy to Helen. She says: "My soul, conscious of new strength, came out of bondage and was reaching through those broken symbols of speech to all knowledge and all faith."

She also has said: "No deaf child who has earnestly tried to speak the words which he has never heard, . . . can forget the thrill of surprise, the joy of discovery which came over him when he spoke his first word. Only such an one can appreciate the eagerness with which I talked to my toys, to stones, trees, birds and dumb animals, or the delight I felt when at my call Mildred ran to me or my dogs obeyed my command. . . . As I talked, happy thoughts fluttered out of my words that might perhaps have struggled in vain to escape my fingers."

The manual alphabet,—the use of books with raised letters,—speech, Helen was on the road to being as nearly normal as she could ever hope to be.

In spite of all Miss Sullivan's attempts to keep the young girl out of public notice, she had become of almost universal interest, because of her keen intelligence, which knew no barriers to achievement, and her attractive personality. And so when she went to Washington during Cleveland's administration, and also visited Niagara Falls and the World's Fair, she was an object of keen interest to everyone

who met her. At the World's Fair Dr. Graham Bell accompanied Helen and Miss Sullivan, and could describe to the eager girl all the wonders of science and of nature to be found in the various buildings, and Helen added many words to her vocabulary at that time.

As Miss Sullivan had not been able to do all the reading of good books which she had wanted to do during the years when her own eyes were not strong, she was now an eager reader of the classics with her equally eager pupil, and together they revelled in Little Lord Fauntleroy, and later Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson, Little Women, Heidi, Tales from Shakespeare, The Jungle Book, Wild Animals I have Known, and many other more mature classics. Helen read "The Iliad" in the original. She says, "I was familiar with the story of Troy before I read it in the original and consequently I had little difficulty in making the Greek words surrender their treasures after I had passed the borderland of grammar."—She confesses, "My admiration for the Aeneid is not so great but it is none the less real. I read it as much as possible without the help of notes or dictionary and I always like to translate the episodes that pleased me especially. The word painting of Virgil is wonderful sometimes" she declares. How many students without her handicaps so appreciate the beauties of ancient literature, I wonder! She adds:

"Virgil is serene and lovely like a marble Apollo in the moonlight; Homer is a beautiful animated youth in the full sunlight, with the wind in his hair"

—Again, “I began to read the Bible long before I could understand it,” and “Next to poetry I love history.”—Is any further proof needed that Helen Keller’s was a singing soul? A soul winging its way to light even in the darkest night?

Helen made many friends among great men who were proud to count her among their intimate comradeships, notably Bishop Brooks, Edward Everett Hale, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mark Twain, John Burroughs and many others too numerous to mention, all of whom admired and enjoyed talking with the girl who was deaf and blind, humanly speaking, but having ears to hear and eyes to see things of the spirit.

In 1894, when Helen was fourteen, she went to the meeting at Chautauqua of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, and from there to New York City, where she became a pupil at the Wright-Humason School for the Deaf. Miss Sullivan went with her, and as always was a vital part of her life. The school was chosen to improve her speaking voice and to train her in lip reading. But she also while there studied geography, and arithmetic—which she never liked—and French and German, both of which she learned to read easily, evidently having a talent for languages.

The winter held many pleasures, especially the afternoons spent in Central Park, but it also held a disappointment. She was not able to make the progress she had hoped to make in lip reading or in speech, having believed that she would be able

to talk as other persons talked. This depressed her sometimes, but on the whole the winter was a happy one, and she was always working towards a goal she had set for herself when she was a very young girl, visiting Wellesley College, when she had declared:

“Some day I shall go to College—but I shall go to Harvard!”

When she was asked why not Wellesley, she replied, “Because there are only girls there!” Even then she wanted to test her ability with that of boys as well as her own sex.

Another high light in Helen Keller’s life.—In October of 1896 she entered the Cambridge Preparatory School, to be prepared for Radcliffe, which was the next thing to fulfilling her desire to be a Harvard student!

And now there were years of hard, unceasing work,—with difficulties enough in them to discourage a normal girl with sight and hearing. Helen’s greatest comfort was her faithful friend Miss Sullivan, who went with her to Cambridge, and spelled lessons into her hand with the rapidity of lightning flashes,—but even at that there were heart-breaking experiences at that school, and later when Helen studied alone with a tutor, Mr. Merton S. Keith of Cambridge. But it was easier to work by herself, with him as she had to have words spelled into her hand, and to use a type-writer to write her lessons,—but the strain of the work was very great, even so. However, undaunted by having to read ex-

amination papers in three kinds of braille, and other difficulties, Helen took her final examinations for Radcliffe on the 29th and 30th of June, 1899, and passed.

She could now enter college whenever she wished, but her advisors thought it best for her to study another year with her tutor before entering, so she was not formally enrolled as a Radcliffe scholar until 1900.

College!—On a par with girls who could see and hear,—a girl among girls, in spite of all her handicaps, too many to have recorded in this brief sketch,—in spite of days too dark to mention in a story of such courage as has rarely been equalled—Dark days were only an incentive to overcome more obstacles, to Helen Keller!

Much can be learned of the quality of her mind and spirit by random bits of quotations from her letters,—for instance:

“I dislike people who try to talk down to my understanding. They are like people who when walking with you try to shorten their steps to suit yours; the hypocrisy in both cases is equally exasperating.”

Someone asked her if she liked to study: “Yes” she said, “But I like to play also, and I feel sometimes as if I were a music box with all the play shut up inside of me.”

Having met Dr. Furness, the noted Shakesperian scholar, he warned her that many of the facts current about Shakespeare were not true. “All we

know," he said, "is that Shakespeare was baptized, married and died."

"Well," she replied, "He seems to have done all the essential things."

Mark Twain once said that Helen Keller and Napoleon were the most interesting characters of the nineteenth century,—and it is the opinion of an applauding world that he was right, at least about Helen Keller.—Joseph Jefferson once explained to her what the bumps on her head meant:

"That," he said, "is your prize-fighting bump."

"I never fight," she replied, "*except against difficulties.*"

In that reply lies the kernel of Helen Keller's real character. From her earliest recollections she was a fighter, but against enemies of no common kind—against handicaps and obstacles.

It has been truly said that without a Miss Sullivan there would have been no Helen Keller, and yet it is also true that without such a character as was that of her Helen, there would not have been such a notable achievement as that of Anne Sullivan with her famous pupil. Both have won enduring fame.

* * * * *

Only a week ago, the writer of this sketch saw Helen Keller and heard her speak, when she addressed several thousand persons at the opening meeting of the World Conference on Behalf of the Blind.

She wore a fluffy, vari-colored dress, which had

doubtless been described to her before she chose it,—on her shoulder rested a cluster of white flowers, challenging the whiteness of her neck,—her hair lay softly against her forehead, and her face was alight with animation. Was this a blind and deaf person?

Eloquently she spoke, and her speech was translated by an evidently admiring Secretary, while in the background Anne Sullivan Macy sat, listening while her dear pupil of many years spoke, her expressive gestures bringing out the points she wished to make,—then while her words were being interpreted for the benefit of those at the back of the hall, Miss Keller's slender fingers would lightly touch the lips of the translator, to know when to speak again.

Helen Keller,—the little girl in the darkness; Helen, the girl, learning to love and live and study and appreciate all that her starved nature cried out to understand and express,—a promoter of the welfare of the blind, teacher and lecturer, noted for her accomplishments wherever her name is known—Talk about courage,—about perseverance, about ambition,—then speak the name of Anne Sullivan's famous pupil, who has recently been included in a list of America's twelve greatest women!

And only last week Helen the Great took her first airplane flight, on her way to Washington to lunch with President and Mrs. Hoover!

“The engine seems impatient to be off, I feel it throbbing!” she said, and then added, “Like a great graceful bird sailing through the illimitable skies,”

—a definition as true of herself as of the plane winging its way up to the sky. Helen Keller has winged her way through dark clouds and grey skies, into the brilliant blue and the sunlight of successful achievement. . . .

Deeds and Daring

LUCIA ZORA

An Intrepid Girl

WHEN Lucia Zora was nineteen years old she ran away and joined a Circus troupe. At that time she was singing in a Light Opera Company in New Orleans, where the Circus Company were giving performances, too.

This was not a sudden impulse of the girl's, for ever since she was a small child she had longed to be with animals, and a Circus was the logical place to find them.

Animals and Adventure,—two magic words to Lucia, words which were to spell the success of her life although even at nineteen she did not know it, or dream that a few years later she would be featured in newspaper head-lines as "The Bravest Woman in the World."

When she was only five years old, her family lived in a small New York State town. They were a well-off, well educated family, who had ambitions for their young daughter. She was to go to a fine school, have a background of refined home life and marry a man who would give her the comforts and luxuries to which she was accustomed. But they did not reckon with Lucia!

One day a second-rate Circus came to town, and the moment the notes of the strident brass band were heard at the end of the wide, shady Main Street, boys and girls and more than one older person started briskly to the place from which the mu-

sic came.—“The Parade’s begun!”—was repeated from boy to boy, and with the crowd of running children went five-year-old Lucia Zora, who was always glad to run away on any pretext whatever,—and a Circus!

So when the band began to play, down to the other end of Main Street she ran, and stood with the crowd at the edge of the curb, watching the horses with their gay saddles and bridles, carrying showily costumed ladies who smiled to the applauding crowds and kissed their hands to them. There was a funny-faced clown, too, making all sorts of grimaces, and indulging in droll antics to make the crowd laugh. But best of all there was an elephant. To the girl he was a marvel of beauty in spite of his dusty hide, stiff joints and other evidences of being as second-rate as the Circus of which he was a part.

But this she did not know,—with the other boys and girls she followed the noisy band and the small troupe of circus performers to that part of town where the big white tent stood ready for the afternoon “show,” then she trudged back home again, thinking only of that wonderful elephant which had been the whole Circus to her.

Reaching home, she went up to her mother’s sewing room, where she found a measuring tape—then down the street she went alone until she found a spot where there was still an imprint of the big beast’s foot in the dusty road. With the tape she carefully measured it, then back home she went and on the barn floor she drew with a piece of chalk an outline of the elephant’s foot, as nearly as she was

able. For many months she looked admiringly at that picture she had drawn, and wove all sorts of dreams around it and the great beast to whom it belonged, taking care not to have it rubbed out. She herself has said that it took the place of a doll or a picture book to her, and it clearly showed that her tastes did not lie along the established line of usual childish treasures.

Years went by and Lucia Zora grew up with the girls in her home town and went to school with them, but she says she only endured the dull study of Latin grammar, the difficult French verbs, and the long, harsh German words because that was the proper thing for her to do, according to the belief of her parents. It was the same way with her piano lessons,—she pounded out exercises faithfully under the teaching of a conscientious instructor, because she was expected to practise, not because she wanted to learn to play.

However, she had one talent which could not be ignored,—she had a clear, true soprano voice. Her mother and father were very proud of it and gave her singing lessons, which she liked better than the dull routine of school studies or piano lessons. But even this talent would not have appealed to her for cultivation, if her parents had not insisted on its being developed. And evidently it did not escape professional notice, for she became a member of a Light Opera Company, which her family evidently considered as distinct an achievement as they thought her real ambition a disgrace.

The Opera Company was in New Orleans for a

short run,—the Circus Company was there, too. The young singer ran away from the one and joined the other. At last she was part of a Circus!

It was only a small troupe, with a limited number of performers, and her duties were only those of a "generally useful" helper, to dance in the ballet, ride in the grand procession or simply be part of the background. This disappointed her, for she wanted to be in closer touch with the animals, but the man in charge of the menagerie did not want a woman trainer, especially, we can guess, one as inexperienced as she was then,—and also the Company was in financial straits, and very soon "went broke,"—leaving Zora without any money, in a strange city.

The most natural thing in the world for a girl to do under the circumstances would be to send an S.O.S. telegram to her family. Not Lucia Zora!

Instead she bought a magazine and studied its advertisements. There were several names of small Circuses to which she wrote at once, but meanwhile the small amount of money still left in her purse was fast lessening. No replies, something had to be done.

One day passing a restaurant with a large front window, she stood before it for a long time,—then thoughtfully went in and asked for the manager. No, he did not need any more waitresses, was his answer to her question; but being hungry, Lucia Zora or "Zora" as she was now called, persisted:

"Let me fry flap-jacks in your window," she suggested. "It would be a great advertisement for you. I will make it interesting."

While she was talking the manager looked at her

appraisingly,—she was an attractive looking young person with evident personality. He gave her the job. And Zora cooked flapjacks in the restaurant window until she hated the sight of a griddle or batter,—but she was earning enough money for food and lodgings, and was constantly writing to new Circus managers for the kind of work she longed to do.

At last her opportunity came, bringing with it the beginning of a most exciting life.

There were three scenes to the first "act" in the drama of "Zora's" life. First, her marriage; second, her spectacular elephant act, where she and Snyder, the so-called "man-eater" elephant, staged one of the most daring bits of work ever before seen in any Circus ring. Then she conquered a mixed group of "cats"—or lions and tigers,—none of which had been broken to the ring, but who became a performing troupe of apparently friendly animals under her skillful management. Last but not least of her dramatic performance "Zora," as she was called, gave up footlights, applause, and all that made up the lure and the magic of Circus days, for a Home.—Her story is one of strange inconsistencies and of intense interest, as she herself has told it, and as she is still living it, outside the ring and beyond the reach of publicity.

For a year she had been with the Sells-Floto Circus Company, still only a "generally useful" actress. Also with the troupe was Fred Allispaw, one of the men who was "working on elephants"—as they say in Circus circles.

At last Zora was promoted to riding "Old Mom,"

the leader of the elephant herd, during parade, and with her rode Allispaw, who had just become superintendent of the menagerie. He discovered Zora's love for animals, especially elephants, at once, and so much interested in the bright girl did he become that he had Zora come to the menagerie tent every day to learn about the habits of animals and the different methods of training them, for she had told him of her eagerness to train animals.

At one time she and her "professor" had been working together for more than a week to save the life of a sick lion cub, which was so tiny and so weak that Zora felt for it almost as if it were a child. One afternoon she had it in her arms, while she sat on a bale of hay behind the den of roaring lions. Beside her sat Fred Allispaw, massaging the cub's muscles. Suddenly he said:

"Seems to me he's mighty quiet."

The animal's eyes were glazed. He was dead. Quick tears rolled down Zora's cheeks, which was more than her teacher could bear to see. Sitting on that bale of hay back of the lion's den, while Zora still held the dead cub, Allispaw offered his pupil love and marriage, and she did not refuse what he offered.

Six weeks later they were secretly married, hoping and believing that they had managed the affair so cleverly as to have escaped the keen eyes of their companions of the Circus, for circus weddings are apt to be riotous affairs, and the bride and groom congratulated themselves on having managed theirs so well,—But!

That night from the moment they tried to take their position at the head of the grand procession to enter the ring, things went wrong. With one excuse or another members of the company delayed them from seating themselves on the canopy over "Old Mom's" back, but at last they entered the ring, Old Mom heading the procession of horses, clowns, gayly dressed ladies of the Circus, and other elephants. Suddenly the audience burst into a roar of laughter and pointed to the elephant on whose back Zora and Fred Allispaw were seated. Zora glanced back and saw, "tied to Old Mom's tail and dragging into the Hippodrome track the biggest collection of old shoes she had ever seen." Following Old Mom came a mimic bridal procession,—minister, groom, bride, with a beautiful bouquet of cabbages, flower girls strewing "flowers" of carrots, onions, potatoes and spinach in the path of the happy "bridal" pair, while clowns pointed to the pair on Old Mom with mock sympathy. Looking down Zora also discovered a banner floating from the elephant's broad side, on which was this legend:

LOOK US OVER!——JUST MARRIED!
BRIDE AND GROOM!
JUST MARRIED!——JUST MARRIED!

To cap the climax on Old Mom's tail was tied a large white bow as well as old shoes, while her enormous legs were decorated with white ribbon bows also, to each of which was attached a cowbell. —While showers of rice were poured on the defenseless heads of the real bride and groom by men

stationed at different parts of the tent, the Wedding March blared out from the Circus Band, and everyone was happy except the two on Old Mom's head!

From the view-point of the audience that wedding scene was a great "act," but it was no joke to Zora, who had only half understood about the customs of a circus troupe in case of a wedding among their comrades. However, having lived through the parade,—rice, ribbons, old shoes and all, she might have entered into the spirit of the affair and laughed over it with her husband if she could have found him. He was gone! His boisterous friends of the ring had kidnapped him and hidden him so carefully that even the Circus manager, to whom Zora appealed for help, either could not, or would not, produce him. Needless to say, this finale to the matrimonial act was lacking in humor to the new wife. Three days later he was freed, and Zora and Fred Allispaw were accepted as an old married couple, but naturally they never forgot their wedding celebration!

Having become a member of a circus troupe, and married a circus man, to the great horror of her family, Zora's next startling decision was to train elephants, and stage an act all her own. Her husband discouraged her and advised her to spend a winter in the menagerie tent, learning more about the animals and the best methods to use in training them. The advice was too sensible not to heed, so through the long winter months she was daily in the menagerie, and when spring came she says

she was ready to qualify as a practical animal nurse! In those months she had learned how to take the temperature of a chimpanzee, what to do for a lion or tiger with indigestion, or an elephant with colic—in fact she had learned a great deal concerning the needs and habits of many wild animals when in captivity.

Finally she became so insistent on putting on a spectacular elephant act of her own devising, that her husband felt she could no longer be denied the privilege, but he would have been more firm in his refusal if he had not discovered her unusual courage, together with her great physical strength, and her unusual quickness of resource in an emergency. And so when she put the case before him again, he was silent for a moment, then he said:

“All right, sweetheart. You want an exciting act, do you? Well, you’ll get it!”

And so Zora staged a great elephant act—one that took the courage of a dozen kinds of women rolled up into one, together with a man’s coolness under tension, and the essential knowledge that *discipline* but not force is the prime requisite of a successful animal trainer.

Months before she had found out that an elephant, having become devoted to its trainer, is his or her friend for life,—and equally an enemy in case of dislike,—that animals are trained for the ring by kindness and rewards, not by cruelty. Nevertheless she has said that “the power of an elephant is almost inconceivable. He is the only wild animal which remains in captivity of his own free will. Chains

cannot hold him when he decides to break them. His mentality, gauged from a standpoint of animal reasoning power, is almost one hundred per cent. His average weight is several tons—the slightest blow of the end of his trunk whisked for a distance of even six inches can crush the ribs of a human being as though they had been struck by a sledge hammer, but their devotion is as great as their bodily force."

Having learned much about the huge animals she was going to train, Zora began her work with the elephant herd—a trifle nervous, although she would not have acknowledged it, had anyone asked her.—Eight great beasts must be trained to obey her slightest command, or there was no hope for her as a trainer.

Day after day she was in the menagerie with her elephants, learning their ways, noting carefully their characteristics, until she was ready to rehearse her dramatic act. In it she lay down with eight big elephants pyramided above her,—an act when a slip of any one of the beasts, a misstep, a miscalculation on the part of Old Mom, who was the support of the whole herd, kneeling over Zora, and who was obliged to crouch over the prostrate trainer without letting the weight of her huge body rest on the human being under her, would have meant death to Zora.—But even the first rehearsal was successful, to the great relief of Fred Allispaw, who was watching with great fear of some accident to his "Sweetheart." But there was none. And as soon as the mountain of elephant flesh had been lifted off

her chest, Zora rose, looked into her husband's relieved eyes, and demanded a more novel and startling act yet!

Her husband stared at her,—it was unbelievable that any young woman, even one as strong and fearless as Zora, should ask for any act more dangerous than the one she had just rehearsed. But she repeated firmly that she wanted something newer and more startling to work out. And that is the way she came to put on the elephant act which gave her the name among trainers of animals and Circus people in general of "The Bravest Woman in the World."

In Zora's elephant herd was one gigantic creature, called Snyder. He was the largest and most powerful of the pachyderms and Zora had noticed that he had a keen sense of balance in the act when the animals pyramided over her. She had an idea—she was going to ride out of the circus ring at the end of her act on Snyder's tusks, while he walked on his hind feet! This had never been accomplished by any other trainer, much less a woman—but Zora did it!

Her act was on,—the elephant pyramid had just lifted its bulky cloud from her chest,—she had "stood on the head of an elephant as it reared from a position on all fours to a standing one on its hind legs; she had been whirled madly about in an elephant's trunk, when the announcer shouted—

"Watch Lucia Zora, she will now make her exit from the ring riding on the tusk of the only elephant in the world who walks like a man, Snyder, the big-

gest performing pachyderm under canvas. The management offers \$25,000 reward to produce the equal of this elephant and his marvellous woman trainer, Lucia Zora. Watch her!—”

From the seats a wide-eyed show owner shouted: “You bet this Circus offers that reward! But nobody’ll ever get it. And listen,—cut out that brave Lucia Zora stuff. She ain’t just brave—she’s bravest. Get that? The Bravest Woman in the World! What’s more, the whole world’s going to know it!”

That was the first proof Zora gave of her great courage. But her ambition was not yet satisfied, and so she was delighted when months later the show owner, who had been watching her handling of the animals carefully, stopped her on her way to the dressing tent and announced, “Zora, you’re going to have two jobs next season—elephants and cats. I’ve bought a bunch of leopards and lions and tigers for you.”

Rapture! But Zora was much disappointed when the “cats” arrived, for they were so old and tame and tired of performing that all they wanted to do was to lie down and sleep—she said they looked like so many house-cats, and she had pictured herself as taming some wild forest creatures into the stuff for a big spectacular act.

There was delay, much argument on the subject, but finally the old animals were thrown into the discard and Zora was allowed to choose from the circus menagerie three young lions and three tigers, all unbroken to ring work and as full of life as the most fearless trainer could wish them to be.

Very apprehensive about this new act of Zora's was her husband, who had the feeding forks,—or the instruments by which the animal attendants from outside the arena fend off the attacks of an animal that is trying to kill its trainer,—sharpened, ready for quick use. And then came the moment of Zora's entrance into the steel cage in which she was to face her new pets, for a rehearsal.

"The tigers first," she told her husband as she entered the steel arena, not more than twelve feet in diameter. In this steel prison Zora was locked, having for weapons only a revolver loaded with blank cartridges, a kitchen chair and a heavy whip.—A moment she stood waiting, then three crouching, hissing tigers paced before her, ready to spring at her, for to them she was a strange, frightening monster, to be killed before she killed them. She was in terrible danger. Everything grew black before her as she realized what she was facing, but into her mind flashed the advice of an animal trainer when she was new at the game. He had said, "The greatest secret of animal training is not to conquer your own fear, but that of the beast you are training."—And Zora faced possible death with the determination to follow out that advice.

More and more rapid became the pacing of the tigers,—steadier and louder became their deep, ominous growls,—then two of them tried to sneak behind her, while the third faced her. In a moment there would be a sudden attack, she knew. From outside she heard her husband's warning, "Watch 'em, honey, watch 'em!"

Hearing, Zora did not heed,—she was trying to give her first command to those snarling, slinking beasts,—they must learn that she was not there with them to hurt them unless in self defence. They must be taught first of all that to be unharmed by her they must go to the pedestals ready for them to stand on.

All her past training had no effect,—a creature sprang at her,—caught its claw in her training suit,—whirled and hissed and opening its ominous red mouth, came straight for her.

Into the red mouth went the revolver's charge of powder—then the steel cage rocked with frenzied creatures trying to get away,—while Zora cracked her whip and jumped here and there to escape them, and slung her chair into the faces of the assaulting animals,—while a dozen feeding forks were hastily pushed through the bars of the cage to protect Zora from the frantic beasts, as she "dodged and retreated, held them off with the gun or the whip, or broke their leaps by throwing the kitchen chair straight at the beasts as they came upon her."—For nearly two hours she kept death at bay, then one by one the angry beasts quieted down, with a sort of dim realization that the human creature in the cage with them was not there to injure them,—would strike only when molested.—When the terrible struggle was over Zora was exhausted and her suit was torn and bloodstained, but she had won her battle.

The next day was easier. She was in the cage again and that time she was able to make the tigers

sit on their pedestals for at least a few moments at a time.

Then she trained the lions, and had a less difficult battle with them than with the tigers. Then came the worst struggle of all—she faced lions and tigers in the same cage; animals who are open enemies in the wilderness! Zora was in the cage with them both!

There was no truce between the great Bengals and the lions—the scent was enough—there was a snarling, crouching movement forward,—on each other they sprang. Instantly the arena was a snarling, fighting mass of great, vicious beasts, and one lion who had before looked on the trainer as not an enemy suddenly sprang at her throat!—Zora's revolver flared,—a feeding fork ground deep into the lion's flesh—then into another and another,—but Zora won! She had learned that animals of the cat family have single-track minds,—they had learned that there would be no more shots if they obeyed the shouted commands of the human creature in the cage,—the cracking of the big whip also diverted their attention, making them realize the force of character and the brute strength there is in a human being.

Zora put on the big act for which she had been planning. Lions and tigers acted together, but the alertness of body and mind needed to keep the beasts in control at rehearsals and during the act, when a single act of disobedience of one tiger or lion would have meant death to Zora, kept her at such a high tension that she says when rehearsals

were over she would hurry back to her home and make candy or study French verbs or do anything which was unlike what she had been doing! Nevertheless, it seems incredible if she did not often dream of huge creatures lying in lurk to pounce on her,—and it is to be imagined that she awoke from such dreams in a paroxysm of fright.

She had more than one narrow escape from death during her rehearsals and performances. One which took her a long time to forget was when she was in the cage with her "cats." A pup who was very fond of her strolled into the menagerie grounds and seeing Zora in the cage, barked happily to attract her attention. Unfortunately it was the notice of his jungle enemies which he attracted.—Instantly every lion and tiger was off his pedestal, rushing to the bars of the cage, and thrusting great claws through the openings, and drawing the poor puppy into the cage where his blood flowed and his bones were crunched. The taste of his blood drove the beasts to wilderness fury.—Zora did her best to separate the roaring, snarling tangle of wild creatures, but it was useless. They fought one another until they were worn out with the struggle, and it was a half hour before Zora knew that their fury had been expended. When at last the animals quieted down her clothes were tattered from stray slashes of the sharp claws, her revolver was empty of cartridges and she was as nearly a nervous wreck as one with her self-control could be. But never again was a dog allowed on the menagerie grounds during training hours!

A brighter side of the training of animals was shown by a puma named Pauline who shared a cage with a jaguar. As they were natural enemies of the jungle, a heavy iron door separated their compartments in the cage. By some mischance one day the door between the compartments was carelessly left open, and quick as a flash the jaguar forced his way through the opening and faced his prey.

Zora heard the cry of the terrified puma and rushed to its defence, trying to force it back into its compartment with a heavy iron feeding fork, and separate the creatures, which finally she did, but the puma lay gasping on the floor of the cage, badly injured as a result of the fight. No woman had ever entered the puma's cage before, Zora says, but she felt it her duty to help the poor, injured creature, so into the cage she went day after day, boldly, but not without fear of results. At first the beast would hiss with fright when he saw her, but soon seemed to understand that she was there as a friend, and let her dress its wounds twice a day for nearly a month. One day when she was changing the dressings, Zora says she felt "something warm and moist on her flesh—the puma was *licking* her hand in sheer gratitude for her care! After that she went into the cage daily without fear, and petted the beast, stroking her as one would a house cat,—and she says, "In all my experience she was the most affectionate, the most grateful animal I ever dealt with; when I would approach the cage she would leap back and forth in joy, then roll on her back and purr like the best behaved 'tabby' in the world."—And yet

there are those who take it for granted that all wild animals are vicious, seeking only to injure human beings!

By the time Zora had staged her big elephant act, and had tamed her mixed group of lions and tigers, not to mention being married to a circus man who was constantly in danger of losing his life through some one unguarded act,—she had learned a great deal about wild animals. To begin with, she had learned that they are as frightened at the sight of a human being as is the person at sight of them, and their only reason for attacking a person is to be the first to attack, to defend themselves before the person attacks them. She had learned the use of the feeding forks, with which every animal trainer is armed, and which protect their lives many times. She had learned, too, that the heavy “bull” whip used with such apparently vicious cracks, across the bodies of animals in the ring, is only passed lightly over the body, with touches which are understood by the animal,—a loud crack of the whip follows, which does not touch the animal, but is really only another signal to the beast who is doing an act.— She had learned to use an elephant hook and also the nature and habits of the biggest animals in captivity,—as well as the most treacherous cat family, to whom even the sight or smell of blood brings a frenzy of desire to kill.—She had learned, too, that her real desire lay, not in the circus ring, or in the iron cage of the menagerie, and so, when the World War broke out, she and her husband made a decision. They wanted to help, like the true Americans

they were, but they knew they could not do it as long as they stayed with the Circus.

Fred Allispaw could not go overseas with the other men, much as he wanted to go, because of crushed ribs and an injured knee, which were souvenirs of circus days, but to have a farm and send food to those who needed it, was the plan of Zora and her husband, when they sent in their resignations to the manager, who had been their friend for ten happy years of troup ing. He only laughed when he received them:

"Well, I'll take these things if it will make you any happier," he said: "but when the bluebirds sing again you and Fred will be right there waiting for the band to play and the bugle to sound off for the parade. You know," he added—"you can't make anything else out of show folks, and you needn't try."

To which Zora answered,—"I have often wondered sometimes if I really am 'show folks.' "

"You?" he asked, and chuckled as he appraised her: "Why, Zora, if ever there was a woman who was every inch an actress and who loved it above everything else in the world, it's you.—The applause of an audience is just food and drink for you, and you may think that you'll be able to get along without it, but you won't."

"I'll never travel with a circus again"—said Zora with so much decision that her manager looked at her sharply and asked, "Why?"

"I don't know why," answered Zora truthfully. But she was conscious that through all her years of triumph and success as a show woman, there had

been slowly but surely shaping in her mind the idea of having a Home,—of wrestling with the problems of Home life in the same vital way she had struggled with her animals—that the challenge of the great War had merely brought it to a climax.

But evidently she had had occasional glimpses of herself before, in the mirror of imagination as a Home-maker, as is evidenced by the elaborate and expensive linens she had from time to time bought when they had been in cities, and which she had put away for the day when she and Fred should retire to a domestic life. And now that time had come.

Both of them had saved, so they had a nice little nest egg to support them while they were starting life as farmers,—and, too, Zora had a large number of diamonds safely tucked away for a reserve fund. Diamonds, she tells us, are the circus man's bank. Travelling so fast from place to place, Circus folk cannot make use of bank accounts as can the ordinary person, but jewels can be carried from place to place and will generally sell at an advanced price when necessary. Both Zora and her husband had a goodly number of the glittering stones, which their circus companions called "Zora's Cows,"—having known of her ambition to buy a farm when the time came.

And now it had come. Not only were they going to buy a home,—not merely were they interested in having a small, well-stocked farm in a civilized community, they had decided on being "Homesteaders"—which meant that they were going into a wild, only partially cultivated part of the North-West, to

buy land from some man who had partly improved it, and wanted to sell cheap.

And so in December of 1917 we see them in a train on their way to Northwestern Colorado, which was then new country, just being opened up.—And both of them were eagerly planning for this great adventure while the train crawled up towards the crossing of the "snow-bound Continental Divide." And as she turned from looking out of the window Zora picked up the newspaper in her lap and glanced again at an article which she had read before. In it was a picture of herself perched on the tusks of Snyder; and with the picture was a three-column article with this head-line:

Zora, Bravest Woman in World
Becomes Present-Day Pioneer.

Famous lion, tiger and elephant
trainer known to millions of
circus goers, turns to simple
life in homestead country.

While the train ploughed its way through the snow drifts to its destination, Zora re-read the glowing account of her life with the Circus, smiling as she read paragraphs of an enthusiastic reporter:

"Now the time has come; Fred and Zora Allispaw are realizing their dream. They have left the blare of the band, the shrieking of the calliope, the bluster and hurry and excitement of the circus tent, for a still life in what is practically frontier country, where they will pioneer upon a homestead and build as our forefathers built. Mr. Allispaw, of course, will be able to adapt himself, besides, he was raised

upon a ranch and knows its hardships. This is not his idea, if anything he has tried to discountenance it. So then, what of Zora?—What is this woman going to do, with her education and versatility in the languages, when there is only loneliness of the shrieking coyotes with which to converse?—What is going to happen to her,—Zora, accustomed to the applause of thousands upon thousands, to the interests of travel, the accommodations of civilization—when she goes to a log house?—Of course the life of a circus is a hard life, but it is one within constant reach of every advantage which the big cities afford. There'll be none of this sort of thing in the country to which she is going; away from the railroad, from conveniences, from doctor or drugstore or grocery. And the question is,—how long will the Bravest Woman in the World stand it?"

Zora chuckled to herself as she looked once more at the picture of herself in her black satin tights, long black top boots and jaunty little head-dress, as she balanced on the huge elephant's tusk. Then she turned to look out of the train window and to dream happy dreams of a future in her new home.

She never did go back to the applauding thousands, to the glare and glitter of her old life, nor did she ever again face the dangers of the ring or the iron arena. But as a Homesteader she faced difficulties and dangers which required far more courage to bear, far greater resources of brain and body to overcome. And yet she overcame them even as she conquered her elephants and "cats." In her own unusual way Zora has well deserved the title given her by the newspapers of her circus day,—"The Bravest Woman in the World."

Seen as She Sings

GERALDINE FARRAR

A Girl with Luck and Pluck

Geraldine Farrar A Singer with Pluck and Luck

“SOME day I am going to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York!”

A daring announcement, that, but Geraldine Farrar has never been less than daring.

Although Sidney Farrar, Geraldine's father, at the time of her birth owned a store in Melrose, where the Farrars lived, and was a baseball player, first with a local amateur team and later with the Philadelphia National League, of which he was first baseman, yet he was also very fond of music. He and his wife both sang in the choir of the First Universalist Church of Melrose. Mrs. Farrar's father, Dennis Barnes, had also been a musician, having done some composing as well as having organized a small orchestra and playing the violin. The story has been told that he was taught to play that instrument by an Italian fiddler and that he made his own violin, pulling the hairs from the tail of an old white horse to make the bow. It would be hard to credit the tale if it were not recorded by Geraldine herself.

So Geraldine's statement of the future greatness at which she aimed was not as preposterous as if she had not been born with an inheritance of musical ability, and had not shown marked love for music almost before she could walk or talk.

In the parlor of the big old-fashioned Farrar home, there was a square piano, and Mrs. Farrar used to

watch the child stand by the hour in front of the instrument on tip-toes, because she was not tall enough to reach the key-board otherwise. Stretching up to see and touch the keys, she would strum on them with keen delight in what to her was evidently some sort of tune.—And at other times she would hum an air which she had heard the street organs play when they stopped before the house,—and Mrs. Farrar was astonished that such a child could catch a tune so correctly.

One thing was evident. Geraldine was musical. All the Farrars' friends were much interested and amused by the child's accomplishments. And being precocious, musically and dramatically, and unusually pretty, she was a great pet of the family and all who knew her. So once when there was to be a church concert, although she was then just three years old,—as the great attraction of the affair little Geraldine sang.

One can imagine her standing before the amused and interested audience, demure, childishly charming but perfectly self-possessed, singing her song with the calm poise of an opera star.

There was a burst of applause, when she finished singing.—It was such a novelty to hear a mere baby sing like that. Then Geraldine quietly walked to the edge of the platform, and looking at a familiar face in the front row of the audience, a face which had shown anxiety earlier in the program, asked in a clear childish voice:

“Did I do it well, Mamma?”

There was a ripple of laughter through the Hall,

but it did not upset the young prima donna, who retired from the stage with poise and serenity. Mamma had looked pleased!

Geraldine was given music lessons as soon as she was old enough, but she always disliked them. She wanted to play pieces in her own way, to try for effects of her own, not in keeping with the notes put before her to play. Scales and daily practice she hated, but she loved to sit and improvise without any teacher to interfere. As she has herself recorded, she wanted to play everything on the black keys. When her mother questioned her about this peculiar idea, she answered:

“Because the white keys seem like angels, and the black keys like devils, and I like devils best!”—Oh Geraldine, what a significant reply! Never did the angels make a strong appeal to you as a young person who loved Life and all it had to offer!

So difficult was it to make Geraldine practise her pieces and scales according to the proper method, that Mrs. Farrar offered her a tricycle if she would learn to play according to rule, but even that did not work—she kept on improvising, to the despair of the family. Her father, however, who was inordinately proud of his pretty and evidently talented daughter, gave her not only the tricycle but a pony, too,—which it may be surmised did not add to Geraldine’s feeling that the family idea of discipline was any too strong.

Although her young friends were all interested in out-of-doors sports, she had no interest in them, but her love of animals was great and she had a big

Newfoundland dog, with whom she played many games, and several cats who allowed her to dress them up in all sorts of costumes and pretend they were actors or actresses. She had also at various times a chameleon, two small alligators, guinea pigs, rabbits, a bullfinch and a robin with a broken wing. She had a garden, too, of which she was very fond, which she watered and planted and dug with the greatest care.

But planting, or digging, or petting the rabbits or costuming the cats never for one moment diverted her thoughts from the fact that she was going to be a Great Singer. She not only felt it,—she knew it; and knowledge is power.

School days came, and Geraldine was devoted to one of her teachers, a Miss Swett, who seems to have appreciated the temperamental girl, even though she did not understand her moods and tempers, which were like flashes of sunlight followed by summer showers.

It is said that one day later in Geraldine's life, when she was living in New York and Miss Swett was calling on her, Geraldine made some rather startling remark, and Miss Swett exclaimed:

“Geraldine, where are you going to end?”

To which her former pupil replied, laughingly:

“Well, I may brush the gallows in the wild flight of my career, but I'll never be really hanged.”

Those years at school were trying ones for a girl whose mind was full of dreams and fancies, and to give her creative ability an outlet she wrote a play based on an old fairy story, and called “Rapunzel

of the Golden Hair." She wanted to be the heroine of the play when it was produced at school, but alas, her hair was short and dark, and not at all adequate to the occasion, so the idea had to be discarded.

At that time she dramatized every incident of her daily life, and there is an amusing anecdote which has come to us from the heroine of the sad tale herself. A brother of one of Geraldine's girl friends arrived in Melrose. He was slightly older than ten-year-old "Gerry," and had been educated in England. At once he took a great fancy to his sister's chum, who, when she found that he was not intrigued either by her singing or her acting, but only by her charming self,—turned a cold shoulder to him, refusing to let him carry her books home from school,—always a proof of real devotion in school days. The boy in despair called on Mrs. Farrar and begged her to use her influence with her daughter in his behalf, but it is said that Mrs. Farrar laughed and told him to ask Geraldine,—and sadly he confessed that he had done so, with no good results.

The really tragic end of the story was that the boy was drowned when skating on thin ice a few days later. "Instantly" records Miss Farrar, "I became a widow. I dressed in black; abandoned all gayeties, went to and from school mopping my eyes with a black-bordered handkerchief; and the other boys and girls stood aside in silence as I passed, leaving me alone with my grief."—She adds, "For six weeks I played the tragedy, and then in the twinkling of an eye the mood, in which I had been genuinely serious, passed away. In life this boy had

meant nothing to me, in death he became a dramatic possibility which I utilized unconsciously as an outlet for my emotion."

Who can say that "Gerry" was not a born actress, as well as a singer? That she had a temper as well as so-called "temperament" is shown by more than one incident of her girlhood, which do not redound to her glory, but prove her athletic ability and her intention to achieve her own ends, regardless of results to others.

At home she was often very moody, sometimes for hours, even for days at a time, being silent, and any attempt to speak to her would make her very irritable. Only her mother seemed to have understood what those moods meant, and she tried to guard her against intruders as often as possible when she was in such a mood. It was Geraldine herself who found a way to ward off talkative persons at such times.

A most hideous pair of black and white checked stockings accomplished her object!

Horrified at them, her mother inquired why she had them on.

"When I wear them, you will know that I want to be let alone," answered the young person, and from that time those awful stockings worn by pretty Geraldine were a danger signal to friends and family! Sometimes her mood would change after an hour or so of wearing them; at other times they would be in evidence for several days. Temperament? Oh yes, Geraldine has it!

High School was a necessary evil on which her

family insisted, although Geraldine wanted only to study music, but she was out-voted and to High she went, hating mathematics, like most musicians, but being interested in mythology, history and literature. Languages she studied with keen interest, for she hoped to make use of them later.

Prize essays were offered in connection with a supplementary course she took in literature. Geraldine was sure her essay would win.—With her usual dramatic ability she visualized herself receiving the prize, and even rehearsed the speech of thanks she would make. But she did not get the prize, which made her very angry, but the disappointment taught her the valuable lesson that she could not always win, that “perseverance must aid natural talents and that it is cowardly to drop a thing when at first you don’t succeed.”

So much for Geraldine at that time. Now let us begin to read her story from a different angle,—that of the great singer-to-be.

In 1894, when Geraldine was twelve years old, the usual May Carnival was held in Melrose. One of its features was a pageant of famous women impersonated by local talent. Young Geraldine, being a singer and loving to act, was chosen to take the part of Jenny Lind and told by the Committee that she was to sing, “Home, Sweet Home.” In spite of that decision, she decided to sing an Italian aria first! You see, she was already thinking of herself as a *prima donna*, and what more natural than to dazzle her audience with a song in a foreign language and then sing the simple ballad as an encore?

Did twelve-year-old Geraldine of Melrose know the Italian language well enough to sing a song in it? *She did not*, but she felt perfectly competent to attempt it, sure that she could, to use a slang phrase, "get away with it" by reason of her acting, her voice and her personality. And she did. She sang Siebel's song from *Faust*, in what she says was "Italian which might have been incomprehensible to a native, but which did not disconcert Melrosians!" She had many recalls and gave "Home, Sweet Home" just as she had planned, and was deliriously happy and extremely pretty in her first low-necked dress!

With the dress was a pair of matching slippers, which added greatly to the effect of the costume, but they were so tight that after singing the encore, as she humorously relates in her own story of her life, she had to retire behind a stout lady on the stage and take them off! Then she adds, when it came time to go home and she tried to put them on again, they would not go on! So she walked home in her stocking feet!—Quite a picture of beauty in distress, that!

One friend of the Farrars was so much impressed with Geraldine's performance that night that she at once asked to take the young girl to sing for her teacher, Mrs. J. H. Long, one of the finest teachers in Boston.

Mrs. Farrar was delighted but astonished by the suggestion,—Geraldine—who was still in her stocking feet,—was radiant, ecstatic, determined.—She would go, of course, as Mrs. Farrar knew by the

gleam in her eyes, so she agreed to the plan and a day was set for the trip.

When Mr. Farrar was told about it he was interested but pessimistic about results. Even with her musical inheritance and precocious ability, he did not take Geraldine's talent very seriously. But Mrs. Farrar did, and so mother and daughter went to Boston on the appointed day, although it was raining so hard that the young singer's hair was without curl, and she was unable to wear the muslin dress that had been planned for the occasion, but had to wear a dark, undramatic suit instead.

However, once at the studio of the kindly teacher, Geraldine's nervousness and even her memory of what she was wearing vanished. Mrs. Long was so much pleased with the girl's voice that she took her for a pupil,—to which piece of "luck" can be attributed much of the technique of Geraldine's voice culture, for Mrs. Long knew just how to overcome her objections to practising scales and to the real drudgery of the routine which must come before success.

At that time, young as she was, Geraldine sometimes sang in the Church at Melrose, which was good practise for her in facing an audience, and also in throwing her voice out and in clearness of diction.

Miss Farrar has quoted in her own story a clipping from the Melrose Journal of May 21, 1895, which her mother had carefully saved. It said:

"Miss Geraldine Farrar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Farrar, has a voice of great richness and power. Many who heard her for the first time at the

Vesper service last Sunday afternoon were greatly surprised. She is only thirteen years old, but has a future of great promise, and it is believed that Melrose will some day be proud of her attainments in the world of music."

As a result of the local interest in that church program, and of the knowledge that Geraldine was a pupil of the well-known Mrs. Long of Boston, she sang at two other concerts during the next six months, at the latter she sang one solo and a duet for which she was paid ten dollars, the first money she had ever received for singing. As the recital was given by a Boston singer, it received many newspaper notices, and Geraldine was thrilled at a comment of the critic of the Boston Times on her own part of the program, which said—

"Miss Geraldine Farrar is a young girl who has a phenomenal soprano voice and gives promise of becoming a great singer."

One can guess that the flattering criticism filled the young singer with excitement, and made her indulge in many day dreams about her future greatness.

In 1896 Geraldine made her Boston début at a recital given in Association Hall by Mrs. Long's pupils. She was fourteen years old then, very lovely in a dress of simple white, with touches of color. As usual she attracted much attention, not only for her voice and her use of it, but for her appearance, which charmed all who saw and heard her. Geraldine was especially pleased with one criticism of the perform-

ance in the "Melrose Reporter" of the following day, which was both a glowing tribute to the young singer, and a prophecy, although it was unknown as such then. The interested musical critic ended his criticism with the paragraph:

"With hopeful anticipation, her many loving friends will follow her future, which seems already unfolding, and as the child glides to womanhood, our little twinkling star may rise by and by, from dear Melrose and become resplendent in the musical firmament."

Geraldine was not only thrilled over her success that evening, but also over receiving her first flowers from "an unknown admirer,"—which she pressed and has always kept.

But life was not all as interesting to the girl with a vividly brilliant nature, as was that exciting event. There were some years of study and of little public applause for the young student, who really worked so hard that when the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company of New York visited Boston in the Spring, with Maurice Grau as Director, Mrs. Farrar gave Geraldine the treat of hearing Carmen sung by the great singers in an unusually rare cast.

Calve, Jean de Reszke, Plançon, Saléza, Emma Eames—it was an unforgettable performance to all who heard it, but to no-one was it more marvellous than to bright-eyed, excited Geraldine, who sat entranced—forgetful of herself, of everything except the scenes and songs of the brilliant opera which was so magnificently sung.—Then in a flash of deter-

mined inspiration she made her decision. *She*, too, was going to sing in the Metropolitan Opera Company some day!

Let us see what came of the pronouncement of the girl, not only with a voice but with "luck and pluck," who had already begun to climb the ladder which she was to ascend rung by rung,—climbing up towards fame and fortune.

Already the young singer of Melrose had begun to attract the attention of music lovers outside the small town, and through the kindness of a Hindu Professor who was in Boston for a time, and who knew many artists in all the professions, Geraldine was given an opportunity to sing for the great Jean de Reszké, who was staying at the Parker House.

The opportunity was a golden one, but Geraldine's mood was not. As usual she played her own accompaniments, but she sang without her usual spirit, and although Jean the Great listened politely, he merely gave the young singer the good advice to go to New York and have her voice tested by one Madame Capiani, a fine teacher,—and that was that.

Mrs. Farrer and Geraldine went back to Melrose and gave Mr. Farrar an account of the experience, and Mrs. Farrar said she thought Jean de Reszké's advice should be taken,—that Geraldine should be given every opportunity to become as fine a singer as possible. Mr. Farrar did not oppose the plan, although he still had more doubt about his daughter's ability being above the average than had his wife. However, Miss Farrar says, "He acquiesced—

in the belief that whatever emotional tornado should overtake me, my mother's steady influence would maintain the necessary equilibrium!"—And they went.

New York! The Metropolitan Opera House! No experience of her adventurous life ever gave Geraldine greater emotion than was hers when she first saw the dull brick, inartistic building, standing on a great thoroughfare with no outstanding architectural features. But oh, the names on the billboards! Names to conjure with, in big red letters!—casts with magic in them!—GERALDINE FARRAR—would be there too, some day, among the galaxy of stars. She could see it!

To Louisa Capiani went the Farrars, and the expert singing teacher, who had taught more than one famous light-opera star, was so delighted with the clear, true young voice and the girl's evident dramatic ability, that she not only took her as a pupil but wanted Geraldine to sign a three-year contract which she could obtain for her.

But here Mrs. Farrar asserted her authority. Her daughter was entirely too young to sign any kind of a contract yet, she said,—and teacher and would-be young artist were obliged to accept the decision, much to the disappointment of Geraldine.

However, she studied with Mme. Capiani until summer came and the Farrars went to Maine. There again "luck" was with them, for they met Miss Emma Thursby, who offered to take Geraldine as her pupil during the coming season.

And now came months of hard work which needed

pluck, added to the luck of studying with Miss Thursby. However that winter of 1897-1898 was one of thrills as well as of work for Geraldine, for she and her mother enjoyed the pleasures offered by a big city and its musical and dramatic life.

Whenever Geraldine could afford it, she was to be found among the crowd of standees at the Metropolitan, hearing Melba in *Faust*,—Calvé in *Carmen*—Jean de Reszké in *Siegfried*,—Plançon in his many wonderful rôles,—storing up memories which would live forever in the mind of the girl to whom the rôles meant so much ecstasy, and even more artistic education.

Madame Nordica was an object of Geraldine's intense admiration, and she was fortunate in gaining the friendship of the charming and kindly singer, as well as that of her husband, Zoltan Dôme.

What a winter for the girl from Melrose! One can imagine Sidney Farrar's eager opening of letters from New York. He was especially interested to hear that Miss Thursby had taken his daughter to sing for Madame Melba, and that Geraldine happened to be "as radiant as the day, and sang so well that Melba was enthusiastic, as she listened to the young singer calmly playing her own accompaniments, her notes like those of a carefree bird on the wing."

After Geraldine had finished singing, Madame Melba at once suggested that she should sing for Melba's manager, Mr. C. A. Ellis of Boston, of whose opera company she was a star.

Then came another trial of her voice,—this time

in the Boston Theater with Madame Melba, Mr. Walter Damrosch and others in the audience.

The young singer was a trifle nervous when she sat down to the piano and noted the great empty place, where she feared her notes would be lost in its immensity. But she was wrong. Clear, rich and lovely her voice rang out. Madame Melba rushed to congratulate her. Mr. Ellis did the same, and was so much impressed with the promise of her voice that he offered her an engagement, and that evening Madame Melba urged Geraldine to sign a contract which would place her under Melba's care and teaching until the great singer thought she was ready to appear in opera.

It was no light decision to make, but again Mrs. Farrar's good judgment came to the rescue. She said as she had said before, "Geraldine is far too young to be bound by any contract yet. She has a very emotional nature, and has attracted more attention than has been good for her. She must leave this stimulating atmosphere of art and music, much as she loves it, and spend some time in other studies than music. In the end it will prove the wiser plan for her."

Geraldine was not pleased with this decree, as can be imagined, even when made by her adored mother,—but there was no getting around it, the decision was not altered, and to Washington, D. C. went the young singer, where, under the care of a friend of Mrs. Farrar's, away from excitement and applause, she went on with her education in other lines, keeping up her singing lessons, and as she has said, "waiting impatiently to grow up!"

But there was at least one interesting and colorful incident connected with that Washington experience. At that time the Spanish-American War was firing Americans with patriotic ardor, and one day a friend took Mrs. Farrar and Geraldine to call at the White House.

Mrs. McKinley received them as well as other visitors in the Blue Room, with her usual charming courtesy, and they were talking of various subjects when suddenly President McKinley entered the room, much excited, carrying some despatches, and exclaiming,—“Dewey has won a great victory at Manila!”

Everyone present was thrilled, and Mrs. McKinley turned to Geraldine and asked if she would sing, “*The Star Spangled Banner*.”

Geraldine rose instantly and went to the piano, then waited a moment, struck a few bars—and then, the words rang out rich with emotional expression,—“*Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light—*,” with such intensity of patriotic fervor that the listeners were overcome with deep feeling, as was Geraldine herself.

A vision, unseen by any of those at the White House that day,—a dream that was to come true long afterwards,—The World War, and Geraldine Farrar, regal in Columbia's costume, standing on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, a Red Cross nurse at either side of her, a vast and thrilled audience joining her in a mighty chorus as her voice rang out like a call to arms, in that same national anthem.

But that is not yet. It is only the seer's vision.

Geraldine Farrar is mounting up the ladder of her achievement toward her ultimate goal, but she is not yet near the top rung.

Again because of Miss Thursby's kindly interest in her career, Geraldine met Dr. Holbrook Curtis, the eminent throat specialist, who had taken care of so many great singers. Through Dr. Curtis the young girl was introduced to Mrs. Grau, the wife of Maurice, and was given an opportunity to sing for him. He was much pleased with Geraldine's clear, true notes, as well as with her charming appearance, but he agreed with Mrs. Farrar,—probably greatly to Geraldine's rage,—that she ought to study quietly without any public applause, which so often deadens while it stimulates, for the present, as Geraldine was only sixteen years old. Seeing the look of disappointment which flashed across the young song-bird's face when he said this, he asked Geraldine quickly, to soften the sting of his candid opinion, whether she would like to sing at a Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan Opera House.

With decision which might have been translated into something more intense, Geraldine said she would *not* like to, but to temper her firmness, added, "Thank you, Mr. Grau."

"It might be valuable to you to have your name on the billboards of the Metropolitan Opera House," he urged, good-naturedly—

"You will see it there some day," flashed Geraldine, with such conviction that he laughed, having, as Miss Farrar has said, "no more reason to take

me more seriously than dozens of other young 'hopefuls' who dreamed of some day storming the Metropolitan doors."

Somehow or other reports began to be circulated among city papers regarding Geraldine and her voice, but they were not all as flattering as had been those of her own home town. One in a much-read New York paper stung her into resentful surprise when she read its caustic critique, in which the reviewer said in part:

"If half of what Miss Geraldine Farrar's enthusiastic friends say of her vocal and dramatic talents is true, then this sixteen-year-old girl from Boston is the dramatic soprano for whom we have all been waiting these many years. With all due respect to the young lady, a lot of rubbish has been circulated as to her marvelous, not to say, miraculous, vocal gifts and accomplishments, and she cannot do better than include in her nightly prayers which all good girls say, an earnest invocation to Heaven to preserve her from her friends, that she may be saved from the results of over praise. . . ."

The reviewer went on to say:

"Why not confine the stories to simple facts; that she has a remarkable voice, almost phenomenal in one of her age, which is true, that her concert successes have been extraordinary, and that, if youthful evidences hold good, she will some day assume an enviable position in Grand Opera? Miss Farrar is a handsome, gifted and very earnest young girl, and if she has common sense she will . . . attend strictly to practising her scales. Then some day, perhaps very

soon, this Boston girl will be electrifying metropolitan audiences—”

The “young girl” of the critic’s sharp review shed tears over this article, but it was of great value in making her realize that she ought to give her time to serious study rather than trying for public appearances and for praise before she was ready for either.

Luck again! Through another friend who heard her sing, Mrs. Webb,—a wealthy woman of Boston, heard of the girl with the great talent, who ought to have the benefit of foreign study,—for at that time there was practically no operatic career possible for a singer without a background of European reputation,—Mrs. Webb was also told that the Farrars could not afford to finance such a foreign trip, for although Sidney Farrar was willing to sell out his business, even that would not provide adequate resources for an extended trip abroad for three persons, it having been decided that if Geraldine should ever be able to study in Europe her mother and father should go with her. It seemed impossible until the impossible happened!

Mrs. Webb decided to play the rôle of good fairy to the Farrars, after hearing Geraldine sing—and almost thirty thousand dollars were spent for Geraldine during the early years of her foreign stay, by Mrs. Webb, but to the credit of the Farrars be it said that within two years after Geraldine’s return to America it was all paid back to the kindly philanthropist.

A day in late September of 1899 came, and the three excited Farrars went aboard the old Leyland steamship Armenian, full of dreams and hopes and plans.

Liverpool first,—then a few days in London,—then a city of Geraldine's dreams,—Paris.

Fresh from lesson days, Geraldine was the spokesman at the small family hotel where they went in Paris. Speaking French, she told the landlady what rooms they wanted and what they wished to pay.

A perplexed look crossed Madame's face:

"If you will only tell me in English," she said in perfect Anglo-Saxon, "I can understand you better."

That was a crushing blow to the supposed French scholar, but from that day she let her mother arrange all the details of the trip.

As soon as possible they found an apartment in the Latin Quarter, where they lived for many happy months, using the bus as means of transportation on week-days, and on Sundays giving themselves the treat of a drive in a fiâcre through the lovely, shady Bois.

Geraldine studied in Paris with Trabadelo, who had taught Emma Eames and Sybil Sanderson, from October, 1899 to the spring of 1900; and also with a teacher for the dramatic side of operatic work, Madame Martini, whose was the traditional method of teaching. She would command Geraldine to stand on a certain chalked spot, then say:

"Now,—After ten bars lift the right hand; two more, then point it at the villain; walk slowly towards the hero; raise your eyes at the twentieth bar

towards heaven, and conclude your aria with a sweeping gesture of denial, sinking gently to the floor."

What a routine to put tempestuous, temperamental Geraldine through! She was rebellious, there were arguments and recriminations,—Follow a silly chalk line for hours or repeat a gesture one hundred times to the same bar of music she could not and would not do. Arguments. Anger. Tears.—However, Geraldine learned a great deal of value in her stage work with Madame Martini.

One day she went home radiant. She had heard that her adored Nordica was in Paris with her husband. Geraldine wanted to sing for her, but "How can I find her?" she asked disconsolately of a family who could not solve such a difficult problem, but suggested watching the newspapers for items about the famous singer. Geraldine had a better idea than that. She had been told that Nordica drove daily in the Bois. She too would go to the Bois daily, hoping for her proverbial luck to help her as it frequently had before.

Hearing of the plan, a friend of the Farrars' offered to drive the eager girl in quest of the great singer, and so to the Bois they went in a handsome carriage, Geraldine sitting on the edge of the seat, alert and eager, watching the occupants of every fiâcre and other vehicle in the long procession winding down the lovely road.

"Why do you keep your hand on your throat?" her friend asked.

Geraldine laughed: "Oh, just because I don't want to lose a locket I wear for good luck," she said.

"It has a picture of Madame Nordica in it. I bought it when I was in school, with pin money, and it cost the whole of two dollars"—An endless procession of slow moving vehicles,—Geraldine's hopes were beginning to fade, then came—*Nordica!* Driving towards them was the great singer with her husband.—Geraldine jumped up, and with straight aim threw her locket into Nordica's lap.—She looked around to see from where it had come, while Mr. Dome idly opened it, and the great Diva saw her own photograph!

By that time Geraldine had scrambled out of the carriage and was standing on the foot-path waiting, and staring and waving to Nordica, who naturally did not recognize the little girl she had long since heard sing in New York. But she stopped her carriage when she saw Geraldine's evident desire to speak to her. Amused and touched, when she found out who the young girl was, she invited her to call at her home in the Bois, then she handed her back her locket, saying with a smile:

"Do not throw it away again!"

"But it has brought me such good luck today!" exclaimed Geraldine happily, and drove away in a riot of excitement, for *if* Madame Nordica should hear her sing again, and *if* she should think her voice had improved—was worthy of the operatic stage, what might it not do towards carrying her nearer her goal?

Nordica did hear her sing, and both she and Mr. Dome were more pleased with her voice than they said. From that day Geraldine was often at the great

singer's home in the Bois, and received valuable advice from her and her husband, although not what she had hoped to hear.

Instead of going to Italy, as she had planned, to become a member of some provincial opera company, for the experience it would give, both Nordica and Mr. Dome advised her to go to Berlin to study with M. Graziani, a Spaniard there, whose method they knew to be very fine.

Germany! It was the last place that either Geraldine or her mother had thought of in which to work. However, Nordica knew more than the Farrars, as they reluctantly decided, so they broke up their little home in Paris and, after spending a quiet summer in Brittany, went to Berlin.

Berlin!—Luck!—Geraldine Farrar had made two rungs of her ladder of fame in a single jump.—Had she been able to see, her eyes would have been dazzled with the future to which Berlin was leading the way.

It was a memorable city for Geraldine Farrar,—one rich in memories of the many thrills of her brilliant career there, as well as rich in other recollections where personal equation played a part. Had we access to her diary of that period we would doubtless find entries filled with superlatives, describing delightful receptions at the home of one of Berlin's leading bankers, to whose wife Nordica had given the Farrars letters of introduction, and singing for the Intendant of the Royal Opera, the Kaiser's personal representative,—in connection with which an amusing incident occurred. Geraldine, fully aware of

the importance of the occasion, had prepared an exquisite blue evening gown, to wear with diamonds and pearls, while she sang the Waltz song from *Juliet*, the Aria from *Traviata* and the Bird song from *Pagliacci*.—Eagerly she looked forward to the evening when she would conquer new worlds.

Alas for anticipations,—word was brought to the Farrar apartment that the recital which was to have been held in Frau von Rath's ball-room, would have to be given in the afternoon rather than the evening, as the Intendant was obliged to use the ball-room for an official purpose later.

Geraldine was disconsolate. The blue evening dress was most inappropriate to an afternoon affair. However, she sent back word that, if the heavy curtains might be drawn, and the lights turned on to look as if it were an evening affair, she would sing! Her request was granted, but Miss Farrar says she could hear the audience murmur—"The crazy American!"—which was not flattering, but at least she had attracted attention, and had created the desired effect by her blue gown and her jewels!

Later she had an invitation to sing with the Royal Orchestra of Berlin. She had never sung in German, but when the request came, she agreed to learn one song in German, and, after studying the new language for ten days only, she sang "Elsa's Dream" from *Lohengrin* with the orchestra. Dr. Carl Muck directed the performance, which, besides the German song, included the Romeo and Juliet waltz in French, and the Bird song from *Pagliacci* in Italian.

Had she sung well, Geraldine wondered? Had she impressed the small audience who heard her?

The reply to her question was answered by the offer of a three-year contract to sing in the Royal Opera House.

Geraldine gasped. She came to Berlin to study, not to sing in public, she said, besides, she did not know German.

The amiable Intendant smiled and bowed: "Will you sing in Italian, then?" he asked. Again Geraldine gasped:

"Here—in Berlin—sing in Italian?" she managed to ask, when her astonishment had died down somewhat.

The Intendant said it would be a novelty and that was what the people wanted, and he added, "In you I have discovered a happy combination of voice, figure, personality, and—eyes.—To secure you for my patrons I will let you sing in Italian."

Another rung climbed—another step towards her goal!

The contract had to be signed by Mr. and Mrs. Farrar in Geraldine's name, for she was not yet of age. She was to sing in German only after she became familiar with the language.

The Farrars spent a quiet summer in Switzerland, for the new contract did not go into effect until autumn,—Geraldine did not merely live at that time, she floated on rosy clouds of hope. Her great Opportunity had come! She was as thin as a girl could be, she says, and she was working to the full limit

of her strength, but she was happy,—happy!—Then on the night of October 15th, 1901, when she was nineteen years old, came her début at the Royal Opera in Berlin, as Marguerite in *Faust*.

Her performance was favorably received by the critics, and Geraldine waited impatiently to receive another call to sing. It did not come, so with her characteristic determination she called at the private office of the Intendant, to find out the reason for not being asked to sing again. The Intendant looked confused, when she added that she merely wondered why that was so, adding, "Of course if Berlin doesn't want me, I should like to know it."—Daring Geraldine!

The Intendant murmured something about letting her know the next day.

"No. *Tonight!*" demanded the young American.—And faced with such determination, the Intendant said, "Very well, Fraulein, within ten days you will sing here."

And he kept his word, reviving *Traviata* for her benefit.

During that season Geraldine played many other important rôles,—Mignon, Manon, Marguerite and others in which she won golden opinions, and created a furore by her beauty and her ability,—and so passed her first season in Berlin.

A second winter came, and with it her meeting the Kaiser and the invitation to sing at the Palace. With the official invitation for this important event came the command that she must wear either black or lavender and no jewelry.

When the Palace official presented the invitation and the command, Geraldine shook her pretty head and said firmly:

"I am very sorry, but I never wear black and I never wear lavender,—neither color is becoming to me."

"But it is the custom of the Court"—he began, but Geraldine interrupted him:

"It is my custom," she said firmly, "to wear what I choose when I sing, and according to my mood, and I choose to wear white. Furthermore, I never wear gloves while singing."

The representative of the Kaiser was greatly disturbed, but went away saying he would see what could be done about it.—And Geraldine sang at the Palace in white, and without gloves!

Mounting still on the ladder of fame.—Years ahead, of success, of popularity,—of meeting great personages, among them Madame Lilli Lehman, with whom Geraldine studied the rôle of Elizabeth in *Tannhauser*,—of friendship with the Crown Prince and with the lovely Princess Cecile,—after her marriage to the Prince—all sorts of admiration, more than one ardent lover, but the American girl's ambition was to be an artist, first; then she would decide what should come next.

New contracts with the Royal Opera Company, a second season, and a third, which opened on November 14, 1905, with *Traviata*, all the rôles sung in Italian as a compliment to the star of the cast.

Manon sung for the first time in Berlin on the first of December, was "a wild riot of enthusiasm,"

—Geraldine Farrar's place in the hearts of opera-goers in the German city was secure. Monte Carlo was the background for her next success,—and there she had the great honor of singing *Bohème* with Enrico Caruso, the richness of whose marvellous tenor voice so carried the young prima donna away that the Conductor had to rap sharply with his baton to bring her back to earth.—In her own story Miss Farrar gives this paragraph from her diary of the following night:

“Tremendous reception on my début. After the third act and in full view of the audience Caruso lifted me bodily and carried me to my dressing-room in the general wave of enthusiasm.”

Evidently all the enthusiasm was not for Caruso, thrilling though his wonderful voice was in its rich clearness.

Berlin again, then Stockholm, where the now popular young singer opened in the rôle of Marguerite in *Faust*.—There, King Oscar received her at a special audience and she found him delightful in his chivalrous courtesy.

Paris in June, singing at a Charity concert,—Berlin again and Poland, where romance thrust itself in her path, as it had many times before, only to be repulsed, but this time the rejected lover followed the object of his adoration from place to place during long months, to the great annoyance of Geraldine.

A fourth season in Berlin in 1904-5, Monte Carlo once more,—with the King of Sweden in a

box. He was at once discovered by the keen eyes of the prima donna who gave the royal salute to him, although no one else discovered his presence.

As he was travelling incognito, the King could wander around the beautiful gardens as freely as any ordinary citizen, and sauntering down a flower-bordered path he met,—was it by accident—we wonder—Geraldine and her mother. He was delighted and courteous, and at once invited Mrs. and Miss Farrar to dine with him.—Up the ladder.—The goal almost reached!

The title rôle in *Amica* created in only five days,—a spectacular feat duly reported in newspapers in France and America,—Geraldine's engagement for three performances of a new opera to be given in Paris for charity,—Stockholm again, and there a telephone message from the hotel where Heinrich Conried of New York was stopping, requesting Miss Farrar to come at once to sing for him.

The young American favorite replied that she would be glad to see him at her home, if he cared to call there.

He called. He made an offer, which Geraldine of other days would have at once accepted, as the ultimate in success. But Geraldine of European laurels refused what he offered and he went away. But he was too anxious to sign contracts with such a popular song-bird as she now was not to return, to repeat his request, and later, after many heated discussions in regard to contracts and guarantees of every possible sort and kind, the contract was signed.

Geraldine Farrar came back to the land of her

birth after seven years of work and triumphs across the sea!

What a welcome she had! As the steamer came up the Harbor, surrounded by tugs and small craft of all kinds, even a singer as well used to notoriety as was Geraldine, was almost stunned by the surging, questioning crowd of reporters—the avalanche of telegrams, of letters,—she says, “All the world seemed to smile on me that day”

Luck and pluck had won, Geraldine Farrar was among the great singers of that day!

On the 26th of November, 1906, Geraldine Farrar’s decision—“Some day I am going to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House” came true.

In a “heavenly concoction made after a Botticelli painting,—of misty rose traced with silken flowers and sprinkled with tiny diamonds,—and her dark hair bound by a jeweled fillet of gold,”—a Juliet of entrancing beauty stood before her first Metropolitan audience—a nervous Juliet until the storm of applause told of her success.

But Miss Farrar’s *Madame Butterfly* will always stand out among her rôles as most popular and most moving.—For its characteristic features she was prepared by a little Japanese actress, who gave her such gestures and expression as would make the rôle more perfect. In her own story Miss Farrar says:

“*Madame Butterfly* was a triumph for us all, and for me in particular. There were flowers, laurel wreaths (one with a darling little flag of Nippon tucked away in the green leaves) thanks from au-

thor, directors, and so on—all the usual hubbub of a successful premier," and she adds:

"Somehow I got home and sobbed myself to sleep on my mother's shoulder, utterly worn out by the nervous strain and cruel fatigue of the previous weeks.—" And now her admission from her own lips: "Ah! Adorable, unforgettable blossom of Japan! Thanks to your gentle ways, that night I placed my foot on the rung of the ladder that leads to the firmament of stars."—Reached. The top!

Two years later. The Town Hall of Melrose filled to the doors, an eager mob outside trying to push its way into the Hall to hear the child who had been the pride of the town,—the girl who had won her place among the ranks of those who had arrived.—And what an ovation! The next day's reception, with the Mayor and school teachers with their pupils all there eager to shake hands with the famous girl of Melrose and her much-loved mother, who had done so much to help place her daughter among the first ranks of artists was never to be forgotten.

It was a home-coming to be proud of, that of Geraldine Farrar to Melrose in 1908, more touching than any plaudits of other audiences, and she was graciously charming to young and old, who marvelled at her cordiality and her recollections of tiny incidents of the past which they themselves had forgotten. Clever Geraldine!

* * * * *

The seer's vision, even while the laurels were fresh on the brow of fortune's favorite—a vision made definite later to the seeing eye.—A day at the

Metropolitan Opera House,—a capacity audience filling every seat from dome to orchestra, and overflowing in many rows of standees.—An excited crowd of “Gerry fans” throughout the house, especially in the front rows of the orchestra,—boxes of flowers under seats,—someone holding a red velvet cushion on which sparkled a gorgeous tiara, fit for a Queen’s wearing.

The prelude to Leoncavallo’s *Zaza*. The curtain goes up—Geraldine Farrar in the title rôle, playing her farewell performance to a saddened throng of her devoted admirers, for no singer in America ever had more expressed devotion than had the matinee idol “Gerry.”

Scene followed scene in tragic operatic succession,—at the end of the first act there were countless recalls and many flowers thrown. After the second curtain the applause was thunderous,—bouquets came flying from every part of the packed house, until the stage was carpeted with lovely blooms,—roses, orchids, mignonette.—A much-moved Geraldine bowing her thanks to the vast, applauding throng.—The third act,—Geraldine sinks on her knees as part of the rôle she is playing, but in truth overcome for the moment, then quickly herself again. The curtain fell, then rose, the Prima Donna,—a favorite in more than one land, stood;—receiving piece after piece of set floral design, wheeled on the stage and placed back of her, beside her, around her,—Geraldine erect, arm around a great American flag,—while high American Beauties flanked her on either side.—Banners were flying

across the orchestra from box to box, from balcony to balcony, bearing touching slogans such as "*God Bless our Jerry*"—"Three cheers for Jerry"—"*We want Jerry*." Then suddenly from the Family Circle a voice called, loud and clear: "You'll come back to us, won't you, Jerry? We want you, Jerry! Will you come back?"

And Geraldine of Melrose, of Berlin, of Paris, of Stockholm, of Monte Carlo, of America, deeply moved, stretched out her arms in an all-embracing gesture and cried out:

"Yes, Yes! I will come back. You must not feel so badly. No one must cry today! I see two dear faces in the front row, and in their eyes I know there are tears.—They must dry them.—No one must cry today!—I will come back. How or when, is my secret! But there is someone in a box here who knows it.—You mustn't cry!"

She said more in the short speech she made, but it has faded from memory,—only the unique ovation remains. And in the front row, right center, sat Sidney Farrar and his wife,—with tears in their eyes. Their Geraldine was still young and beautiful, and yet she was leaving operatic Fame and Fortune behind her.—They were two very loving but very proud persons, proud of the great success they had helped their little girl make.—She was leaving the Metropolitan Opera Company for reasons doubtless known to them and to others in the inner circle of her intimates, but to the world at large the reasons have always been merely a matter of conjecture.

When at last the final curtain fell and it was evident it would not rise again, those who had planned the move, rushed out and attached heavy ropes to the wheels of the *Prima Donna*'s waiting car.—Half sobbing, half laughing,—dazed by the events of the afternoon, Geraldine finally got into it, still in costume, and wearing the glittering tiara which had been placed on her hair during the third act ovation,—and so standing, clasping the American flag, and surrounded with tons of floral tributes, Geraldine Farrar was drawn slowly up Broadway. But traffic finally interfered, ropes had to be cut,—an engine started, and the great singer's triumphal progress had ended.

Of rumors not too friendly, of statements not too creditable there have been many concerning the life of Geraldine Farrar,—but greatness is always a target for jealousy, and no young American singer ever had a mother as a more constant companion at home or over-seas,—nor worked more definitely towards her goal, nor had a more humorous knowledge of her temperamental peculiarities, nor was more an idol of the public than was Geraldine, whose luck and pluck are proverbial. Faults? Who is without them? Weaknesses? Naturally,—they are common to all, but with her beauty and charm and talent who could be more fairly called a great American girl. Hats off to "Gerry!"

*Reaching up She Plucked a Star
And Put It in Her Hair*

MAUDE ADAMS

A Famous Actress

DEEP hidden among a mass of roadways and by-paths of Kensington Gardens, London, there stands a statue around which children play as if in the company of a beloved companion,—and there too, at any hour of the day, older admirers may be found looking with interest at the dainty, elfish, roguish Peter Pan,—the children's Peter Pan,—the Peter Pan created by Sir James Barrie and Maude Adams.

The statue is of bronze, designed by Sir George Frayton, R.A. in the same spirit of fantasy and elfin charm as prompted the writing and the acting of the part.

On a high rock stands Peter Pan, piping to the friends who gambol around him,—fairies, birds, rabbits, squirrels, crows and field mice.

Sir James often visited the Gardens. He knew where the children gathered daily to play, and there, on a wide expanse of emerald turf, he dreamed of seeing merry, mischievous Peter standing, forever to be the comrade of children who loved him so dearly,—who had so freely taken him to their hearts.

A sculptor was engaged to create the figure, with such understanding of the spirit of eternal Youth that he could breathe life into mere metal by the magic of his art, and then came Sir James Barrie's surprising command—one that took away the breath of both sculptor and Park authorities. The story

goes that Peter Pan was to be placed in the Park between darkness and dawn—a surprise to the children who the day before had seen only the broad expanse of greensward,—who in the morning would find their Peter standing on the very spot where he made his nightly landing in the Gardens. Their Peter, arrived as if by magic! Fairy tales and dreams come true!

It is said that there were objections raised,—it was declared to be an impossibility—Sir James was obdurate, and so one day wide-eyed, excited boys and girls found Peter there, a comrade who would never leave them—while they played in the shady Park, a merry Peter who would always be piping to the children of England.

Whimsical the character, whimsical the idea, and exquisitely whimsical artistically was the interpretation of it by Maude Adams, who would have won enduring fame from the one part had not so many other successes crowned her with laurels.

Maude Adams was the daughter of Annie Adams, an actress in a Salt Lake stock company and of James Kiskadden, a leading banker in that city. He came of an excellent Ohio family, and was a handsome and altogether delightful man, with such a magnetic personality that it was instantly recognized by anyone who met him.

When Maude was a baby her father was an object of her particular worship, and they were rare chums. Often he would be found sitting with her in his arms before the old-fashioned fireplace in their home. Sometimes he sang to her, or told her delightful

stories, and always the comradeship between them was perfect.

James Kiskadden died when Maude was seven years old, and the world grew dark for Maude when the sad news came, of a loss that grew with the years. "With the passing of time she remembered him vaguely, handsome, debonair, and always her faithful ally. And under lock and key she has kept as sacred relics the few souvenirs that remain of him, a faded photograph, a watch fob, a lock of hair, soft and auburn brown like her own."

He would have preferred not to have his only child on the stage, but when by chance she became a substitute baby when she was only nine months' old, the fatal step was taken and the world has profited by the mistake.

When Maude was born the Kiskaddens lived in a simple two story adobe house in Salt Lake City, where they were living when Maudie made her stage début at the age of nine months!

Many times has the story been repeated, but it bears repetition. The stock company of which Mrs. Adams was a member, was playing "The Cottage Girl" a play in which Annie Adams was supporting a visiting star. The play was followed by a roaring one-act farce called "The Lost Child." Having no part in the farce, Mrs. Adams dressed to go home, but remained to watch the farce, in which a baby is rushed on and off the stage several times, and is finally carried in on a platter by a waiter, and set before an astonished father, who has been frantically searching for his child who is supposed to be lost.

Mrs. Adams was standing by the call-board, much interested in watching the scenes of the farce, which was almost over, when she saw her own baby being brought up the passageway to the stage door by her nurse, who had come to go home with Mrs. Adams.

Just as Mrs. Adams spied the pair, the stage baby "set up a howl,"—not a howl which can easily be quieted, but one which meant a succession of shrieks ending in disaster to the farce.—The stage manager wrung his hands,—the cue for the entrance of the baby would come in a minute.—It would be impossible to produce a howling baby on a platter without ruining the farce. It has been said that the distracted manager, having caught sight of Maudie at the stage door, rushed to her, pushed her bewildered mother aside, snatched Maudie from the nurse's arms and laid her on the platter, just as the cue for the baby's entrance came. A moment later Maudie and the platter were in full view of the audience, who were convulsed with laughter which broke out afresh every few seconds. The howling infant who had made the first stage entrance was only six weeks old. Maudie Adams was nine months old—and had apparently gained about twenty pounds weight in five minutes. Good reason for an audience to laugh loud and long! The louder the laughter, the more pleased was Maudie, the new stage baby. Finally she became so enchanted with the lights and the laughter that she got on her hands and knees and cooed at the audience,—which naturally brought out a fresh storm of applause.

Maude Adams' stage debut was a huge success—

and without any effort on her part to create it, or any advertising of her ability or charms!

The other infant was dismissed from the cast and "Maudie" played the rôle of the baby as long as the farce ran. The incident is still recalled with great amusement by old inhabitants of Salt Lake City who are proud to claim her as their own at the time of her first stage appearance.

For the next few years she travelled in the west with the stock company of which her mother was a member, and a large part of her time was spent behind the scenes of the theatre, in fact she learned her letters in her mother's dressing room—while she was waiting, although she did not know it,—for the time to come when she would be a stage star, and not merely a back-stage daughter.

But besides her theatrical experiences, she had others of a really childish kind—among them many entrancing days spent at her grandmother's, where there were cows, sheep, dogs and horses to enjoy, for Maude Adams, both as a child and woman, has always been a lover of animals.

When Maudie was five years old the Kiskaddens were living in San Francisco and Annie Adams was playing with J. K. Emmett. There was a child in one of their plays who was not satisfactory, and Mr. Emmett suggested that Maude Adams take her place, and Mrs. Adams spoke to her husband about it.

Mr. Kiskadden's reply was quick and emphatic: "Most certainly not! She's my only daughter and I've no intention of letting her go on the stage and make a fool of herself."

Here Maude, who had been listening eagerly to the conversation, laid down her knife and fork and said with equal decision:

"No, Papa; Maudie not make a fool of herself" —and the gleam of determination in her eyes settled the matter. In the following week Miss Maude Adams made her second stage appearance in "The Wandering Boys" wearing a pair of tiny knicker-bockers, and playing the part of a small boy, Little Schneider.

There were nearly one hundred lines in her part but she memorized them in two days, and on the night of her first appearance said them without prompting or hesitation, and Mr. Emmett shook hands with the child and told her she was a good little actress.

Mrs. Adams told with great amusement of Maude's intense excitement on the opening night of the play, and how she directed her mother about making her up right, and how, after the rouge had been put on her cheeks and her eye-lashes darkened, she said very gravely:

"Muffer, are you sure I've got enough *louge* on?"

Having reassured her, Mrs. Adams heard her repeat her lines while waiting to go before the foot-lights, and she repeated them like a true actress, bringing out all the expression in them. There was one scene which worried her very much in anticipation, where she had to be tied to a water-wheel, and unless she screamed at a certain minute the effect of the whole scene would be spoiled.—Maudie was afraid she might ruin the play by a fatal mistake,

and so was her mother, who stood in the wings watching her act. When the mill-wheel scene came and the critical minute was almost at hand, Maudie kept whispering to her mother:

“Muffer, must I scweam now?”

She screamed at the right moment and the part was played finely, to the intense satisfaction of actress and parent.

There is a photograph of Maudie at that time, taken in San Francisco, on the back of which is scrawled “For Papa from Maudie, nine years old.”—still preserved among the treasures of one of her admirers.

Her next appearance on the stage was in “Fritz in Ireland” under Mr. Emmett, with whom her mother was playing, and she was such a success in the part that “Little Maudie’s” name was printed on the program after that time, whenever she appeared, and it was by that name that she first became known to western audiences. A child’s part in the play “A Celebrated Case” was the next rôle she played, and her scenes were mostly with Miss Belle Douglas, whose part in the play was a very important one. So afraid that Maudie would forget her lines, was the star, that she memorized them as well as her own, which made the child highly indignant and she exclaimed:

“You needn’t fret about me; I’m all right.”

After the play Miss Douglas laughingly told how Maudie kept whispering to her “Don’t boffer about me. If you get stuck, I’ll help *you*.”

There was the promise of a real actress in Maudie,

who soon dropped the childish name, and became *Maude*, but she always remained Adams instead of Kiskadden, although her father's family would have been glad to see Kiskadden on the programs when Maude became famous, even though they had not relished having an actress in the family when William Kiskadden married Annie Adams.

When she was less than six years old, Maudie—still the childish name,—played in “Out to Nurse.” She was young enough to be daring when she objected to anything, and greatly disliked the cold tea which at that time was always served at every kind of supposed banquet, for whatever liquid refreshment was supposed to be part of the stage meal, whenever a dinner or supper party where wines or beer were supposedly served.

In one scene of “Out to Nurse” she had to carry a pitcher of beer on the stage to Mr. Murphy and others of the company who were on the stage, and drink a toast with them. In the pitcher was the cold tea of her detestation, and with the dignity and determination of a star of the company, she went to Mr. Murphy, who was both manager and actor, and told him she would give up the part unless she could carry real beer in the pitcher.

It is said that Mr. Murphy, who was very fond of the quaint child, was enormously amused at the demand and with a roar of laughter he patted her on the back and told her she should carry no more substitutes for beer, adding:

“That's the sort of leading lady I like to have! She wants real beer and she shall have real beer!”

After that the members of the cast were more than ever her friends, but Mrs. Adams never allowed Maudie herself to drink a drop of the beer which so cheered her stage comrades. But when they drank the toast they would wink at the little girl and add in a whisper: "'ere's to yer!"

By reason of her successful appearances in child parts, "Maudie" became known as the most popular child actress of the Pacific Coast, and when she was about seven years old and the Kiskaddens were living in San Francisco, she attracted the attention of David Belasco, who at that time was stage manager of the Baldwin Theatre there, and he and James A. Herne were playing together. In many of their plays there was a child's part, and Mr. Belasco suggested Maudie Adams for these rôles. He had known Annie Adams for some years, and thought her one of the outstanding character actresses of the west, and so had a natural interest in her daughter, whom he later said he remembered as "a spindle-legged little girl who was unusually tall and thin for her age, with a funny pig-tail and one of the quaintest faces you ever saw."—But, Mr. Belasco goes on to say "Even in her babyhood there was a magnetism about the child,—some traces even then of that wonderfully sweet and charming personality of later years."

The child, in short, was a born actress, she had temperament, she could act and grasp the meaning of a part long before she was able to read. He goes on to say:

"After she had begun to play in our company, when we were beginning rehearsals of a new play,

I would take her on my knee, and explain to her the meaning of the part she had to play. I can see her now," he adds, "with her little spindly legs almost touching the floor, her tiny face, none too clean perhaps, peering into mine, and those wise eyes of hers drinking in every word. I soon learned to know that it was no use to confine myself to a description of her own work; until I had told the whole story of the play to Maudie and treated her almost as seriously as if she were our leading star, she would pay no attention.—Once she realized that you were treating her seriously, there was nothing that that child would not try to do. But first, mind you, she had to know all about the play."

After the parts had been given out, Mrs. Adams would always learn Maudie's lines before she learned her own. Then, bit by bit, she would teach the child her part. She had a good memory and made what is called on the stage "a wonderfully quick study."

One of Maudie's biggest successes at that time was as "Little Crystal" in a play called "Chums," which scored a big hit for long-legged, fast-growing Maudie, whose part was the most vital one of the whole play. But manager and mother were quick to realize that the child was fast growing into girlhood and could no longer take such parts as she had been successful in before.

To a manager this was a distinct regret, for the child had been a source of income to him drawing crowds to see her childish impersonations. But to Annie Adams, the devoted, self-sacrificing mother, who had watched over the child constantly during per-

formances and rehearsals to see that no harm came to her of any kind, who had spent many a long night making a new dress for Maudie, after acting in the evening performance, it must have been a happy release from responsibility to realize that the time had come for the girl to be placed in a good school where she would have a different environment than that of footlights and applauding audiences.

Maude Adams—now no longer the “Little Maudie” of programs, went to school in spite of her many objections to the decree, and her mother insisted on having her remain there at the Salt Lake Collegiate Institute for two years, where she was registered as Maude Kiskadden, which name she kept until she went back to the stage.

At school she showed exceptional brilliancy in dramatic recitations, and in elocution always had a 100 mark,—being a good scholar in other studies as well. She was tall, slender and delicate in appearance, but was seldom sick, and had always a charm of manner which was shy yet appealing, demure but full of reserve force. Her friends were devoted to her, and her elocution teacher was so much impressed with her ability that after one especially good rendering of a bit of characterization, she went to Mrs. Adams and said:

“You simply must educate Maude for an elocution teacher. She has great ability along that line, and in time I feel sure she could earn as much salary as eighteen hundred or two thousand dollars a year!”

With a quiet smile Annie Adams, who felt she knew more about her daughter’s real talent than the

kindly teacher, thanked her,—and Maude did not become an elocution teacher!

While Maude was still at school, and almost fourteen years old, she was suddenly assailed by an overwhelming homesickness and longing for her mother and the stage. She could not bear school any longer. Seating herself at her desk, she carefully wrote a letter to her mother which has been preserved. In it she said:

“It is no use my studying any more, mother,—in fact it’s all nonsense unless I’m to go into literature or am to be a teacher. But I want to go on the stage again, so that I may be with you.”

Underneath the plea Mrs. Adams sensed the longing which was real pain to the child, whose love for her and for the stage life was so much a part of her nature, and she let Maude leave school to be with her. But the older girl found stage life very different from that of her childish career. As “Little Maudie” she had been a popular small personage. Now she was only “Annie Adams’ daughter,” with no stage experience in adult work, and with no standing among professionals. She would have to begin again if she wanted to conquer the technique of stagecraft.

She begged her mother to use her influence to get her an engagement; Mrs. Adams’ reply was:

“I can at best only get you some temporary part, my dear, and that as an extra. If you truly want to become an actress, you will have to become one by your own efforts and by hard work. No worthwhile

actress was ever made in a night,"—and Maude Adams decided. However rough the road might be, she would travel on it to the gate of success.

Mrs. Adams never doubted for a moment that Maude was a born actress, but this she did not tell the girl, for she wanted to have her work hard to gain her end. And work hard she did!

She studied the classics, and modern languages, learned parts which she saw acted nightly, and watched being played, noting carefully every gesture and inflection of the actress taking the rôle. Her mother had already given her a good ground work in the technique of acting, and besides the work she was doing along other lines, there was now merely the necessity for patience—for waiting until she should have a chance to play a grown-up part.

At that time, both actors and actresses in the west were having many try-outs ending in failures,—members of the theatrical profession were having a hard time to exist, and as a result many of them turned, as always, to the Actor's Mecca, New York.

Annie Adams decided that she and Maude would go east and try their chance in the big city, too, and one day they arrived—full of hope and expectations which were soon to be dashed, for competition was great, and the glitter and glamour and night life of the city did not compensate for its hardships. Even finding a good place to live was none too easy, for what they could afford to pay, and it took many weary hours and days of looking before they were settled in fairly comfortable quarters near Union Square.

Then day after day they went in search of an engagement,—money was growing scarce and there seemed to be no hope of success. Maude would come in, disappointed and tearful, to be met by a bright smile which Annie Adams always had for her beloved child. Then she herself would go out to look for luck which might be hiding around the corner, and it would be Maude whose smile warmed and cheered her when she came in, tired and disappointed,—but they never had the blues at the same time. And so days went by,—even Annie Adams' superb courage was beginning to wane—when one day the door opened and a radiant Maude came in,—her eyes bright with happiness: "I've got one!" she exclaimed: "I've got a part in 'The Paymaster,' the melodrama that is going to be put on at the Star Theatre. Isn't it wonderful?"—and mother and daughter rejoiced together.

During the early weeks of the run of *The Paymaster*, David Belasco, who had then begun his New York career, dropped in to see Duncan Harrison in the play. To his surprise he found a charming young actress, billed on the program as "Miss Maude Adams" playing a rather important rôle. He immediately recognized her as the "Little Maudie" of old days, and was deeply interested in watching her performance, not only because she was charming and excellently cast, but because she was the daughter of Annie Adams, for whom he had always had a great admiration, not only because of her character impersonations, but more especially because of her

devotion to her daughter and the care with which she had brought Maude up.

As he watched the scenes of the play Mr. Belasco became more and more interested in the young girl's acting and realized that she had the making of a fine actress in her. Of one scene he said afterwards, with a chuckle: "In the scene Miss Adams had to be thrown into a tank of real water in order to be rescued by the hero. Maude was about as tall as her mother and looked very much like her. When I saw that tank scene coming along," said Mr. Belasco, "I said to myself, 'I'll bet you Annie Adams will never let Maudie jump into that tank.' And sure enough, when the climax came I, being up to all the tricks of the stage, saw that it was Mrs. Adams who took the plunge, not Maudie."

After the play, in talking with Mrs. Adams and Maude, he heard of the persistant cold which the young girl had had for weeks and could not shake off, which made it hard for her to act, so when it came to having her jump into that tank,—as Mrs. Adams explained:

"Of course it was I that took the plunge; do you think for an instant that I would allow Maudie to run such a risk and probably catch more cold? I was thankful I could do it for her."

During the entire run of that play, every day Maude Adams went to a florist's shop and bought fresh roses, which her part required—as she refused to use artificial ones,—just as the child had refused to carry cold tea on the stage for real beer!

Charles Frohman, as well as Mr. Belasco, saw Maude Adams in "The Paymaster," and his discerning eye also saw in her the making of a great actress. He decided to engage her for his new stock company which he was forming, but the company was not yet ready to open, and meanwhile Mrs. Sothern, who had played with Maude, interested Mr. Sothern in her. "And," so Miss Adams has said, "he invited me out to dinner with them once, I remember. I couldn't speak a word, I was so diffident. I think he was disgusted, but afterwards he helped me."

And all the time Maude Adams was developing in charm, in ability to express what a rôle demanded, by the power of her many-sided talent.

Meanwhile, Charles Hoyt, having also seen her in "The Paymaster," decided that she would act the rôle of a young schoolmistress well in a play which he was going to put on at the Bijou, a play called "A Midnight Bell." The part was not an important one, but she managed to put into it such charm and individuality that soon everyone who saw it was asking others "Have you seen the new little girl in Hoyt's play at the Bijou? She's *sweet!*"—

That play was one of Charles Hoyt's big successes, and to many the most vivid memory of it is Maude Adams' portrayal of a small part. As has been said by a well-known theatrical critic of the day, "She had hit the theatrical bull's eye squarely and scored One."

A complication, delightful but vexing, came when the play ended. Mr. Hoyt offered Maude Adams a five-year contract on her own terms, and Charles

Frohman made her a less advantageous offer to play with his Stock Company.

An embarrassment of riches!

Maude did not hesitate long. She much preferred acting in serious drama than the farce comedies like "A Midnight Bell," and so she made what she did not know then was to be the most momentous decision of her life,—she signed a contract with Mr. Frohman, and remained under his management from that time until the day of his tragic death.

The Stock Company occupied Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre when it first opened, and with that company Maude Adams played a small part in a play by De Mille and David Belasco, called "Men and Women."

How little either producer or actress dreamed on that opening night that the young actress from the West was knocking at the gates of that success for which she had been working,—that they were ready to fly open at her touch and lead into such a magic land of dreams-come-true that she would have been overcome had she glimpsed the future lying before her.

Although fully aware of her great ability, Mr. Frohman did not push Maude into prominent rôles too soon,—in the De Mille-Belasco play she had a small part, as well as in Gilette's "All the Comforts of Home," and neither of them gave her a chance to show her ability even though in the latter she played opposite Henry Miller.

Mr. Frohman had been watching her closely, and her next rôle was one better fitted to her talent. As

the lame girl in "The Lost Paradise," New York audiences came to know the delicate, heart-touching, indefinable thing known as the pathos of Maude Adams, and to love her for her subtle, sympathetic understanding.

She had been three years under the management of Mr. Frohman when he called her to his office one day and said casually:

"John Drew has left the Daly Company—he has been under that management for eighteen years, but next season he is to be my star. You are to be his leading lady."

Maude Adams gasped! John Drew's leading lady! Take the place so long occupied by Miss Ada Rehan!—could such things be? In telling of that day Maude Adams said "I had to clasp my knees to make sure I really was there."

When the news was circulated among stage and social circles there were many murmurs of disapproval.—She was so young, so inexperienced,—it was absurd,—impossible! She would be a failure.

On the third of October, 1892, "The Masked Ball," an adaptation from the French by Clyde Fitch, opened in New York at Wallack's Theatre. The première was a brilliant one, for all John Drew's loyal admirers were on hand there to applaud him, under the new management.

His performance was a great success,—it could be nothing else, with his record of brilliant achievement. And opposite him played young and inexperienced Maude Adams, the choice of whom, for the young wife's difficult and delicate rôle, had been so

severely criticized. Was she a failure? The story is told in the fact that she had *twelve* curtain calls, and as much applause as John Drew himself received.

“Little Maudie” of the child rôles had arrived as “Miss Maude Adams of New York!” Although naturally the greater praise was given to the star of the evening by newspapers the following day, one contained this paragraph:

“The great situation of the play does not fall to Mr. Drew’s share; Miss Maude Adams, a young actress who until last evening had only been seen in minor rôles, fairly shared her honors with Mr. Drew. Her performance was a revelation.”

In the part the young wife has to pretend to be drunk in order to punish her husband for some remarks he has made.—If the scene had not been done with the most delicate refinement and the greatest art it would have spoiled the act.—Maude Adams did it with a balance of dignity and feigned intoxication which captured her audience.

When she was interviewed afterwards she confessed, “It wasn’t easy to do—for really, you know, it is not at all like me, though I am fond of comedy. One of the old ladies of the Sothern Company said to me, ‘Why, whatever has gotten into you? You never used to take a drop with us,’ and I told her I had gone to the demnition bow-wows and was tipsy every night now.”

So skillfully did the young actress appear to be drunk and yet remain a gentlewoman at the same

time that a reviewer says, "Miss Adams achieved this feat . . . so successfully that the applause lasted for fully two minutes after her exit." The scene stamped her as a comedy actress of a high grade, and her scenes of tenderness were equally delightful in their delicacy of feeling.

The "Masked Ball" was so successful that it was eighteen months before John Drew had to have a new play. Meanwhile Maude Adams had made her place in the hearts of the audiences who alternately cried and laughed at her will.

During the run of the play she was not merely acting, she was also working, and studying as she says: "Like an undergraduate at French, and learning to play on the harp." "I mean to introduce it in a play some time," and added: "Mr. De Mille said when I could play the harp he would write the scene. Oh, but I had a beautiful scene all dreamed out!—a young man looking love at me over the hollow place in the top,—the slope, you know. But when my teacher came he told me I was sitting at the wrong end of the harp and away went my scene."

She studied the Shakespeare plays, too, and many others,—in fact when not on the stage she was constantly reading or studying,—making scenes and putting herself in various situations, for the sake of practise.

Her next play was a light comedy by Henry Guy Carleton, called "Butterflies," which added nothing to her honors, but in "The Bauble Shop" by Henry Arthur Jones, she was a tremendous success, and the play showed a widely different side of her talent

than that showed in "The Masked Ball." She also did some clever work the next season in "That Imprudent Young Couple," but the play as a whole was a failure, being heavily scored by the critics, who, however, admitted that Maude Adams' acting "is still exceptional in its daintiness and its simplicity. Her work has grown in many ways during the past year. At present"—so said a critic, "Miss Adams is easily the most accomplished and womanly artist of all the younger actresses. She has found the short cut which leads from laughter to tears—"

The unsuccessful play was quickly changed to a comedy by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, called "Christopher, Jr." The merry little piece set all New York to laughing, and in it Maude Adams did one of the most artistic pieces of acting among the many to her credit.

By this time her bank account was so much larger than it had been for many years, that she was much better able to bear the failure of the next play in which she appeared, a play called in English, "The Squire of Dames," which gave Mr. Drew an excellent opportunity to show his talent to the best advantage,—and Maude Adams was good sport enough to rejoice that his part at least, was a success, even though she was mis-cast.

In the following September "Rosemary" was produced, and was an instant and complete triumph. Then suddenly Maude Adams' popularity grew to such proportions that it became a perfect furore, while John Drew's success was also notable.

And now Charles Frohman, having communed

with himself for some months on a certain matter, came to a decision. It was time to make Maude Adams a star. She was young, lovely, an idol of her audiences, who laughed or cried as she desired. She was ready for stardom!

At that time James M. Barrie was visiting in America, and Mr. Frohman had many long talks with him about making his novel "The Little Minister" into a play. For many weeks Mr. Barrie said he could not see a play in it, in spite of Mr. Frohman's assurances that he was wrong, but one day Mr. Barrie went to see "Rosemary." He sat through the first act, but after the second he hurried from the theatre to the manager's office. "Mr. Frohman," he was breathless as he declared it,—"I have found my Babbie! I will write the play if I can have her for my heroine." Charles Frohman was delighted. The contract was signed—Mr. Barrie went back to England to write his play, and when it came to Frohman, he and Maude were enchanted with the manuscript, and at once Maude began to create the part as she saw it.

The play opened with a week of performances in Washington, then on a night in September, 1897, Maude Adams made her debut in New York as a star, at the Empire Theatre, with an expectant audience awaiting her.

What a welcome she received! Never could that ovation be forgotten by a star, if she lived to be one hundred years old, or as one reporter of the day put it "if in time her repertory extends from Little Eva to Lady Macbeth."

The subtle, spiritual touch which James Barrie—now Sir James—gives to all his work, was strikingly evident in the play “The Little Minister,” with its quaint, characters who represent all the prominent citizens of Thrums. The plot is a mere gossamer thread, but the play as a whole spells Romance exquisite, flawless of its kind.

It was a part after Maude Adams’ heart. She threw herself into it with her whole soul, and, so much akin to her own character was “Lady Babbie” that she was able to be the little devil who seemingly loves her lover less than she loves a joke, and yet in sudden glimpses show a Lady Babbie who is less flippant than she seems.

There were critics of the play, of course,—many of them, but when all was said and done, it was realized that Mr. Frohman and Maude Adams had made fame and fortune. It was necessary for “Lady Babbie” to give performances in all parts of the country, after her run at the Empire ended, to satisfy a clamoring public which included, not only every kind of a theatre audience, but Sunday Schools and Clubs as well. To one who saw “Rosemary” and “The Bauble Shop,” “The Little Minister” fell far below them in actual dramatic merit, but it was in that particular play that she scored her tremendous hit,—having all sorts of children, as well as articles, named for her. One child in Connecticut is said to have had thirteen dolls, every one of them named Maude Adams!

Proud and happy must have been Annie Adams over the success of the daughter for whom she had

cherished such high hopes, and in whose career she had not been disappointed.

Miss Adams was now in a position to own a home, and she bought a large estate on Long Island, where she could spend week-ends and indulge her fondness for fine horses and dogs. She kept one big St. Bernard in her New York apartment, and the faithful dog was her friend and protector at night, on the rug near the front door, barking furiously at any footstep other than that of his mistress; but when he heard her step he would simply look up and wag his tail in silent welcome.

At her luxurious country home, there were always plenty of saddle-horses. She also always rode horse-back in or near the city, when she was playing or rehearsing a part. But naturally, after automobiles came into use, she always had one, too, and has driven it herself whenever possible.

Her mechanical ability, which is great, was shown during the rehearsing of the play "Quality Street," in which she disliked the lighting of a certain scene. Most actresses would have made life miserable for their manager until it was changed, but what did Maude Adams do? She just quietly went to the theatre one day earlier than usual, borrowed a pot of paint and a brush from a man who was painting scenery, and, as the story goes, unscrewed a few electric lamps from the footlights, and when the other actors and actresses arrived, they found her busily engaged putting a coat of paint on the bulbs, which she thought needed to be dimmed to make the light satisfactory.

There was success of a certain kind for her in the rôle of Juliet, which she played in a manner quite different from the conventional one,—making Juliet a simple young girl with beauty and youthful charm. This gave a new significance to some of the love scenes, while on the other hand, critics of the old school to whom Juliet must be played in a certain way, were not pleased with her interpretation, but the play was a great financial success and Miss Adams came out of it without having lost any of her prestige in the world of theatre-goers.

“*L’Aiglon*” was her next rôle,—and although she played it to crowded houses for many weeks there were scenes in it which, in their very nature, did not belong to her temperament—scenes which only one or two actresses in the world could play, but which on their own momentum would have carried a far poorer actress than Miss Adams through to success. —When all is said, “*L’Aiglon*” must be considered as the peak of her artistic triumph, by reason of some superb moments of interpretation, and as in all other plays which she ever attempted, she thoroughly grasped the underlying meaning of every gesture, or word in every scene, and so was able to play the difficult part so magnificently portrayed by Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who, even with her magic voice, superb acting and great name, had no greater success than Maude Adams when she played “*L’Aiglon*” in the west.

Miss Adams had become an idol of the English speaking people when she assayed the rôle in which many think she was her most flawless self, as well

as a consummate actress—the rôle of Peter Pan.

Chosen for this difficult rôle by Sir James Barrie, because of her slender boyish appearance, her lightness on her feet, and her peculiarly childlike, elfish quality, she undertook the part with great enthusiasm, in fact became the embodiment of the Peter who was so dearly loved by all the children who adopted Peter as their own after once seeing him, and gave their mothers no peace until they had seen him again and sometimes three or four times.

The play was written in 1904 and produced in America by Maude Adams in the following year. To it flocked youngsters by the hundred, all caught up into fairy realms by the thrilling scenes in which, with Peter, they laughed or cried or watched the bold, alluring Pirate open-mouthed, as the moment demanded; fascinated but half frightened by him.

Maude Adams kept the ideal of being children themselves constantly before her cast, requesting them to play the fairy play as they felt it themselves, or as they thought they would have felt it in childhood.

“I’m Youth, Eternal Youth!” cries Peter. He is a boy of the woods and of the wild flowers. “He has no mind to show us our cruelties, our follies, our greeds,” says St. Gaudens in writing of Peter Pan. He adds, “This discovery of romance in every workaday object is brought forth anew by the woman whose every thought is filled with the upspringing heart of a true artist, which must always be the heart of youth.”

Ushers at the performances of Peter Pan had their

instructions to let children have their way, and in the recollection of the writer of this sketch there lingers the memory of a bright-eyed small boy, sliding down from his seat, walking slowly down the aisle until he stood right under the stage where, face upturned, he stood motionless, entranced, living in a fairy world with Peter, as scene after scene developed entrancing situations before his astonished eyes.

So much bewitched was another small boy by Peter's charms and his ingenious way of getting out of difficult situations that he determined to see his hero after the play and ask him a few questions. At the stage door he stood patiently, waiting for Peter to come out.—A woman!—She said *she* was his hero! Never was Maude Adams more grieved than at having so disillusioned a dreamer of dreams. "Peter" never again left the theatre after a matinee before making sure there were no little people waiting at the stage door!

Peter's mail was enormous—some of it amusing and some very touching—one small boy sent a request for "ten cents worth of fairy dust and full instructions for flying"; others told how the play had inspired them to paint pictures or to write the story of the play in their own words.—Others still, just wrote affectionate letters of intense admiration to Peter,—and from it all Maude Adams had the richest reward of all her stage experiences.

To play Peter Pan one must *be* Peter at heart, and with all her humor and her brilliant mentality, Maude Adams must have been a child among children when she so captured their fancy.

While playing the part, she bought a theatre car built at a cost of \$30,000 to carry her company everywhere, large enough to enable them to rehearse en route to their next destination, for the rôles needed constant rehearsing.

No part she ever played gave Miss Adams' peculiar qualities such a wide scope, and she loved Peter Pan best of all her impersonations.

In looking back to the days before Maude Adams left the stage and became interested in lighting effects, to which she has given serious study during the past few years—and also to color effects in stage work,—even seeing her in her Long Island home among her choice antiques, fine paintings and rare books—there is a still more charming recollection of her in the memory of one who once saw her at Onteora, where she appeared at a children's benefit dramatic performance and pulled the curtain for them,—having no name attached to her part of the performance. One who saw that simple, kindly act of a great actress, cannot fail to realize that Maude Adams will always be "Little Maudie," with a child's rich imagination and tender sympathies for every young person.

When a reporter in an interview with her once asked her various personal questions, Miss Adams replied:

"I have no theories and systems of exercise and dressing and bathing to interest people with, or rather, I have beautiful theories but I don't live up to them. I ride horseback and walk and am ever so much stronger than I look—"

"I haven't very decided opinions on the great questions of the day, but there's one thing I don't believe in, and that is woman's rights. . . . Any woman halfway clever can make the men do just as she wants to have them and at the same time keep them thinking they are having their own way . . . and what more would she have?"

Clever woman,—brilliant actress,—interesting woman, whose definition of genius is "the talent for seeing things straight."

But above the head of the actress and the woman I have a vision of the fairy boy, of Peter Pan, flying to Kensington Gardens in his swift nightly visit—I hear a cry, "I am Youth! Eternal Youth!"

"Little Maudie,"—"Maude Adams"—"Lady Babbie,"—but the greatest of these is *Peter*.

Hands Across the Sea

NANCY LANGHORNE

Viscountess Astor

“WHO is the child?”

A visitor to the city of Richmond asked the question. The friend with whom she was walking followed the stranger’s glance to the nearby road, and laughed:

“The little girl driving the white goats in the small wagon? That’s Nancy Langhorne of Mirador. Isn’t she amusing? She drives those goats as if they were horses in a four-in-hand, doesn’t she? When she was scarcely more than six years old she was the admiration of all the men at the Depp Run for her secure seat on any horse she tried to ride. . . . The Langhorns have a house here in Richmond where they spend part of their time, but Mirador, the old family manor house, is where she and her sisters were all born. It is in Albemarle County,—the station is Danville, near Charlottesville.

Sauntering on down the street together, the friends chatted of various things, but the woman of Richmond went back to her story of the Langhorns. “Mirador is one of the most stately and beautiful old Virginia homes,” she said, “and the estate is very extensive. They say Nancy’s grandfather owned a thousand slaves before the Civil War. Of course those who are left now are just loyal old family retainers, and from what I hear they all adore the brood of youngsters who have grown up under their

care." . . . She stopped suddenly and pointed to the road ahead. "There they come again! Nancy, billygoats and all!"

"She looks like an interesting young person," said her friend, still watching the small, erect driver of what might have been prancing steeds, at such a smart pace they were going, so firmly was she holding the reins.

"Oh, Nancy is always interesting!" was the reply. "Everybody in Richmond knows her and watches to see what she will do next, and they all like to talk to her to hear her quick replies. She is certainly a bright child. I imagine she will amount to something some day. . . . There she goes now down the street!" As goats and their driver vanished around a turn in the road.

It is a far cry from a seat in a small wagon drawn by a pair of billygoats to a seat in the House of Commons, but had she who predicted the future of the driver of those goats had the seer's vision, she would have been thrilled at the fulfillment of her prediction.

• • • • •
Glimpses, recollections, impressions—of a child—of a girl—woven into the fabric of a brilliant life. Two continents interwoven in the pattern of a three-fold destiny, shaped by the experiences of a colorful career. . . . Nancy Langhorne—Lady Astor—moulded by Nature at lovely Mirador, shaped by Life and Love in her London home, chiseled by contacts and contests in the House of Parliament—Everybody's Nancy.

"Miss Nancy"—Lady Astor, M.P. from Plymouth—a child driving white goats through the streets of Richmond with the firm, small hand of decision presaging the future. . . . Independent, daring, adored "Mistis" of Mammie Veenie, "wild-rose wisp o' whimsicality" as someone has called you, dare-devil of a cross-country rider—Who are you, Nancy? One, or all in one? "A passionate Virginian"—that we have from your own lips. It is your credo and your cradle. There we begin our search for you.

I

Nancy Langhorne was born on May 17th, 1879 at Mirador. Her father, Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, was descended from Captain John Langhorne, who came from Wales and settled in Virginia, becoming a member of the House of Burgesses in 1676. John Langhorne 2nd was born about 1680, and among his descendants are the famous Langhorne beauties who were born and raised at Mirador, the Langhorne country estate. They became widely known as the "Gibson Girls" because Charles Dana Gibson portrayed them in his fancy pictures and in life portraits, as typical of many of his ideals of artistic perfection.

Nancy is not as strikingly beautiful so far as her features are concerned as either Phyllis or Irene, who became Mrs. Gibson, but in vivacity, in charm, and in quick responsiveness to the mood of anyone addressing her she has never been surpassed, and

even as a young girl hers was an unusual and vivid personality which never failed to interest and as a rule to attract the attention of young and old.

In many ways she was set apart from her sisters by temperamental differences which made her a law unto herself from a very early age. She did not show any marked intellectual ability then, except in the quickness of repartee for which she has always been noted. She simply roamed over the big Virginia estate at will or dashed recklessly up and down quiet country lanes on pony or horse, regardless of the conventionalities of a world to which she as a Langhorne belonged.

From the time she could walk, Nancy was a girl of the out-of-doors, and she will always be a real sport wherever she may be or whatever she may be doing. As a girl at Mirador when she was not in the saddle, which she more often was than not, and when she was not held down by the necessity of a lesson hour, which was an all too frequent occurrence to suit her, she might have been found swimming or playing a vigorous game of tennis with one of her sisters or anyone she could cajole into playing with her. Her first polo playing came at a later date. When everything else failed in the way of outdoor sport she would take a long walk by herself, usually ending up at the stables to pet a favorite pony or horse.

“‘Crazy-acting, wildrose wisp o’ whimsicality’ rode horseback before she was six, down in ‘Ole Virginny,’ and would miss a parliamentary conference any day to doctor a pony with the heaves,” an Eng-

lish reporter once said, and the "wisp o' whimsicality," as he so uniquely described her, has confessed, "If I'd spent half as much time learning to talk as I have learning to ride a horse I'd be a regular Lady Demosthenes!"

In those early days at Mirador, Nancy was surrounded by devoted old family servants who had been on the estate before the birth of their young charges, one of whom, Mammie Veenie, alternately petted and scolded tom-boy Nancy, who was often found in a sadly dishevelled state when she ought to have been immaculate in clean frock and well-brushed hair. But oh, how her old Mammie Veenie loved her Miss Nancy, who although she sits today among the lawmakers of the world's greatest parliaments and is numbered among the great women of history will always be "My Miss Nancy" to old Mammie Veenie.

"The world is calling her 'Lady Astor' now," the old negress said after Nancy's marriage to Lord Astor, "but she wasn't no lady till she married de lawd f'om de oder side. She was jes' plain Nannie Langhorne. I can see her now on one 'casion w'en a whole parsel ob dese heah gemmans f'om England come over to see fer theyselves how grand we-all's white folks is, an' knowin' what a mischievous devil Miss Nancy was, I run up to her room while she was dressin' fer a big fox hunt, and I say, 'Miss Nancy, w'en yo' gits out dar whar all dem furrinors is, don't throw yo' laig cross ole Tam-Shanter, but fo' Gawd's sake ride lak de lady yo' poor mother tried to make yo. . . .' By dis time she done dressed up an' looked

lak a queen, a-crackin' her whip against her boots. Wid one arm 'round me, she say, 'Mammie Veenie, I'se gwine try to be a lady, jes fo dat!' " And Mammie was satisfied until a few moments later when she spied the young person dashing through the gates on her favorite horse, riding astride!

Mammie Veenie still loves her Miss Nancy. "I reckon I does!" she says fervently, one hand close to her heart. . . . "I kin see her yet, jes' as she looked w'en she marched up de churchyard right across from Mirador las' May. De path was literally strowd with flowers, the trees were bloomin' an' the birds were singin' their sweetest, because—don't tell nobody—Miss Nancy is a bird and she done been one all her life!"

Sheer adoration, that tribute, and the declaration that "My Miss Nancy" was a bird gives a clear picture of Nancy as she was and always will be—ever ready to wing her way somewhere from somewhere else in order to achieve a purpose or to accomplish a purpose personal or political.—A bird, perhaps, but never, never a *butterfly*!

As Nancy grew into a tall young girl with fine carriage and vivacity of manner which had great charm for her circle of friends, she became greatly admired for her exceptionally fine seat when riding in the Myopia or Norfolk or Meadowbrook hunts, and won for herself the applause of riders and spectators who watched her daring feats of horsemanship with breathless fear as well as intense admiration.

In spite of being more of an athlete than a society

girl, Nancy was always popular with the boys who came often to Mirador, attracted by the Langhorne bevy of girls. And among the many there was more than one who enjoyed a cross-country ride or a tennis match as much as an evening when moonlight veiled the lovely grounds with mysterious mist and amorous couples strolled under over-arching trees.

Mirador was a place of enchantment to the Langhorne girls from childhood days and to their friends as well, whether their memories were of days on horseback, of afternoons when pretty girls in gay gowns floated across the wide porch and broad lawns, or of evenings with gay laughter floating from the long windows and music to which dancing feet kept time, or of moonlight strolls.

Nancy has grown up. She has left behind her the happy, hoydenish days and years of freedom at Mirador. She is unchanged in her tastes or aims, but she can no longer be the Nancy Langhorne who roamed wild over the Virginia pastures on a favorite horse.

Life has held both shadow and sunshine for her, but she is in England now, and in three happy years she has captivated the hearts of society leaders there. She has made friends whose names take precedence in the highest society of the world. And—Oh what news for Mammie Veenie at Mirador!—she is about to become the bride of Viscount Astor. Her Miss Nancy a viscountess! Incredible!

But true it was . . . Soon there was a wedding at lovely, stately Mirador, which never looked more beautiful as shadows softly touched its wide lawns

and flickered across the bride's proudly held head as she walked from the old home to the church across the road.

The month was May, the year 1906, when Nancy Langhorne married Viscount Astor of England, M.P. from Plymouth in the House of Lords.

The wedding was a simple one, and owing to the indisposition of Mr. Langhorne, Charles Dana Gibson gave the bride away. She wore a dress of white silver chiffon with embossed roses on the bodice and carried a bunch of white lilies. And in her eyes as she came from the altar was a look of deep tenderness which more than once has surprised those who have seen it, when expecting to see a flash of gay happiness. Another side of many sided Nancy, that expression of deep feeling.

The wedding presents were costly and various, among them one stood out. It was the famous Lancy diamond, a truly historic as well as a magnificent gem, for it belonged to Charles the Bold, Duke of Normandy, before it came into the possession of its giver.

Away to London went the new Viscountess Astor soon after the ceremony and a brief leave-taking of her friends in old Virginia—away to her new home in St. James Square, which was a beautiful setting for the bride. Its drawing room runs across the whole front of the house and is perfect in its proportions and adornments—an exquisite example of eighteenth-century architecture. Its walls are hung at either end of the room with priceless tapestries, tapestries so valuable that never a cigar or cigarette can be smoked in the room, for fear of injuring them.

The furnishings and rugs are in perfect harmony. It is a room to be proud of.

And very charming is the bride's boudoir, with its ivory panelled walls, its comfortable easy chairs covered with green and gold Chinese print, some of them so placed that from the windows of the room one can look out on a small walled-in garden with fine old trees and paved walks.

This boudoir used to be Nancy Astor's favorite place to spend a quiet hour reading one of the many books or magazines on its table, before her life became so full of other matters that there was little time for miscellaneous reading, although she is still a great reader along lines of special interest to her—history, biography and economics.

From her first appearance in London society as Viscountess Astor, Nancy was as great a favorite as she had been as Nancy Langhorne, and was much sought after by hostesses to make their dinners and teas a success with her ready repartee and many enthusiasms. When she was presented at Court the famous diamond sparkled on her neck, completing a costume of rare beauty within the rules of prescribed etiquette for such a function. . . .

And now we see a busier Nancy—busy with months and years of harrowing war work, with her young children, and at the same time in the political arena, helping her husband in his work as M.P. from the Upper House, for Plymouth. . . .

At Cliveden, a military hospital was erected on the Astor estate and there Lady Astor and her sister Nora, Mrs. Phipps of London, found daily work to

do among their "boys" in the bright, comfortable wards of the hospital. Every day Nora or Nancy visited Cliveden and the boys looked forward eagerly to the coming of Lady Astor with her good-natured smile and her gay banter which forced laughter even from those in pain.

"She's here!" the word would be passed from cot to cot when her familiar footstep was heard in the ward, and the most homesick, heartsick patient would smile in anticipation of her coming to his bedside.

Vivacious, considerate, sympathetic—those are the qualities which have made Lady Astor one of the most popular women in England, in spite of her daring way of saying things, true but cutting, at times. In the hospital she would soothe or joke or simply lay a cooling hand on a hot forehead, and prove that madcap Lady Astor had other qualities than those of the free-spoken M.P. of later days.

Nancy Langhorne became Lady Astor in 1906 and a member of the Sutton Division of the House of Commons for Plymouth in 1916. She told of her entrance into active politics in one of her speeches when visiting America after the war in this way:

"My entrance into the House of Commons was not, as some thought, in the nature of a revolution. It was simply evolution. It is interesting how it came about. My husband was the one who started me off on this downward career—from home to the House. If I have helped the cause of women, he is the one to thank, not me. He is a strange and remarkable man. First, it was strange to urge his wife to take up public life, especially as he is the most domesti-

cated creature, but the truth is, he is a born social reformer. He has avoided the pitfalls which so many well-to-do men fall into. He doesn't think that you can right wrongs with philanthropy. He realizes that you must go to the bottom of the causes of wrongs and not simply gild over the top. For eleven years I helped him with his work at Plymouth. Mine was the personal side. I found out the wrongs, and he tried to right them. It was a wonderful and happy combination and I often wish it were still going on. . . . Unless he had been the kind of man that he was, I don't believe that the first woman Member of the oldest Parliament in the world would have come from Plymouth—and that would have been a pity. . . .”

“Plymouth,” continues Lady Astor, “is an ideal port to sail to or from. It has bidden God speed to so many voyagers. I felt that I was embarking on a voyage of faith, but when I arrived at my destination some of the Honorable Members looked upon me more as a pirate than a Pilgrim! A woman in the House of Commons! . . .”

When Lady Astor first appeared as an M.P., she begged the reporters to look on her as “a regular working member of Parliament, and not as a curiosity,” and to prove her intention of being such she wore a severe black gown, and has always worn the same uniform. The dress she wore on that first day, as the first woman member of Parliament, will be placed in the Plymouth Museum, with the garments worn by royalty and other famous personages in centuries past.

A many-sided Nancy, she—as an often cited in-

cident proves. She was the guest of honor at a reception of Boy Scouts at Washington Inn on May 5th, 1920. Her speech was loudly applauded, for she was and is a prime favorite with all boys, including her own Bobbie and Billie and David and Michael and John Jacob. On reaching the gate when she left the Inn, it was found that the high gate in the six foot fence enclosing the place would not open.

"You will have to go around," said a member of the Committee.

Lady Astor gave him one of her swift glances, gathered her skirts in her hand and leaped lightly over the gate, clearing it, and saying, "I will show you how to vault a fence, in case we have another war"—to the intense admiration and envy of the young Scouts who saw her accomplish the feat.

Her children all adore her and beg to have tea or breakfast with her alone. It is said that when news came of her election and she was speaking at a meeting of her new constituents, Billie rushed upon the platform and fairly shouted, "Well done, Mom!"

But devoted as they are to her and she to them, there is strict discipline in the Astor home, and a friend having luncheon there once had an interesting side light on Lady Astor's attitude toward her children. One of the boys made the remark that he was going to a ball game that afternoon. His mother looked up quickly and reminded him of lessons to be done. He showed great disappointment and murmured something about a promise that he should go to the game. Lady Astor's reply was quick.

"Son," she said, "Mother would like to be out-of-

doors this afternoon too, but she has to go back to Parliament House and work. You wouldn't be less of a sport than your mother, would you?"

No reply. They were comrades in duty which must be done.

With all her independence of thought and action, and although she is a modernist in the best sense of that word, it is a strange inconsistency that Lady Astor neither smokes nor drinks, in fact loathes both habits and wages ceaseless war against them in and out of Parliament, being especially keen on the question of temperance. But she is no mid-Victorian, and says: "The girls of today are blessed far more than my sisters and I were when all hair was long and all skirts longer." And she believes that riding, swimming and tennis playing will keep any girl strong and healthy. So devoted to riding still is she that she has a hunting box at Market Harborough, and has taken part in many runs behind the famous British pads. Nancy Astor never allows political life to make her "stale," or lessen her zest for life in the open.

She has made more than one visit to America since her marriage and has become more of a story-book heroine to Mammie Veenie than ever. On her first visit when she went back to the home of her girlhood, seeing the pleasure it gave old Mammie, Lady Astor whenever she could would always steal a half hour for Mammie and seek her out, to tell her of the details of her daily life in England and of the splendors of her social life, and Mammie would sit rapt and adoring as long as her Miss Nancy would talk to her. One day when Lady Astor had been recount-

ing some society doings and the part she had played in them, Mammie Veenie lifted up her hands, exclaiming: "Lordy, Miss Nancy, why yo' jes' out-married yo'self!"

Laughter and tears were in the voice of the girl of old Virginia as she leaned forward and laid a loving hand over the wrinkled one of her devoted friend. "Why, Mammie," she said, "I reckon I have."

Soon after her return to England as a bride, Lady Astor's life became more and more one of scant leisure, but so efficient is she in her own unique way, that with all she had and has to do even when her family became larger and her political duties heavy, she has always been able to so arrange her time that at least part of her days shall be spent with her husband and children.

There are, so says one of her friends, "four Nancy Astors—the charmer, the pope, the showman, and one whom few people know, a good little girl—for the little madcap of a girl from Virginia is a Puritan." . . . She neither smokes nor drinks, and is an eager worker for the cause of temperance.

The "charmer" has been and always will be in the public eye, for that she surely is even to her political foes, who might be the first to brand her as pope or showman, but that "the good little girl" is not known, cannot be said truly, for Nancy Astor, M.P. stands fearlessly for clean lives and reform in politics. . . .

She flung herself into political life with as much zest as she always gives to any enterprise attrac-

tive enough to hold her interest, and she has become more and more absorbed in the mazes of public policies and the intrigues and reasons back of them—determined to know the reason for and the way out of problems which are constantly coming up in the House, keeping her seat sometimes for twenty-four hours at a time, with only a hard boiled egg to refresh her, in order not to lose an argument of an opponent or a chance to present a Bill of her own.

Nancy, the womanly, can best be seen in her own home, or among her constituents in Plymouth, who adore her. She will enter a house, catch up a sick child and with characteristic quickness demand an antiseptic or a gargle, and give directions for the child's care, then in leaving, stop to discuss crops or labor conditions with the men,—or exchange a bit of gay banter with a sailor, of which there are many in what is one of the biggest seaports of England.

No wonder she is adored by her constituents, for her manner is as friendly and frank with them as with her own intimate friends, and her keen interest in women's side of questions affecting their homes, endears her to them. And while there is at times some grumbling in the House over her determination not to drop a question until it is solved satisfactorily, and remedied if need be, yet she is a much respected M.P. both for her almost brutal frankness and for her quickness in seeing both sides of any question. As to her opponents, while they admire, they fear her incisive repartee, but they can-

not but admire a woman in the House who so fearlessly advocates reforms for the advantage of women and children.

It is said to be a fact "although known only to a few," said a certain M.P. "that Lady Astor can twist Lloyd George right around her little finger." He added: "I think the reason is her cool, hard Yankee common sense, which she inherited from her father." So Nancy is a chip of the old block in some ways.

In her visit to America, in 1922, from the minute she jumped off the train at Richmond and faced a reception committee of women, a battery of cameras and a crowd of reporters, she was sparkling with joy and enthusiasm, so glad was she to be once more on Southern soil and near her old Virginia home after seven years away from it.

Richmond gave her a big ovation and her speech of thanks for their welcome thrilled an audience of loyal and admiring Southerners who either remembered the Nancy of the billygoats or had grown up on traditions of Lady Astor. . . . One thing she said which brought out laughter and applause was, "My father had eleven children, yet he had only \$100 a month when he married." This remark was in connection with her assertion that families can be happy and healthy and well educated even if the bank account is small. Speaking of Lincoln, she said: "Lincoln was a pure Virginian. Both his father and his mother were born in Virginia and I think that is the reason why he did so well."

Touching on her life and work as a member of

Parliament she recounted among the Bills for which she had stood and helped to pass:

Equal guardianship.

Equal pay for equal work.

Equal opportunity in the Civil Service, the professions and industry.

Equal franchise.

Equal divorce facilities, and many others of equal importance but of which she had no time to speak.

Much of her political credo she gave her eager audiences on that hurried trip in 1922, when she had only twelve days in the South, and gave forty speeches in various other parts of the country and in Canada. As she said humorously later in her farewell speech in New York:

“When I landed here about six weeks ago I expected to make two speeches and then go to Virginia and renew my youth. I have made altogether forty speeches—I spent only eleven days in Virginia and my youth has obviously not been renewed. However, in spite of talking, I have learned a lot. I have found out what a glorious thing it is to belong to two countries and try to be prejudiced against none.”

But to go back with her to those eleven days in her beloved Virginia. Her trip from Richmond to Danville was one continuous ovation, and she was her most sparkling self, her eyes bright with excitement, her cheeks flushed as the train carried her over the old familiar country as she responded with gracious smiles to the crowds gathered along the way to catch a glimpse of her. At Clover, Virginia,

an old lady came forward when the train stopped and Lady Astor stood on the platform. Reaching up, the elderly woman handed her a bouquet of beautiful roses. "Twenty-six years ago you visited the Sheltering Arms Hospital in Richmond and gave me a bouquet of flowers like these," she said. "It will be one of the greatest pleasures of my life to repay that debt of twenty-six years' standing." And the girl who was a "passionate Virginian" looked what she could not find words to say, as she flashed a brilliant smile at the giver of the flowers. Evidently Mammie Veenie's Miss Nancy even in younger days had not been entirely dare-devil or horsewoman but something finer as well,—a girl with tenderness in her make-up, even when it showed least.

On speeds the train—and now the Danville station—and a throng of old friends and new ones pressing around her as she alights from the train, eager for a glimpse of one so much thought of in Virginia. Lady Astor is gracious but impatient. She can scarcely wait to put foot on the old estate. And now she is standing on the wide porch of Mirador—at home again, at the place of her enchanted dreams, and hopes and air castles more than fulfilled.

The lawns are green, the clumps and hedges of boxwood are as vividly fresh as her fancy painted them. It is a place fit for a queen or a viscountess. At first the girl of old Virginia is haunted with a sort of nostalgia—of being unreal in a real setting. Her eyes are dim, but only for a moment. Enthusi-

asm carried her away on its swift current to the reality of herself and her girlhood and she was radiant with happiness.

To the large crowd which had gathered in front of the porch she spoke—with the dark boxwood between her and the assemblage, and the old house of many memories for background. With characteristic gestures and in the clear voice which had not lost its southern accent, she spoke of her life and work in England.

"It was a good deal to think of giving up time to politics that I could have given to my children, or doing the outdoor things I love," she said. "If it hadn't been for the possibility that I might help other women and their children I could not have faced it. But to be perfectly honest, I couldn't help enjoying it. When I heard of my election I was glad because I believed I should find work in Parliament that was perhaps waiting for a woman M.P. and that might help the things that women are keen about. The great thing which women can bring into politics is the mother spirit. It is love, pure and unselfish. It is mercy and justice and kindness."

As she became absorbed in what she was saying, the strength of her character showed in her face, lined with the deep furrows of conviction, of fearlessness of thought and speech and action which are her predominant characteristics, which have left their imprint on her mobile face. As she spoke she had also the lightning expression, the magnetism of eyes, which has always been hers. "The first is the mirror of her flash of wit and intellect; the second

is something deeper, that something which sometimes chases away the sparkle in her eyes and lends them a deeper charm. Her eyes hold you."

As she spoke before that friendly audience at Mirador, she spoke informally at last, telling of her approval of movies, especially of natural history and fairy tale and historical films, for children, and of her belief in their educational value to young people. . . .

She ceased speaking—stood silent for a moment, looking beyond the crowd, across the emerald lawns, into the shady depths under the great trees, seeing what was not in the power of other eyes to glimpse—dreaming, back in the old days. But only momentarily. There was a sudden buzz of conversation, a parting of the crowd to allow someone to approach the porch and stand before Lady Astor, and with a few well-chosen words she was presented with a beautiful loving cup from the people of Danville.

She was visibly touched, and as she accepted the gift, standing there before the old familiar friends and many new ones, she read aloud the inscription on its shining surface:

"En Dat Virginia Filiam Matri Vetustae"

To Viscountess

Nancy Langhorne Astor

May 5th, 1922

Danville, Virginia

Her birthplace.

"Blood is Thicker than Water."

On the other side of the cup she read with deepening emotion the following verse written by Harry C. Ficklen, a childhood playmate:

"There is a spirit of a place
That calls to us through Time and Space
A sky above, a soil beneath
Appealing from our native heath."

Holding this token of loyal devotion from those of her own birthplace, Nancy Astor looked up into the unclouded blue of the soft May sky, then into the eyes of the many who were intently watching her, and in her peculiarly clear, penetrating voice she said the few words that were the right words to say because they came from her heart. And her old friends were proud of her friendship of old days and new, of tom-boy Nancy and of Lady Astor.

With her characteristic quickness of perception on the trip to Danville from Richmond, she had noticed many untidy yards, broken-down fences and tumble-down houses, and at once sent a complaint about them to the Virginia authorities, suggesting a cleaning-up campaign which would make her native state more beautiful. Coming from such a source it is more than probable that the suggestion was acted on and the campaign started!

Nancy Astor having gone into Parliament as Member of the Sutton Division of Plymouth, said in her humorous way of herself: "It was a good thing that the first woman to go into Parliament was an ordinary woman, because that made it easier

for other ordinary women to succeed her." Quoting this remark, a recent writer has differed with her, saying "a less ordinary woman does not exist than the member of the Sutton Division of Plymouth." He adds, "If such torrential personalities were the rule rather than the exception, life on this planet would be too thrilling to contemplate with composure." And again, "There have of course been in the past and there are today more intellectually remarkable women than Lady Astor. Her qualities are not of the head, but of the heart and of the spirit. She is an embodied emotion, bursting into the sobrieties and decorums of the world with the same impulsive gayety with which, as one of the Langhorne sisters, she careened in youth over the Virginia farm. This does not mean that she is a modern woman of the aggressive type . . . indeed in morals she is old fashioned rather than new."

A vivid pen portrait of a vivid personality, that!

In a speech before the English-Speaking Union in New York on one of her visits to America, Lady Astor said: "History, I think, is more romantic to read than to make, and I apologize now to future little school girls for having added another question to the endless ones which still haunt me when my mind turns back to the long list of historical personages, varying from Lucretia Borgia to Susan B. Anthony."

This pronouncement was made in connection with her remark that "I doubt if the first English woman to land in Virginia was less expected on these shores than the first Virginia woman to land in the House

of Commons was expected on that floor. However," she flashed one of her unique smiles, "in spite of having neither beads nor fire-water, the natives were amazingly kind to that Virginia settler. It is all very picturesque when one thinks of it historically, but it seems very ordinary when it is done." . . .

And in Baltimore she said: "It seems a strange thing to be here—but my life is a little like that of Alice in Wonderland. It gets curiouser and curiouser." . . . Two countries interwoven in the pattern of a three-fold destiny, shaped by the experiences of a colorful career.—Nancy Langhorne—Lady Astor—moulded by Nature at lovely Mirador, shaped by Love and Life in England, chiseled by contacts and contests in the House of Parliament—who are you, Nancy?—One, or all in one?

Only recently, in a brief interval between whirling from one activity to another devastating duty at home or out-of-doors, Lady Astor snatched the time to take her seat on the pillion of the motor-cycle of Colonel T. E. Lawrence, and might have been seen flashing past homes where she was known as the Viscountess—a light-hearted vagabond going seventy miles an hour in wind and dust, exulting in the new sport.

Again, we see the M.P. in her somber dress, listening to an opponent's arguments waiting to give him a mental jolt when she has a chance to speak. The first woman to enter the House of Commons has not only become noted for her clear judgment and her valuable utterances on any subject with which she is at all conversant, but is often dreaded

by her political foes for her incisive verbal attack.

The program of one day in Lady Astor's busy life is "more full of motion and excitement than a day at a fair," says the same writer who has evidently visited that boudoir-workroom in the St. James Square house, and seen the continual round of varied activities which go on in it. Lady Astor rises early and retires late, often as a result of prolonged discussions in the House, over some question so vital to her that she will not leave until a result has been reached.—"She reads the papers, arranges the details of her domestic life, writes and dictates innumerable letters, telephones to no inconsiderable fraction of the population of London about this, that and the other, takes the vice-chair at her luncheon table, which she keeps in a ripple of laughter with her sallies; is spirited away to the House of Commons to ask her questions and meet constituents, co-workers in the cause of temperance, and deputations interested in questions affecting women and children; cracks her jokes, makes a speech . . . vanishes, it may be to an afternoon meeting, it may be to see her son ride in a steeplechase; is back at the House in time for Committees, still untired; whips off to St. James Square to become the center of a dinner party at which Tories, Liberals and Labour men, Churchmen and Dissenters, aristocrats and democrats, business magnates and trade-union secretaries with whom they are at war are all cheek by jowl and all warmed by the incandescent glow of her presence. A ring at the telephone and she is away to the House for a division, then back to her

guests for more fun, more laughter, more stories of the day's doings, more gentle pricks for the solemn and dull, more appeals for the stony and obdurate. Perhaps when the last of her guests has gone she flashes to some other planet to enliven other realms with her surplus gaiety. It is difficult to conceive that, like the rest of us, she goes to bed!"

A vivid description of a many-sided woman that—written by a person who knows whereof he speaks, and tells us much. "Nancy Astor as an M.P. takes a primary interest in the cause of temperance, evidently, and in the affairs connected with women and children,—for which causes she would fight until the last gun of resistance had been fired by her enemies; then she would word a new Bill and go at it again."

Attacking or being attacked, being a social queen or a political aggressor,—it is the pride of her native State that while "it is Lady Astor, stateswoman, whose opinion is asked on matters coming up on the floor of the House, it is Nannie Langhorne of Virginia who brings to the answers the flashing wit and perception that makes them a subject for discussion in the House of Commons!"

After all has been said of Nancy of the billygoat notoriety, of Nancy the girl, riding fast and free over the old estate and beyond its borders, of Nancy the woman,—"it was a strange turn of the wheel of Fate which made the eager, sport-loving Virginian, brought up at Mirador, living chiefly on horseback, turn first into a social queen, living in the very center of all that is most brilliant and most

interesting in English life, and then into the ardent reformer which she is."

With three flags as a background for her life and character, Lady Astor of today and yesterday has a great responsibility, because of her ideals and of achievement which will not let her stop short of great results. Reading her speeches and studying her ideals, both as Nancy of Virginia and Lady Astor of England, will kindle ambition in any girl with a spark of desire to do and be finer things than she has yet done—for while it is not the lot of everyone to become a viscountess or to enter Parliament—yet there is always room at the top, and everyone has their own hill that can be climbed. There is no more thrilling person living today, or one more worth while knowing about than "Everybody's Miss Nancy"—Lady Astor.

*From the Tall Tower of Achievement
She Leaned out and Helped*

ELLEN SWALLOW RICHARDS

A Girl Who Loved Science

AN unusual girl was Ellen for more than one reason. In her senior year at college we find this entry in her diary: "I want a telescope more than anything else. I am perfectly content with whatever clothes I have. I have enough in my head to balance what is wanting on my back. I am just as happy as if I had a dozen dresses and have come to the conclusion that a contented spirit is a great boon."

A telescope wanted more than anything else—dresses of lesser importance—a contented mind of value—what a girl! It is of the greatest interest to find out what went into the making of such a character and what came of that desire for a telescope.

Ellen Henrietta Swallow was born December 3rd, 1842, on a New England farm in northern Massachusetts, near the New Hampshire line, in the small village of Dunstable. Her father was Peter Swallow of Dunstable and her mother was Fanny Gould Taylor of New Ipswich. Ellen was their only child.

Mrs. Swallow was an unusually competent woman, with marked ability as a housekeeper as well as extremely skillful and quick with her hands, and Ellen inherited her mother's deftness, which was to be of great value to her in later life. Mrs. Swallow was also very dainty in her personal appearance, a characteristic which her daughter also inherited.

One can picture Ellen as she was in those early days on the farm—a demure little creature with big earnest grey eyes, and a very serious expression at times. But that she was not always serious may be gathered from a letter written by a cousin to Ellen's mother in which she says: "How is little Ellen? I often think of her. What a *pretty, interesting, amusing* little thing she is!" And another member of the family once wrote: "I wish she were here. I should like no better *plaything*."

The latter quotation shows the dainty charm of Ellen as a young child. But she had other qualities as well as those of a pretty doll. To her mother's annoyance she showed signs of being somewhat of a tom-boy, and sometimes undoubtedly set aside in her demure but determined way her mother's cautions, "Walk slowly, like a little lady. Come and do your embroidery like a good little girl."

The over-anxious mother continued to give similar instructions, which she hoped would make her daughter into a perfect lady, until one day a physician happened to see Ellen and looked sharply at her, noticing her delicate physique and general frailty. He at once told Mrs. Swallow that the child's longing to be out-of-doors was a natural instinct of self-preservation and that if it were not indulged she would not grow up to strong, healthy girlhood.

From that time, although lessons in cooking, embroidering and doing plain sewing were not given up, yet Ellen was allowed to spend most of her time out on the farm with her father and uncle, who let

her ride such horses as she could handle, drive the cows to pasture and even pitch hay with her small dainty hands. Those hands were a great trial to Ellen, for she was not allowed to milk the cows for fear of spoiling their beauty—and milking was one of her desires as an accomplishment!

Even with her new routine of out-door exercise, Ellen was evidently "handy" with her needle, for when she was only thirteen years old she won a prize at a country fair for a handkerchief into the making of which she had put many, many dainty stitches, and at the same fair she also won a china vase for the best loaf of bread presented to the Committee. So she was a very well-balanced girl with pitching hay, driving cows to pasture, and winning prizes for both cooking and sewing.

Like her mother, Ellen was "deft and dainty," with the ability to do quickly and with accuracy whatever she had to do with her hands. Like her mother, too, she was a lover of flowers, and had her own little flower garden on the farm, with two small stone posts marking it off from the rest of the place, and there grew a riot of annuals and other blooms which Ellen watered and cared for as if they were human beings.

She was very fond of all animals. One of her mother's favorite ways of spending spare moments was in fashioning little cotton rabbits out of bits of material at hand, and giving them later to any child in the neighborhood who was in need of amusement or of a new toy. The story goes that when Ellen was four years old she broke her arm, and

the days were long ones while the broken bone was knitting. Missing her one day, her mother found her lying on the lawn, supporting herself on the uninjured arm, and painfully pulling up grass with which to feed the cotton rabbits with the other!

The young couple lived in one end of Peter Swallow's house after their marriage, and when little Ellen was three years old Mr. Swallow's father deeded half the farm and half the house to him. For ten or twelve years after that time Peter Swallow continued to teach as he had done before his marriage and also to work the farm—and the two occupations took almost all the months of the year.

But in March he sometimes had some leisure and at that time was apt to take his family on a trip to neighboring states to visit relatives. The trips were made by team, and March is the month when country roads are at their worst, so the trips were apt to be full of adventure. As Ellen wrote long years afterwards:

“One of my earliest recollections is of my father’s reply to my mother’s anxiety lest we should get overturned in the snow on the snow-drifted country roads. ‘Where anyone else has been, there I can go!’ ” Ellen herself adds: “This is not a bad working motto, but adventurous spirits go beyond this and do what has never been done before.”

Now we are getting at what was back of the college girl’s desire for a telescope instead of dresses!

The Swallows remained on the Dunstable farm until 1859, when they moved to the nearby town of Westford. Ellen was now almost sixteen and

the move was made to give her the advantage of education at the Academy. In order to increase his bank account, Mr. Swallow opened a "general store" in Westford, and from that time until he died in 1871 he was engaged in some sort of trade, but probably because of his training as a teacher, he was never very successful in business.

Ellen was a great help to her father in the store, and took such an active interest in it that her young friends who saw her there, serving customers or sorting goods on the shelves, always thought of her as one of the firm.

Her childhood had been spent on the farm at Dunstable. She was now a girl at Westford, and it is interesting to follow her in her varied activities at home, where, during her mother's frequent sicknesses, she took full charge of the house, full of youthful energy as she cooks, washes, irons, cleans house, even papers rooms and lays carpets with her capable hands, at the same time attending the Academy and giving part of her time to the store, where she waits on customers with quick intelligence.

It being a "general store," she had to sell tobacco, which she disliked intensely. It is told of her that one day a group of men who had bought tobacco of her, filled and lighted their pipes in the store, seating themselves around the stove, according to the usual village store custom. When the young storekeeper objected, one of them said, "Why do you sell us tobacco if you don't expect us to smoke it?"

"We sell you molasses too," she replied quickly,

"but we don't expect you to stay here and cook it up."

At another time two women customers came in, one to buy saleratus, because she could never cook with soda, the other demanding soda because saleratus did not make good biscuits. Both were supplied from the same package and both went out contented, to Ellen's great amusement.

With all her other duties which seemed numerous enough to keep any human being busy for twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four, Ellen found time for one of her favorite diversions. She loved to read fiction, and fared forth with the heroines of such books as she could get to read in her spare moments, on expeditions of adventure and romance, forgetting herself and her dull surroundings in their experiences. Even when she was only twelve years old she was reading so much fiction that her uncle suggested that it would be better for her to give up such reading for better literature, but she kept on reading stories! The fact of the matter was, the habit even in her earliest days helped to relieve the pressure of work at home, in the store or at school, and being a very rapid reader,—she was quick of thought and action as in everything else,—the fiction reading habit did not interfere with more worthwhile pursuits.

However, after her uncle had spoken to her about the habit, which he considered a bad one, she wrote a prim little composition on the subject of "Gathering Pebbles." In it she told how she had wandered for an afternoon by the sea, picking up stones, and

asks sententiously: "Do not many people spend precious hours in gathering pebbles, and only pebbles from other places than the seashore? When in our school days we idle away our time in all the various ways that only scholars can find, linger too long over some enchanting book, lay aside the text-book because we do not feel like study, are we not simply gathering pebbles which look bright, but will fade when we look back in after years, and think how much more we might have accomplished?"

Reading stories as she did with lightning rapidity, rested her more than anything else, and she would rouse from some story which had held her interest, completely refreshed, however tired she may have been when she began to read. And it is interesting to know that she never failed to get some little suggestion from each book which helped her to solve a practical problem, or some thought which could be woven into the philosophy of her life.

From selling goods behind the counter in her father's store, she was gradually trusted with keeping the accounts, and with the purchasing of goods, for which she had to go to Boston—a welcome change, one may imagine. And to her ability in handling the small business of her father's store, at that time may be traced the fact that she was in later days entrusted with large sums of money for all kinds of educational and philanthropic enterprises.

"Deft and dainty," but also capable and keen was Ellen Swallow, whose active mind was now reaching out greedily to some form of higher education other than that of the Academy. But as there seemed to

be no avenue of approach to her desire, she simply went on studying and reading and waiting for adventure to come her way. Meanwhile she spent some vacation days with friends at Lynn, Massachusetts, who had a store from which they supplied groceries to many large homes along the North Shore. Whenever Ellen saw the delivery wagon at the store, ready for a trip, she would always jump into the front seat and ride from house to house, eagerly looking at the fine estates and seeing "how the other half lived."

At that time, a vast ambition was surging within her eager spirit, although she did not know for what, or where it would lead her. She simply took the first way of seeing something of the world beyond her narrow confines, and that was the front seat of a delivery wagon! How could she ever imagine, even in her wildest dreams, that she would some day be exploring the wilds of Canada, visiting remote mining regions, seeing new cities of Europe?

Ellen left the Westford Academy in March of 1862, and was preparing to teach when an attack of measles interfered with her plans. She wrote to her cousin Annie, who was her most intimate friend:

"I am very glad the measles are over with, for I have dreaded them very much since I had the whooping cough, though it has sadly interfered with my plans for the summer, as I had engaged to try my skill in teaching the young ideas how to shoot. . . . I have not been obliged to lie abed a day before since I was seven years old . . . I am gaining, though

rather slowly, and am not very strong, as this writing will show."

In the spring of 1863 the Swallows moved to Littleton, about three miles from Westford, where Mr. Swallow had bought a larger store for the purpose of extending his business. From there Ellen wrote many letters to her cousin Annie, and spoke with pleasure of the change to the new place, which she says is "somewhat nicer than that in Westford," and that "the store is larger and nicer. Also we have a large garden but no fruit trees." She adds, "When we get righted I think we shall feel quite contented. . . . I feel it is my duty to stay at home under present conditions instead of teaching, as I had hoped."

But circumstances evidently changed, for soon she was teaching a class of thirty-seven pupils, in a part of town about two miles from home, for which reason she only went back every Friday night, spending the remainder of the week in a pleasant boarding house.

After that experience as a teacher, at which she was evidently successful, for her classes grew larger all the time she was in the school, she decided, with characteristic perception, what was the right thing to do, and did it. She stayed at home, for her mother needed her to care for her during periods of illness, and to take charge of the house, and her father needed her at the store, so her time was fully occupied. But during the intervals, which must have been none too frequent, between housekeep-

ing, storekeeping and her other numerous activities, she prepared herself for college, for which she longed with the desire of a real student.

During the winter of 1865-66, she was in Worcester, attending lectures and studying, for her active mind needed an educational outlet of some worthwhile sort. While she was in Worcester she was saving as much money as possible for future use, and she lived principally on bread and milk during those months of study.

But Ellen Swallow was too charming personally to escape the usual experiences of attractive girlhood. She had love affairs to enliven the hours not spent in study, and evidently thought very seriously about accepting one ardent admirer, but decided not to accept him as anything closer than a friend. And after she had begun her life work but had not become engaged, she wrote to a friend with confident decision:

“I can now change the query, ‘Will it pay to sacrifice love for fame?’ into the declaration, ‘It has paid so far,’ ” adding, “If I had not had an almost Napoleonic faith in my star I should have yielded.”

In her case, as in so many others, as she was to find out later, Ellen’s stars were simply leading her in the right direction—not, as she was sure then, pointing the way to labor without love!

However, having abandoned the idea of marriage forever, as she thought, she gave herself up unreservedly to shaping a career for herself. It was not an easy task at that time for a girl who was ambitious, to gain a higher education. Neither

Wellesley nor Smith was founded until ten years later, and New England had no college to which women were admitted, while in New York State, Vassar College was still in its infancy.

In spite of having indomitable courage and being determinedly cheerful under trying circumstances, that was a dreary period in Ellen Swallow's life. She did her work at home, in the store, in the church and in the Sunday School, and was "a very busy little woman" as a friend has said, "and whether measuring off calico, weighing sugar, or acting as post mistress, she was always cheery and helpful where help was needed. After the store was closed for the night she would go home, and when at last she had time to be alone, she would think out ways to improve the home and the store. The reading and magazine club of the store was her idea, and so interested in this was she that she herself attended to the details of starting it, and pushed it through so thoroughly that the little post office looked a good deal like a periodical store."

Not only that, she took care of sick friends and neighbors if they needed her, and in order to earn money for the education she so longed to have, she sewed, and preserved flowers, in which art she taught classes in neighboring towns. An interesting girl, Ellen Swallow. Watch her, for "the best is yet to be!"

So full of energy, of ambition, of dynamic force waiting to be turned into its proper channel was she that the repression of her latent power seems to have had the effect on her of making her a semi-

invalid for the time. The following are entries from her diaries kept at that time. She records:

"January 6—Did not go to meeting, tired. January 11—Tired, indifferent. January 20—Tired. January 27—Tired. February 1—Busy, tired. February 2—Almost sick. February 9—Miserable, lay on sofa all day. February 13—Felt wretchedly all day. February 14—Lay down, sick. February 19—Oh! so tired. February 23—So tired. March 20—Tired. March 24—Tired. April 11—Terribly tired."

This is the story as she told it at the time, according to the diary. A few years later she wrote to a friend who found herself hedged in:

"I lived for two years in Purgatory, really, and I didn't know what to do, and it seemed best for me just to *stay* and *endure* and it seemed as if I should just go wild. I used to fret and fume—inside—so every day, and think I couldn't *live* so much longer. I was thwarted and hedged in on every side; it seemed as though God didn't help me a bit and man was doing his best against me and my own heart even turned traitor, and well—altogether I had a sorry time of it."

But a long lane usually has its turning, and clouds do not hang low forever, especially if one has such a driving ambition to rise above them as Ellen of the black days had. She made a decision and acted on it quickly. She went to the home of a friend and said: "You know, I have been to school a good deal, read quite a little, and so secured quite a little knowledge. Now I am going to *Vassar College* to get it straightened out and assimilated,"

The next entry in the diary which had recorded her past sufferings mental and physical, contains the following entries:

“September 15th, 1868— Farewell to Littleton. Met Father at Waldo House and took the Albany Express at 10.

“September 16th— From 5:25 to 10 in Albany. Arrived at Vassar, pleasantly welcomed. Very tired.

“September 17th— First day at college; am delighted even beyond anticipations, the rest seems so refreshing.”

Two periods of Ellen Swallow's life have passed—childhood at the farm, and girlhood in Westford and Littleton, with their routine of studies and occupations which were only a preface, and a dull one at that, for such a life as was to be hers. Now a full and rich expression, an outlet of ambition in proper channels is hers. She has been admitted to the new-born Vassar College as a special student, to have all the advantages of those early years when the institution was slowly taking on the greatness of opportunity for women, for which it was to so gloriously stand in after years. It was only three years old when Ellen was enrolled among its list of students. Her two years there belong to a period when faculty and students alike (consciously or subconsciously) were forming the standards of the new college. “Her part of the work was that of a strong personality, understanding well her own needs and by the same light interpreting the needs of her fellow students. Some years older than the

average student, she was mature in character, with mental powers well-disciplined and controlled. To do work well for its own sake, not for its reflex on herself, she had already learned. She was alive to all the best influences of college life, making the most of her powers for the sake of using them in advancing knowledge and in broad and enlightened activity."

She was at once recognized by the principal, Miss Lyman, and the faculty as having pronounced ability and such independence of thought and speech as, rightly directed, would make her one of the students of whom the college would be justly proud in later days. And their belief was justified.

Among her fellow-students she was well liked, and noted as a studious and keenly interested scholar, especially along the lines of science, which it was quickly seen was her natural line of work, for she took all the scientific courses offered and whenever an opportunity offered, did volunteer work. As one of a little group of three students in elective chemistry, she analyzed everything from shoe-blacking to baking powder!

The strongest influences in her life at Vassar were, Maria Mitchell, who wanted to make an astronomer out of her, having at once seen her keen, accurate precision which showed in all her observations and calculations, and Professor C. A. Farrar, head of the Department of Natural Sciences and Mathematics, who wanted to mould her along the lines of his specialty.

Miss Mitchell, would have won, had her work

not been "so far removed from the earth and its needs" and Ellen Swallow says she must have turned unconsciously to the study of chemistry, because of her leaning towards Social Service, for she was always tremendously interested in work in the observatory, where she was allowed to make many calculations and observations for Miss Mitchell. The work thrilled her and she was always an intense admirer of Miss Mitchell, enjoying her descriptions of the many famous persons she had met in her travels, and of the work she had done in other countries before she came to Vassar. In Ellen's second year at college we find an enlightening entry in her diary. She says:

"Last night after our Natural History meeting, where Professor Orton told us seven what we might do for Science, thinking of that, and of my astronomy and chemistry, and of the world whose door is now wide open to me, I felt as if I could never murmur at anything again, but could be useful and contented in learning, anywhere that I might be. I felt as if I was fast on my way to the third heaven if not already there. I do not wonder at the enthusiasm of an Agassiz or a Livingstone."

Ellen the Adventurer and Pioneer speaks in that entry and others show a combination of the astronomer and the chemist, so interwoven that it is difficult to guess which will become her life work. One entry describes humorously a trip made by the class in geology, of which Ellen says: "This is the first day I ever wore my gymnasium suit all day long. I hope it will help bring the day when such suits will

be worn. It is so suitable. I wonder if the Poughkeepsie Journal will chronicle the wonderful sight!" Again she speaks of "our first hour in the laboratory" and tells of Professor Farrar's encouragement to be very thorough there, for the profession of analytical chemist is profitable and pleasant. She also records, "I made my first observation of the sun, which I shall keep up every day at noon. There were only three little spots today. . . . One of the seniors who is in astronomy comes to me sometimes for a little light and she thinks I am 'awful good!'"

A different phase of Ellen's character is shown in this entry: "My plants are doing very nicely. The rose is growing fast, also the ivy, and several geraniums."

Miss Mitchell became much interested in the girl who was so much thrilled by the revelations of the stellar world seen through the telescope, and tells Ellen that she "shows facility with instruments and with her eyes that promises well" and Ellen is allowed to spend a wonderful night watching for meteors from the Lithnological cabinet where she perched in the window and watched from three o'clock in the morning and saw eight meteors, very fine ones, in an hour, so she records. She says also "Last night was very dubious, but two of the advanced class, the only post-graduate and myself, went to the Observatory at ten o'clock. It was quite an honor that Miss Mitchell chose me out of her class of fourteen to be her aid." (It was evidently a week of meteoric display.)

"She . . . Miss Mitchell, ordered Miss B . . .

and myself to lie down on the lounges in her sitting room. We were not to raise our heads or speak if Miss Mitchell came in to look at meteors unless she called us. It cleared up at quarter to eleven, the stars came out quite bright. One very brilliant meteor flashed through the haze in the north. I was the only one at the Observatory who saw that, for I had drawn the lounge to the east window where I could see closely. In ten minutes it was cloudy again. Miss Mitchell said it was one of the darkest nights that she ever knew. At five we went fast asleep and slept until half past six. So ended our famous meteor night."

As a result of Ellen's keenness in her astronomy class, Professor Henry of the Smithsonian, through Miss Mitchell, offered the young student the work of undertaking the meteorological work at the college. Instruments would be furnished, which Ellen could keep after she left college, and could continue the work also. She undertook the task.

But studies gave place sometimes to amusement and during the Christmas holidays there was a candy pull in Professor Farrar's kitchen, and a party in the college parlors on the following evening, with refreshments and a generally happy time. It is also interesting to note that during that first year at college the only extras on her bill were for riding lessons and in her diary she mentions a little black pony, Josephine.

Flowers, too, are still a passion with her and she writes, "My ivy is the pride of the third corridor, north." In another entry she says:

"I have had the great privilege of finding the

white hepaticas, the first spring flowers found this year. . . . The frogs are peeping, the yellow crocus are in bloom and the hillsides are becoming quite green."

There were no wasted minutes in her calendar. Even when there was no other work which had to be done, there was knitting to pick up between observations at the telescope or to keep time to the learning of German verbs. Her knitting needles were even active sometimes on the long flights of stairs that led to her fifth floor room.

The incidents of one day during term time she gives in detail as follows:

"Physiology at 9, astronomy at 9:45, logic at 10:30, chemistry at 12 . . . a class meeting fifteen minutes came after dinner. I studied German what time I could find in the afternoon besides thirty-five minutes with a pupil in Latin (she did tutoring to help pay her expenses throughout the two years at college) forty-five minutes for elocution, thirty-five minutes with a classmate in astronomy who did not quite understand the lesson, until 5 o'clock when I rested forty-five minutes, then dressed my hair and myself for tea. After chapel spent an hour with Miss T. in Latin. At 8 o'clock went to the President to hear him read Boswell's Life of Johnson until 9. *Took a bath.* Read over the logic for today and was in bed before the bell struck for 10 o'clock. Wasn't that a good day's work? There were a dozen other little things, such as my weather record, a visit to the steward's department for a bone, a call on my former parlormate, etc."

In the same entry she adds:

"The world moves, but we seem to move with it. When I studied physiology before (when I was a little girl of seven years old) there were two hundred and eight bones in the body. Now there are two hundred and thirty-eight!"

In that same record she adds a fact which throws a light on the character of her father. She says, "I think Father would be delighted to see Miss Mitchell lecturing me this morning because I ignored one one-hundredth of a second in an astronomical calculation. 'While you are doing it, you might as well do it to a nicety.' That is the only thing she has ever complained of me for."

Again she confesses: "I know I take too many things, I know that I am careless in many ways. I always was, but I can be careful enough *when I think occasion requires it.*"

Ellen the student going shopping for a hat! She describes it as "a soup dish of white straw, with five leaves of the straw edged with black velvet on the top. It cost \$2.25!"

Ellen surveying. She says it is "light work compared with washing. . . . The instrument for taking observations can be easily carried and it is very fine work to take bearings. . . . I prefer surveying for a week to spending a week in fashionable society even of the best class. . . . Anything that will take the American woman out of doors will be a blessing to her. . . ."

One of her most interesting entries in the famous diary is important as giving clear insight into the character of the girl whose life we are following

so closely in order to find out where the various paths along which she has walked are leading.

She says: "People have a curiosity to know what monstrosity is to arise from my ashes, do they? I feel very much like saying, Confound their base idea of true education. But I will only say . . . that my aim is now, as it has been for the past ten years, to make myself a true woman, one worthy of the name" . . . "whose aim is to do all the good she can in the world."

A last entry in her college diary:

"Wednesday, June 15th— Rose at 3½, walked to the station. Went to Mountain House. Thursday: Explored. Friday: Came back. Successful trip. Monday: Mother came. Tuesday: Class Day. All went well. Wednesday: Commencement, A.B. Said good-bye. All kind. Friday: Home" . . .

Could any description of a Commencement be more explicit in its brevity, more clear without detailed comments?

* * * * *

Ellen Swallow left college with only a leaning toward science and a need to support herself, to determine her future life. Being of an adventurous and pioneering nature, she decided to teach, and to teach as far from her native heath as possible. She accepted an appointment to go to the Argentine Republic as one of six teachers engaged by the President of the Republic. But as the South American Republic was in a state of war at that time, conditions became so unsettled there that the govern-

ment had to break its contract with the teachers, which news was very unsettling to Ellen Swallow, who longed for the adventure.

To put it out of her thoughts she spent the first three weeks after her return home in doing all the household chores she could find to do. She "got out all her trunks, boxes and bureau drawers, sorted, mended, washed and ironed and arranged all her worldly possessions for the summer. She also papered her room, made a nice toilet stand out of two empty tea-chests, a heavy bedspread and some fringe, took up and put down entry carpets, set out plants, ripped up dresses, and turned and made them over." In telling of this long list of activities, she said: "So you may imagine I have not had time to be very misanthropic," and "I take books from the library to read when I sit down for a few minutes to cool off."

After all this violent household exercise she took a three weeks' vacation, visiting friends in Nashua, Dunstable, Littleton and Westford. After that vacation was over she thought at first that teaching would be her best opportunity for self-support, then decided on becoming a chemist's apprentice, if possible, as she "rather wanted to dip into some science."

Having written to two commercial chemists' firms, she acted on the advice of one of them and wrote to the Institute of Technology in Boston, asking if the school admitted women, giving as references Miss Mitchell and Professor Farrar. Then she waited for four weeks for an answer. In the

meantime she made "some lovely wax flowers for a lady to give as a wedding present, and some for a fair, also sewing for the fair and helping make fancy things . . . reading some, and cooking, Thanksgiving, etc. going to lectures. "I've been full of business and it is well, else I should go wild over all the hindrances I find in my path," she confesses.

At last the long looked for letter from the Institute of Technology came. She was to be admitted as a "special student—the first woman student at that Institute." In the reply to her letter the President of the Institute said, "I will say now that you shall have any and all advantages which the Institute has to offer without charge of any kind. I have the pleasure of knowing both Miss Mitchell and Mr. Farrar."

Ellen thought the clause "without charge of any kind" was added because she was a poor girl, but she later learned that it was in case any of the Trustees or students should object to the admission of a member of her sex. When she heard of this later, she said, "Had I realized upon what basis I was taken, I would not have gone." Fortunately, she did not know.

If anyone reading this sketch of Ellen Swallow puts it down without realizing that there is no such word as "can't" or "impossible," then is the record of her supreme courage and endless perseverance of no value to humanity.

When she heard that she was to be admitted as a student at the M.I.T. she had already engaged to work in a store for the two weeks before Christ-

mas, which delayed her entrance into the Institute but gave her valuable knowledge in regard to the life of a shop girl during the holiday rush. On Christmas Eve she worked until half-past ten without supper.

But when that experience, which she did not regret, was over, she went to Boston and engaged a room in a boarding house kept by the mother of Isa Blodgett who had been her most intimate friend at Westford Academy. As she could not afford to pay for board, she and a friend who roomed with her boarded themselves.

When she presented herself at the Institute and the President of the Institute had had his first interview with her, he remarked, "Her eyes are steadfast and courageous. She won't fail."

In Boston as in her own home, she took up as full a program of duties as she had followed all through her life. Besides work at the Institute, she took temporary charge of a friend's office while he was out of town. Hardly had that work ended than she assumed full charge of the boarding house for Mrs. Blodgett, whose daughter was very sick. Added to this she was tutoring to add to her small income.

At the Institute she seems to have made herself indispensable. She says:

— "Perhaps the fact that I am not a Radical or a believer in the all powerful ballot for women to right her wrongs, and that I do not scorn womanly duties, but claim it a privilege to clean up and sort of supervise the room and sew things, etc., is winning me

stronger allies than anything else. Even Professor A. accords me his sanction when I sort his papers or tie up a sore finger or dust the table. . . . Last night Professor B. found me useful to mend his *suspender's* which had come to grief, much to the amusement of young Mr. C. I try to keep all sorts of such things as needles, thread, pins, scissors, etc., round, and they are getting to come to me for everything they want, as Professor — said the other day—‘When we are in doubt about anything we always go to Miss Swallow.’ So you see I am useful in a decidedly general way—so they can't say *study* spoils me for anything else.”

That she was a satisfactory student was proved by the fact that Professor Ordway of the Institute, a consulting expert in technical chemistry, trusted her to do work for him and much enjoyed working with the first woman in the Institute, who was not a dull and unattractive one at that!

Notwithstanding all the stimulus of studying, and all the spurs to new endeavor, that first year of Ellen Swallow's life at the Institute was almost impossible, from its tragic complexities. Early in March her father was struck by an engine in Union Station and so badly injured that he only lived for four days after the amputation of his right arm. And during those horrible days of seeing his agony, Ellen bore the brunt of caring for him, and sparing her mother all the suffering possible. As a result she was almost a wreck when it was all over, but, as she did not feel she could leave her mother alone at home, she went back and forth to Boston daily,

and so during the last months of that first year at the Institute she was supporting herself, settling her father's estate, making the daily trips to and from Boston, and doing her work at the Institute. . . . A never to be forgotten year!

Ellen Swallow was at the M.I.T. for the next four years, first as student, then as assistant in the chemical laboratories, where her opinions soon became of consequence on chemical analysis. The years to follow were years of activity, when the patient, tireless worker became an expert in her chosen field.

In 1869 the Massachusetts Legislature had passed an act providing for the establishment of a State Board of Health. Very soon after the establishment of the Board the question of the pollution of streams came under observation, and Professor Nichols of the M.I.T. was chosen to make the chemical analyses. He chose Ellen Swallow as his assistant. To quote Ellen's own words, "He thus availed himself of the technical skill of hand gained in using instruments of precision under the tutelage of Maria Mitchell" . . . And so the girl who had learned the value of a one-hundredth part of a second in astronomical calculation reaped the benefit of having been a student under such a great teacher as Miss Mitchell.

Water analysis was at that time a new branch of chemistry, and Dr. Nichols's assistant entered into the new work with great enthusiasm, and so entirely did Professor Nichols trust her accuracy in giving reports that while the work was going on, he

made frequent trips to England and the Continent, during which he directed the work of the laboratory by correspondence. In writing of this work Ellen has said, "He accepted nothing short of absolute accuracy, as if under oath." In this great and new field of work, Ellen had the advantage not only of being in touch with some of the most advanced work in sanitation which was being done in the world, but also having a rigorous training for her later work—probably the greatest contribution of her life to public health—the extensive Survey of the waters of the State, which began in 1887, lasting nearly two years, when monthly samples from all parts of the state, representing the water supply of eighty-two per cent of the population, were analyzed.

This was interesting and exciting work, as it involved the solving of many problems and in the laboratory where the samples were analyzed it was necessary to have a system of absolutely efficient management. A sample had to be examined within a few hours after its arrival or it was useless. If it was spoiled by delay it was not replaced, and in order that there might not be any gaps in the records Ellen Swallow worked Sundays and holidays and often late into the night.

"I have been *under water* since June 1st of last year," she wrote to a friend, "and I suppose it will be the same another year. We are testing all the public supplies once a month, and we are up to 2,500 samples already." Sometimes she worked fourteen hours at a time, and if the day was too hot for analyzing water the work was done at night.

The Survey was brought to a successful issue, largely through "the accuracy of the work and the no less important accuracy of the records, mainly through Ellen Swallow's great zeal and vigilance," Dr. Drown, successor to Professor Nichols, said in his report to the Board:

In 1873 Ellen received the degree of B.S. in Chemistry from the Institute of Technology, becoming its first woman graduate. In the same year she received her master's degree from Vassar.

As a result of her successful work with Professor Nichols in analyzing water and the State Survey, she began to have a large private practice in analyzing air and food and became an expert in sanitary chemistry, frequently giving of her knowledge without any other reward than the gratitude of the Institution or friend for whose benefit she had tested a water supply that might be polluted. In fact, as has so often been said, "the half of what she did to protect human life from the danger of impure water will never be known to any one person." Especially was it her pleasure to help those in the industrial world whose faces she believed to be turned towards a future of better living conditions.

And now something new in her life! At the Institute there was a Professor Robert Hallowell Richards, head of the department of mining engineering. He and Ellen Swallow must have been on very friendly terms for some time, for in a letter to her mother, who evidently liked the Professor, Ellen writes of him playfully as "Your Professor."

But he was *Ellen's* professor from the day in

June, 1875, when she married him, seeming to have forgotten her determination to let a career take the place of matrimony!

Although they differed widely in temperament, she being as quick in act and thought and vision as he was judicial in his mental processes, they were exactly suited to one another, and had the common interest in science which had brought them into contact.

Before the wedding they had taken a house in Jamaica Plains, near Boston, and went directly there after a quiet wedding. But it is interesting and also refreshing to find that they were as normally abnormal on their wedding day as other less noted brides and grooms have been. In a letter written to a relative several days later, the new-made bride said:

“Robert made several blunders in packing his things, and when he got here he found he had no necktie but a white one. Before I had done laughing at him I found that I had left all my keys in the closet door at 523 Columbus Avenue, and could get no clothes except those I had on.”

This amusing record adds, “so the Professor, like any other bridegroom had to go to town wearing his wedding necktie and get the keys which would release his wife’s work-a-day clothes.”

As to their wedding trip, it was unique enough to satisfy any carping critic who might wonder whether they were worthy of the name of “geniuses.” To Nova Scotia they went, accompanied by Professor Richards’ entire class in mining engineering, which he took out for practical work!

Soon after their return from the trip, and Mrs. Richards had taken up her work at the Institute again, an old Vassar friend, in company with some fashionable companions, happened to meet Mrs. Richards on the steps of the Institute, and the strangers to the bride refused to believe that her heavy boots and short skirt could have been part of a wedding outfit!

* * * * *

Ellen Swallow, the girl who loved Science, has gone into the making of Ellen Richards, who has transmuted that love into a rich harvest of practical service to humanity. The child has grown to girlhood, the girl has developed into a "noble woman, nobly planned."

Vassar had watched with pride the career of its gifted daughter, and in 1894 made her a Trustee of the college, an honor she at once repaid by devising a system of sewage disposal for the college so excellent and at such a modest cost that it was said no alumna had ever given so valuable a contribution to Vassar. And Maria Mitchell's belief in the ability of one of her favorite students had been fully realized.

The Ellen Richards Lectureship was created in 1915, on Mrs. Richards' birthday, and is a fitting tribute to the woman who is regarded as the founder of present day home economics. There is also an "Ellen H. Richards Fund," which was created after her death, with the purpose of using its income for the promotion of research through the granting of scholarships.

On December 3rd, 1928, the 86th anniversary of

Ellen Henrietta Swallow Richards' birth, a bronze tablet to her memory was unveiled at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It carries a bas-relief portrait by Bashka Paeff, the sculptor, below which is the following inscription:

Ellen Henrietta Richards

1842-1911

Vassar College A.B., 1870—A.M. 1873

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, S.B. 1873.

First woman graduate instructor in sanitary
chemistry 1873-1911.

Smith College Sc.D. 1910.

Leader in the field of Public Health and
Pioneer in Home Economics, she strove for
Better Living Conditions as a First
Step to Higher Human Efficiency.

The tablet was unveiled by Mrs. Richards' husband, whose long and distinguished career as a metallurgist had, like that of Mrs. Richards an analytical chemist, been most closely associated with the Institute.

Ellen Richards' tireless efforts in later life to add to the Institute a Woman's Laboratory were crowned with success. She taught the science of right living through the linking of proper sanitation, proper diet and good air to the home. This she did by a Correspondence course which helped hundreds of women who never saw Mrs. Richards face to face, but who followed her clear directions for work and life at home. But her great achievement, second only to her work as a water analyst, was the development of the "Science of Controllable Environment"

to which she gave a name coined for the purpose—*Euthenics*. This, however, is not the place to speak of her work in the full detail given in more lengthy biographies.

She was the first president of the Home Economics Association, and entered into the work of its varied branches both in America and Europe with an enthusiasm such as she gave to all work for women's betterment whether along the lines of higher education in the home or in institutions of learning.

A child on the farm, a girl at home and in college, a young woman struggling for an education against obstacles which at times threatened to overwhelm her, a woman with an outstanding character and a remarkable record of achievement, Ellen Richards was always simple, loving and eager to render service whenever and wherever she could give it.

There is no more striking example of that side of her nature than one given by her sister who tells:

"I think with remorseful amusement of a day when I went down to see her at 'Tech' anxious for information upon some matter of domestic chemistry. I found her in her own little office, the most curious spot I think I have ever seen, a tiny corner, mostly filled with crucibles, and retorts, beakers and blow pipes and many other objects with whose names I have not even a literary acquaintance. There was just enough room for herself and her stool, but somehow some attendant sprite managed to find a chair for me and I sat down shamelessly to steal ten minutes from Science; to ask my foolish question and to have it answered as kindly and seriously as

if it were a matter of national importance. I do not believe Sister Ellen ever refused help or counsel to anyone who came to her."

The Richards had a motto which must have originated in their firm belief in the value of amusement. The motto was the "Feast of Life" and when spelled out it stood for F.E.A.S.T.—Food, Exercise, Amusement, Sleep, Task—the task coming last because without the others it could not be performed satisfactorily.

Practising what they preached, they went to the theatre once a week for many years, and also took many all-day excursions to the seashore or the woods, sometimes on foot, sometimes by electric car.

"Eventless is your life? Then it is your fault. If you have a good back and twenty cents to spend, you can make a panorama of events pass before you which will illumine hundreds of otherwise dreary hours." So said the descendant of Ambrose Swallow of England, a settler in New England in 1666—of Ensign John, his grandson of Dunstable—of Peter, his son with the scholarly mind and the courage of a real man, and Fanny his wife "deft and dainty"—little Ellen—Ellen of Vassar, of scientific research, of the happy home with its "*Feast of Life*." "Unto the third and fourth generation" to make an Ellen Richards, whose success has already been achieved but whose service to the world can never be estimated. The girl who loved Science has given much to humanity through widely different yet closely allied channels of endeavor. She is truly great.



